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THE

'OOL OF QUALITY:

OR,

THE HISTORY OF HENRY EARL OF MORELAND.

B 847

BY

HENRY BROOKE, Esq.

VOL. I.

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A NEW AND REVISED EDITION,

WITH A BIOGRAPHICAL PREFACE,

BY THE

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY, M.A.,

RECTOR OF EVERSLEY.

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LONDON:

SMITH, ELDER AND CO., 65, CORNHILL.

1859.

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PREFACE.

It is not easy to draw a trustworthy picture of Henry Brooke. The materials for it which remain are very scanty. Only four years after his death, in 1783—so had the memory of a once famous personage faded from men's minds—it was very difficult to get details of his early life. He had lived too long—too long, if not for the education which great joys and great sorrows give, at least for happiness and for fame. The pupil of Swift and Pope; the friend of Lyttleton and Chatham; the darling of the Prince of Wales; beau, swordsman, wit, poet, courtier; the minion once of fortune, yet unspoilt by all her caresses, had long been known to Irishmen only as the saintly recluse of Longfield; and latterly as an impoverished old man, fading away by the

quiet euthanasia of a second childhood, with one sweet daughter—the only surviving child of twenty-two—clinging to him, and yet supporting him, as ivy the mouldering wall. She was the child of his old age, "remembering nothing of her father," says a biographer, "previous to his retirement from the world; and knowing little of him, save that he bore the infirmities and misfortunes of his declining years with the heroism of true Christianity, and that he was possessed of virtues and feelings which shone forth to the last moment of his life, unimpaired by the distractions of pain, and unshaken amid the ruins of genius."

So says the biographer of 1787, in the ambitious style of those days; but doubtless with perfect truth. Yet neither he, nor any other biographer with whom I am acquainted, give any details of the real character, the inner life, of the man. One longs, but longs almost in vain, for any scrap of diary, private meditation, even familiar letter, from one who had seen, read, and above all suffered, so much and so variously. But with the exception of half-a-dozen letters, nothing of

the kind seems to exist. His inner life can only be guessed at; and all that is known of his outer life has been compressed into one short article in the Dublin University Magazine for February, 1852, full of good writing and of good feeling. Its author is a descendant of Henry Brooke; and to him I am bound to offer my thanks for the assistance which he has given me toward this preface.

One would be glad, too, (if physiognomy be, as some hold, a key to character,) of some trustworthy description or portrait of his outward man; to have known even the colour of his eyes and hair: but this, too, is not to be had. Some Irish friend describes him in terms general enough; as, when young, "fresh looking, slenderly formed, and exceedingly graceful. He had an oval face, ruddy complexion, and large soft eyes, full of fire. He was of great personal courage, but never known to offend any man. He was an excellent swordsman, and could dance with much grace." There are certainly notes here of that heroical temperament, softened withal by delicate sensibility, which shews forth in every line of his

writings. And there is another sketch of him, in 1775, which gives the same notion—"He was drest in a long blue cloak, with a wig that fell down his shoulders; a little man, as neat as wax-work, with an oval face, ruddy complexion, large eyes, full of fire. In short, he is like a picture mellowed by time." There is a drawing of him prefixed to this edition, which seems to be the same as that prefixed to his poems. If this, and the still finer head on the title-page of Brookiana, be trustworthy, the face must have been one of a very delicate and regular beauty. The large soft eye, the globular under-eyelid, the finely arched eyebrow (all notes of a sweet and rich, yet over-sensitive nature), are very remarkable. There is a certain grace and alertness, too, about the figure, which agrees with the story of his having been a good dancer and swordsman. But on the type of brain, and even of the masque, it is very difficult to pronounce. Portraits of the eighteenth century, not very trustworthy in any detail, are especially careless in these. There seems no reason to suppose that English faces

were more sensual or more same a hundred years ago than they are now; yet who, in looking round a family portrait gallery, has not remarked the difference between the heads of the seventeenth and those of the eighteenth century? The former are of the same type as our own, and with the same strong and varied personality; the latter painfully like, both to each other and to an oil-flask; the jaw round, weak, and sensual; the forehead narrow and retreating. Had the race really degenerated for a while, or was the lower type adopted intentionally, out of compliment to some great personage? Be that as it may, Henry Brooke's portrait is too like dozens of that day, to be much trusted. Even if we accept the lower part of the face, round and weak (though not coarse), as the mark of that want of perseverance which was in worldly matters his worst defect, yet we cannot accept the length between the nose and mouth (which does not appear in the head in Brookiana); nor, again, the narrowing forehead, however lofty, as the mark of an intellect so fanciful and so subtle; occupied, too, with the ideal more ex-

clusively than any man of his time. Less breadth across the eyebrows, with much greater breadth across the upper part of the forehead, is the normal form of such brain now, as it was in the Elizabethan age; and we must believe it to have been the same a hundred years ago.

Another source from which one might have expected to learn something of Henry Brooke, and from which one will learn little or nothing, are two volumes of "Brookiana," published in London, 1804. One knew that our Irish cousins, among their many charming qualities, did not always (whether by virtue of some strain of Milesian blood, or of the mere influence of that exciting atmosphere which made the Normans of the Pale *Hibernis ipsis Hiberniores*) possess the faculty of historic method and accuracy; but such a mere incoherence as these Brookiana one did not expect. The editor (surely an Irishman) seems to have inquired of all likely Irishmen and women for anecdotes of Henry Brooke, and to have received in almost every case the equivalent of the well-known Irish answer: "No; I don't speak

German; but I have a brother who plays on the German flute;" which answer the editor has joyfully accepted as the best he could get, and filled his volumes with anecdotes of every one except Brooke, and with notes thereon; notes on the ancient Irish; notes on the town of Kilkenny, its marble houses and free school, rendered necessary by the fact that Mr. Brooke once praised a Mrs. Grierson who was born at Kilkenny; poetry on all subjects, by twenty different people, who had or had not spoken to Henry Brooke at some time or other; Dr. Brett's dedication to Lady Caroline Russell of his sermon on Wedded Love, wherein the doctor discourseth learnedly on the three species of kisses; literal translations of Irish poems sent to Mr. Brooke by a person whose name is now forgotten, one of which begins—"Bring the high-toned harp of the many sounding strings, ere the sun ascends the blue-topped mountains of the wide extended sky;" of which if Mr. Brooke read more, it is a fresh proof of his exceeding graciousness; and even a long translation of an Icelandic pastoral "by a young man

who was enabled, by the friendship of Mr. Brooke, to 'study that language."—A mere congeries of irrelevant gossip, not free from the sin of perpetually dragging in great folk's names from the furthest end of the earth, seemingly for the mere pleasure of putting them down in print. However, the able editor, whoever he was, must be long since gone to his account; and we may leave him in peace, and try to spell out for ourselves, from the few hints he has vouchsafed us, something of the character and fortunes of this great Irish genius.

He was born in 1708, in the house of Rantavan, county Cavan. His father was a wealthy and worthy parson; his mother a Digby, a woman of sense and of good family, of whom Swift (stopping at Rantavan on his way to Sheridan at Quilca) was said to stand more in awe than of most country ladies.

The boy was sent to school to one Felix Somerford, for whose poetry and love-making (unfortunate) *vide* Brookiana; who was of opinion that "Nature intended that the child should act

some great part on the theatre of human life," so sweet-natured, so greedy of learning was he. And no doubt Henry Brooke was a precocious child. At eight years old a fellow scholar brought him an ode to the moon, which broke off with the line—

"Ah, why doth Phœbe love to shine by night?"

Under which Henry wrote at once:—

"Because the sex looks best by candlelight."

Smart enough, considering his years, and the fashion of the time; and afterwards, when he was sent to Dr. Sheridan's school in Dublin, he gave fresh proofs of this rhyming power. There are three of them in Brookiana, with a theme or two, full of grace and fire.

While he was at college, Swift prophesied wonders of him—only "regretting that his talent pointed towards poetry, which of all pursuits was most unprofitable." The Dean, says Brookiana, when he saw how thoroughly modest and unpretending he was, "never asked his opinion of any matter which was beyond his power, or which

might embarrass him." The artless vivacity and sweetness of the lad seems to have softened even that cruel heart. It utterly captivated, in the next few years, men of equal talent and of more humanity. When he went to study law in London, in 1724, he became at once the pet of Pope and Lyttleton; and one of the few really important things in Brookiana are a few letters selected from a correspondence between Brooke and Pope, which lasted for many years. Where are these letters now? Would that the Editor had given them all, even though, to make room for them, he had consigned to obscurity a dozen of Irish worthies. Brooke, in one of them written in 1739, is very solicitous about Pope's religious tenets, having heard it insinuated that he "had too much wit to be a man of religion, and too much refinement to be that trifling thing called a Christian:" which Pope answers satisfactorily enough, sending him a "vindication of the Essay on Man from the aspersions and mistakes of Mr. Crousaz;" and saying, for himself, that he "sincerely worships God, believes in his revela-

tions, resigns to his dispensations, loves all his creatures, is in charity with all denominations of Christians, however violently they treat each other, and detests none so much as that profligate race who would loosen the bands of morality, either under the pretence of religion or free thinking. I hate no man as a man, but I hate vice in any man; I hate no sect, but I hate uncharitableness in any sect. This much I say, merely in compliance with your desire that I should say something of myself"—a confession of faith which will not surprise the few who still consider (with Henry Brooke) the Essay on Man to be one of the noblest didactic poems in the English language.

It is worth while to remark, in these letters, first the high terms in which Pope speaks of young Brooke; of his "modesty unspoilt by applause," his "good qualities of the heart as well as of the head," his "always honourable ends:" and next, the absolute worship with which Brooke regards Pope—apologizing to him, in one place, for having confessed that "Virgil gave me equal pleasure,

Homer equal warmth, Shakspeare greater rapture, Milton more astonishment; so ungrateful was I to refuse you your due praise, when it was not unknown to me that I got friends and reputation by your saying of me things which no one would have thought I merited, had not you said them. But I spoke without book at the time. I had not been entered into the spirit of your works, and I believe there are few who have. * * * * Any one of your original writings is indisputably a more finished piece than has been wrote by any other man. There is one consistent genius through the whole of your works, but that genius seems the smaller by being divided. * * * * Each distinct performance is the performance of a separate author, no one being large enough to contain you in your full dimensions—" and much more, at which we may smile now; and possibly, if we be men of the world, hint that the young author did not worship the great literary star for nothing. Perhaps, nevertheless, "the whirligig of time may bring round its revenges," and Alexander Pope be rated, if not as high as

young Brooke sets him, yet still far more highly than now. And meanwhile, is it not in the nature of all noble young souls to worship a great man, when they can find him? And ought it not to be in their nature? Is there any feeling more ennobling (there are few more delightful) than that of looking up in admiration (even though it be exaggerated) to a being nobler than oneself? Alas! for the man who has not felt that only through respect for others can true self-respect be gained; that he who worships nothing, will never be worshipful himself. Reverent, confiding loyalty has been as yet the parent of all true freedom, and will be so to the end of time, to judge from the success of the Transatlantic attempt at liberty without loyalty. It is easy to boast of freedom and independence; but there are those who would question (as Henry Brooke would have done) whether there was not as much manly independence in the heart of the Englishman who kneels and trembles, he knows not why, before a certain lady in St. James's Palace, as in the heart of

the Yankee lad who boasts that he is "as good as the President." So, at least, thought Henry Brooke. He had an intense capacity for worship. All his life he delighted to look up to beings better than himself, and, through them, to God, as the sum and substance of all their goodness: and not in spite of that, but because of that, he was, in the very best sense of the word, a Liberal. Against all tyranny, cruelty, and wrong; against the chicaneries of the law and the chicaneries of politicians, his voice was always loud and earnest. He held political opinions which are now held—or, at least, acted on—by every rational Englishman, whether Whig or Tory, but which were then considered dangerous, destructive, immoral; and he suffered for his opinions, in fame and in pocket, and held them still. Never man lived a more original, self-determined, independent life; but he knew how to give honour, where honour was due.

In London he studied law, and enjoyed such society as Pope, Lyttleton, and Swift, could give him. But these studies, however, and this society

were quaintly enough interrupted. He was recalled to Ireland by a dying aunt, to become guardian of her child, a beautiful little girl of twelve—Catherine Meares of Meares Court, of a good old Westmeath house. He put her, wisely enough, to a boarding-school in Dublin; and within two years, not quite so wisely, married her secretly. Yet, neither the heavens nor his family seem to have been very wroth with the folly. The marriage was as happy a one as this earth ever saw; the parents—Irish people not holding the tenets of Malthus—could not find it in their hearts to scold so pretty a pair of turtles, and simply remarried them, and left them to reap the awful fruits of their own folly in the form of a child per year. On which matter, doubtless, much unwisdom has been, and will be, talked in commonplaces which every one can supply for himself. But it is worth while to clear one's mind of cant, if it be only to judge Henry Brooke fairly for five minutes, and to disentangle from each other some of the many unsound objections which, as usual, are supposed to make one sound one. It is

wrong to marry secretly. True. But which is worse? to marry secretly, or to be vicious secretly, with the vast majority of young men? If Brooke is to be judged for doing what his parents disapproved, then he is less, and not more guilty, than three young men out of four—unless parents would really prefer ten years of vice for their sons, to the evils of an early marriage. And the truth is, that parents—the average religious parents, as well as others—do prefer the vice to the marriage; silence their consciences meanwhile (with an hypocrisy as sad as ludicrous) by asking no questions, lest they should discover—what they perfectly well know of already; and so lose, for the ten most important years of the youth's life, all moral influence, all mutual confidence, if not all mutual respect.

"But early marriages are so imprudent." Which would have been most imprudent for Henry Brooke—To run the chance, as three out of four run, of destroying both body and soul in hell, and bringing to a late marriage the dregs alike of his constitution and his heart, or of begin-

ning life on a somewhat smaller yearly income? Of course, if a man's life consists in the abundance of the things which he possesses, Brooke was the more imprudent of the two; but one strong authority, at least, may be quoted against that universally received canon. Henry Brooke's life consisted in his lofty moral standard, altogether heroical and godlike; in his delicate sensibility (quite different from sensitiveness, child of vanity and ill-temper); in his chivalrous respect for woman; in his strong trust in mankind; in his pitiful yearning, as of a saving angel, over all sin and sorrow; in his fresh and full manhood, most genial and yet most pure; in those very virtues, to tell the ugly truth, which are most crushed and blunted in young men. Surely one has a right to look for somewhat of the cause of such, in the broad fact that those ten years which of all others are apt to be the most brutalizing, Brooke passed in pure and happy wedlock. What if the imprudence of his early marriage did cause the child-wife to have a few more children? One may boldly answer, firstly, "What matter?"

and secondly, "I do not believe the fact, any more than I do certain Malthusian statements anent such matters, which require a complete re-examination, and that by men who know at least a little both of physiology and of human nature." Be that as it may, the beautiful little child-wife brought him three children before she was eighteen, and Brooke, in search of some more royal road to a competent income than the study of the law offered, went a second time to London and his great friends.

There he wrote and published, under the eye of Pope, his poem of "Universal Beauty," a sort of "Bridgewater Treatise in rhyme," as it has been happily called. What sort of theodicy is to be expected from a young man of twenty-two, may be easily guessed. It is, as perhaps it should be, ambitious, dogmatic, troubling the reader much with anacolutha, and forced constructions, which darken the sense: a fault easily pardoned when one perceives that it is caused not by haste or vagueness, but by too earnest attempts to compress more into words than words will

carry, and to increase the specific gravity at the expense of transparency. Noticeable throughout is that Platonic and realist method of thought in which he persisted throughout life, almost alone in his generation, and which now and then leads him, young as he is, to very noble glimpses into the secrets of nature, as in these lines; a fair specimen both of his style and his philosophy:—

"Emergent from the deep view nature's face,
And o'er the surface deepest wisdom trace;
The verdurous beauties charm our cherished eyes—
But who'll unfold the root from whence they rise?
Infinity within the sprouting bower!
Next to ænigma in Almighty Power;
Who only could infinitude confine,
And dwell immense within the minim shrine;
The eternal species in an instant mould,
And endless worlds in seeming atoms hold.
Plant within plant, and seed enfolding seed,
For ever—to end never—still proceed;
In forms complete, essentially retain
The future semen, alimental grain;
And these again, the tree, the trunk, the root,
The plant, the leaf, the blossom, and the fruit;
Again the fruit and flower the seed enclose,
Again the seed perpetuated grows,
And beauty to perennial ages flows."

Whatever opinion a public accustomed to a very different style of verse may form of these, yet they will find many noble passages both of poetry and of theology in this poem; passages which justify the high expectations which Pope had formed of his pupil and the honour which he is said to have done to Brooke, in retouching and even inserting many lines. Indeed, Pope's influence is plain throughout, and the pupil has been imitating the manly terseness, though he has failed of the calm stateliness of his great, though now half-forgotten, master.

Shortly after the publication of this poem, he seems to have returned to Ireland; and eight years, of which no record seems to remain, he spent in Dublin as a chamber counsel, not without success; and to have worked for eight years at so uncongenial a business, in the very heyday, too, of his youth and ambition, will redeem him somewhat from that imputation of want of perseverance which is often urged against him. Let him have the credit of having given the law a fair trial. His reasons for throwing up

his profession are easily guessed. The delays and chicaneries of courts in the 18th century are well known. Henry Brooke's judgment of them may be read at large in the "Fool of Quality." The Irish Bar, too, was not in his days distinguished for morality; and one may well conceive that Brooke, especially as a professed Liberal, found it difficult enough to earn his bread, and yet remain an honest man.

No wonder, then, that we find him in 1736 back again in London. He was welcomed there by Pope and Lord Lyttleton. Pitt (Lord Chatham) introduced him to the Prince of Wales, who "caressed him," say the biographers, "with great familiarity, and presented him with many elegant and valuable tokens of friendship—china, books, paintings, &c." What more could man need, in days when nothing was to be gained without a patron? Unfortunately for Brooke's final success in the world, his patron, the Prince, was in opposition, and, as Brooke conceived, in his headlong chivalrous Irish way, an oppressed hero, the martyr of his own virtues; and he

therefore "must needs, if he has a chance, openly espouse his patron's quarrel, and thunder forth his wrongs to the world." Not so insane a purpose as it looks at first sight; for while the Ministry practically consisted of Walpole, the Court, and the two Newcastles, the Opposition numbered in the House, Pitt, Chesterfield, Carteret, Wyndham, Pultney, Argyle, and, in a word, the strongest men in England; and outside the House, as skirmishers of the pen, Pope, Fielding, Johnson, and Glover. So that, even from a worldly point of view, it was no unwise step in young Brooke to bring out at Drury Lane his tragedy of Gustavus Vasa, full of patriotisms, heroisms, death to tyrants, indefeasible rights of freemen, and other commonplaces, at which we can afford to sneer now superciliously, it being not only the propensity but the right of humanity to kick down the stool by which it has climbed.

The play itself is good enough; its style that of the time; its characters not so much human beings as vehicles for virtuous or vicious sentiments. If Trollio, the courtier Archbishop of

Upsal, be really meant for Walpole, he will stand equally well for any ancient rascal. The only touch of what we now call human nature (in plain words, of casuistry) is to be found in the once famous scene in which the tyrant tries to treat Gustavus' resolve by the threat of murdering his mother and sister. In it there is real dramatic power, superior, I should say, to that of any English tragedian of the 18th century, and sufficient to redeem the play from utter dreariness, in the eyes of a generation which has learnt that old Swedes did not think, talk, and act half like Frenchmen, half like antique Romans. But the real worth of the play lay, and lies still, in the loftiness of its sentiments. Those were times in which men were coarser and more ignorant, but yet heartier and healthier than now. Those "intricacies of the human heart," which (as unravelled either by profligate Frenchmen or pious Englishwomen) are now in such high and all but sole demand, were then looked on chiefly as indigestions of the human stomach, or other physical organs; and the public wanted, over

and above the perennial subject of love, some talk at least about valour, patriotism, loyalty, chivalry, generosity, the protection of the oppressed, the vindication of the innocent, and other like matters, which are now banished alike from pulpit and from stage, and only call forth applause (so I am informed) from the sluts and roughs in the gallery of the Victoria theatre. In that theatre, but nowhere else in London, Gustavus Vasa (so do times change) might still be a taking play.

It took in Brooke's time, but in a fashion very different from that which he expected. After being accepted at Drury Lane, rehearsed for five weeks, and carried safely through all the troubles of the green room, it was prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain, on account of its political tendency.

Such silly tyranny bore such fruit as we have seen it bear in our own days. If the world might not see, at least the world could read. Brooke published the play in self-defence, and sold four thousand at five shillings each. The Prince sent him a hundred guineas. Chesterfield took forty

copies, Dr. Johnson published (what I am ashamed to say I have not seen) an ironic "Complete Vindication of the Licensers of the Stage, from the malicious aspersions of Mr. Brooke, author of Gustavus Vasa;" and Brooke gained a complete triumph, and a thousand guineas into the bargain; took a villa at Twickenham, close to Pope's, sent to Ireland for his family and his wife, who (so the Prince proposed) was to be foster-mother to the yet unborn George III., and set up in life, at the age of thirty-three, as a distinguished literary character, with all that he needed both of "praise and pudding."

If the charming and successful Irishman had but prospered thenceforth, as most men prosper in the world, then we should have had another great literary personage, possibly another great parliamentary orator: but we should not have had "The Fool of Quality," and Ireland probably would not have had the man Henry Brooke. A course of chastening sorrow was appointed for this man, all the more long and bitter, perhaps, because he was so dear to Heaven. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth," was the law ages since,

and will be, perhaps, until the end. At least, it was so with Henry Brooke. Far from poets and courtiers, and all that was beginning to intoxicate (as it must have intoxicated) his noble heart, he must sit through long years of ever-growing poverty and loneliness, watching the corpses of his dead children, dead joys, dead hopes, till he has learnt the golden secret, and literary fame, and all fame which men can give lies far behind him and below him, for the glittering, poisonous earth-fog which it is, and his purified spirit rises into those pure heights which he only saw afar off, when he wrote his "Universal Beauty," as a lad of twenty-two. He shall return to his first love: but he shall return by a strait gate and a narrow way.

In 1740, in the very heyday of his success, he is taken alarmingly ill. He must try his pure, native air of Rantavan; and he tries it, and recovers. Once well again, he will of course return to London; all his great friends expect him. To their astonishment he sells off his furniture at Twickenham, rids himself of his villa, and stays at home.

"His wife," say the biographers, "was afraid lest his zeal for the Prince should get him into trouble." That may have been the argument which she used in words: but what good woman has not dumb instincts and forecastings deeper and wider than her arguments? There may have been many reasons (and yet none of them dishonourable to Brooke) for withdrawing the most charming of husbands from a frivolous and profligate city, especially when that husband's purse had a perennial tendency to empty as fast as it filled. At least Henry Brooke was true lover and wise man enough to obey; to give up London, fame and fashion; and in the society of a woman whom he had loved from childhood, and at whose death, at last, he pined away, henceforth to "drink water out of his own spring;" and a nobler act of self-renunciation one seldom meets with. It stamps the man at once as what he was; pure, wise, and good.

His great friends, and the Prince among them, wrote to him in his retirement, letters which are said to have perished in some fire. He published,

too, from time to time, a paraphrase of "The Man of Law's Tale," for Ogle's Chaucer, which we shall *not* prefer to the original. The Earl of Westmoreland, a tragedy, was performed at Dublin, as good as other tragedies of the day. For several years, indeed, his hankering for the stage continued, to the scandal of some of his biographers; one of whom, Mr. Richard Ryan, a Romish compiler of "Lives of Irish Worthies," thus vents his (or his Methodist informer's) respectability on the matter.

"During the greater part of his life his religious opinions approached to what are called Methodistical, yet he uniformly supported the stage: nevertheless, it is certain he lived more consistently than he wrote. No day passed in which he did not collect his family to prayer, and read and expounded the Scriptures to them with a clearness and fervency edifying and interesting." A strange phenomenon must Henry Brooke have been, throughout his life, to bigots and precisians of all denominations. I have not had the pleasure of reading Mr. Richard Ryan's biography, a mis-

fortune which is much softened to me by the perusal of this quotation from it. Doubtless Brooke's Methodist friends, had they, and not high heaven, had the making of Henry Brooke, would have treated him after the same Procrustean method as John Wesley treated the Fool of Quality, which he purged of such passages as were not to his mind, and then republished during the author's lifetime, as the "History of Harry, Earl of Moreland," a plan which was so completely successful, that country Wesleyans still believe their great prophet to have been himself the author of the book.

In 1745, Chesterfield came to Ireland as Viceroy: and though Brooke (who was of an independence of spirit too rare in Ireland then,) "was among the last to pay his respects to him," he was appointed barrack-master of Mullingar, with a salary worth a clear 400*l.* a-year. A rational Irishman of those days would have pocketed his money, and held his tongue: but Brooke must needs, with that foolish honesty which always hampered him, thoroughly work out the history

of these and other Irish barracks, their jobbery, peculation, and what not, and throw the whole into a satirical pamphlet, "The Secret History and Memoirs of the Barracks of Ireland;" thereby putting a sufficiently wet blanket upon any chance of future government preferment. That year saw the publication of his "Farmer's Letters," written in the expectation of a revolt of the Irish Roman Catholics. They excited much attention at the time, but were denounced by some for their supposed severity. Brooke's vindication of them, containing an anecdote honourable to the Irish for his ill-founded expectation of a rebellion, may be found in Brookiana, vol. i. p. 85—a model of that English prose of which he was a perfect master, and a model too of good sense and humanity. In nothing, I may say here, does Brooke show more in advance of his generation, than in his opinions as to the right method of governing the Irish Catholics, opinions which have been since, when all but too late, universally accepted and acted on.

In 1747, he wrote four poems for Moore's

"Fables for the Female Sex," one at least of which, "The Sparrow and the Dove," is a beautiful reflection of his own pure wedded life: but, indeed, Henry Brooke is never more noble, not even when he talks theology, than when he speaks of woman.

Two years after, we find him "solicited by a large body of the independent electors of Dublin to stand for that city," and declining—as one would have expected him—because there was another candidate in the field, who was not only (what he was not) an "excelling trader," but had "an acknowledged superiority in every other merit."

Garrick, about this time, "offered him a shilling a line for everything he would write for the stage, provided he wrote for him alone." Brooke refused, as a man who did not choose to sell his brains to any master; and a coolness ensued between them. Garrick was not the only man, it seems, whom he offended by that independence of spirit; which, however softened by his natural sweetness, must have been galling to all greedy, vain, or supercilious men. Johnson, though he

tried to be fair to him, and vindicated his Gustavus Vasa in public, could not conceal his dislike of a man who was certainly his superior in intellect, who had no inclination to bow down and worship, when worship was rudely demanded; whose grace and courtesy must have seemed to the great bear mere foppishness; and whose liberal opinions (persisted in throughout life) must have been shocking to the Toryism of Johnson's later years. His silly parody on a fine line in Gustavus,—

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free,"

is well enough known:

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat,"

answered Johnson, laughing (he only knew why) at the sentiment. That here was a quarrel between them, there seems to be no doubt; and to it is attributed Johnson's omission of his name from the lives of the English poets. His descendant says (*Dublin University Magazine*) that the traditionary story in their family as to the cause of quarrel bears so heavily on Johnson's manner,

and is so flattering to the courtesy of the poet, that he would prefer not to write it down. Why so? One would be glad of any fresh anecdote, either of Brooke or Johnson: but, be the story true or false, there was most probably a natural antagonism between the two worthies; in character, as between a delicate and a coarse nature; and in intellect, as between nominalist and realist, —those two world-wide types of human brain which have quarrelled since the creation, and will quarrel till the day of judgment.

Meanwhile all went smoothly at Rantavan. Henry's brother, Robert, who was as fond of painting as he of poets, lived with him; both of them in easy circumstances, and both with children (as is fit in the prolific air of Erin) innumerable. Strange to say, the two families did not quarrel. "The house," writes some one, "is a little paradise, the abode of peace and love."

After a while, however, the storms began to burst. Henry's children began to die one after the other, and with death came (we are not told how) poverty. The family estate had to be mort-

gaged and sold. Henry, having paid his debts, hired Daisy Park, in County Kildare; his brother took a house near him. There the one lived by his paintings, the other by his barrack-master's place, and by Whig political tracts, which, though they sold, seem to have satisfied neither party. The Catholics could not like an adorer of the "great and good King William;" the Protestants, one who preached common mercy and justice to the Catholics, and exposed the suicidal folly of preventing them, by penal laws, from improving their own lands, or developing the resources of their country. Of his "Trial of the Roman Catholics," all I can say is, that the extracts from it in Brookiana are full of sound wisdom, both moral and political; and, as far as it goes, advocates nothing but the very policy which all are now agreed to pursue toward the Celtic race.

About this time some of Brooke's relations were making large fortunes in India; and one of them, Colonel Robert Brooke, who seems to have been a noble character, and a good soldier, sent home to his father and uncle 13,000*l.* especially to

redeem the mortgage on the Cavan property. Brooke did so, and built a lodge thereon, calling it Longfield, or Corfoddy. Here he gave himself up to agricultural speculations; drained a lake, and got a bog instead; experimented on water-power and drainage, and sank a great deal of money; as many another honest gentleman has done, who has dared to tamper with that stubborn dame, Mother Earth, without being bred to the manner.

However, if he wasted much money, he wasted it honourably and usefully. "Vast sums of money must have passed through his hands," says one reporter in Brookiana. But they passed at least into the pockets of the starving Irish, in the form not only of alms, which he gave but too lavishly and carelessly, but of employment, of new cottages, new gardens, and a general increase of civilization, physical and moral. No doubt, his dreams were wider than his success. "Would you believe," asks one, "that Henry Brooke would quit the sweet vales of Daisy Park, to pass the evening of his life at the foot

of a barren mountain in Corfoddy, or Longfield, as he calls it, in the wildest part of the county? Yet he is as philosophical, as poetical, and as cheerful as ever. He was born in a desert, and to a desert he has returned. And yet in his imagination, he has already ploughed the one-half of the land; sprinkled the country all round with snug cottages; already he thinks he hears the clack of the busy mill, and the sound of the anvil. To do him justice, however, he has already built a house of lime and stone, two stories high, with glass windows too, which never fail to attract the gaze and admiration of the solitary passenger."

The secret charm of Longfield was, perhaps, that it was his own: but there is many a man in Ireland and elsewhere who would have rested in the mere sense of possession, without considering himself bound to live on his own estate. But perhaps Brooke was too conscientious, as well as too kind-hearted a man, to leave the wild Irish of Corfoddy to shift for themselves, and so (though the place could not but be a sad and humbling

one to him, for only half a mile off was the old "House of Rantavan," where he was born, now passed into other hands) he would go and live and die among his own people, and see what could be done for them; and not altogether in vain, to judge from another report written some ten years later:—

"When I came within six or seven miles of Mr. Brooke's, I was afraid I should mistake the way in such a wild part of the county, so that I asked almost every one I met,—man, woman, and child, 'Is this the way to Corfoddy?' Every one knew Mr. Brooke, every one praised him, and wished he might live for ever.

"As I knew that the author of Gustavus Vasa had written a great deal in praise of agriculture, I expected of course, as I approached his house, that it would be bosomed high in tufted trees" (a most Irish expectation, seeing that the said house had only been built a dozen years). * * * "But I was never so disappointed in my life—not a tree on the whole road, not a hedge to be seen, and the way so bad, that I am sure it must be

impassable in the winter. His house stands on a barren spot, and the only improvement I could see, a little garden in the front, shaded with a few half-starved elms, that seem rather to have been planted by chance than design." This hardly agrees with the account of the *Dublin University Magazine*, that the roofless ruins of his labourers' cottages still stand, and that his hydraulic works were at one time so extensive, as to frighten the millers on the Blackwater into a deputation to Lord Headfort, entreating that Mr. Brooke might not turn the course of the whole river; to which Lord Headfort answered, "That they had nothing to fear from Mr. Brooke. That he should be sorry to meddle with that gentleman." The disappointed tourist, however, finds hospitality and an excellent library, and at last Mr. and Mrs. Brooke. His sketch of the old man has been already given; the child-wife, alas! worn out by bearing and losing children, is quite emaciated, and so feeble she can hardly walk across the room. "I never saw so affectionate a husband, and so tender a father. Our conversation at dinner turned on the manners

and customs of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. You would really think that Mr. Brooke was talking of his own children, they were all so dear to him. He prayed for them, and blessed them over and over again, with tears in his eyes." (He was so tender-hearted, they say, that Mrs. Brooke was always afraid to tell him of the death of a neighbouring cottager.) "That evening we walked into the garden. His favourite flowers were those that were planted by the hands of his wife and daughter. I was astonished at his skill in botany. He dwelt on the virtues of the meanest weeds, and then launched out into such a panegyric on vegetable diet, that he almost made me a Pythagorean. * * * We came to a little gurgling stream. Mr. Brooke (who was from youth a fine Italian scholar) gazed on it for some moments, and then repeated these lines out of Metastasio :—

'Copre in van le basse arene
Picciol rio con velo ondoso,
Che rivela in fondo algoso
La chiarezza dell' umor.' "

* * * *

"And Noah was a just man, and perfect in

his generations; and Noah walked with God." Even such was Henry Brooke, though, like Noah, he saw cause to be deeply dissatisfied with the state of the world around him, and gave much excellent advice in his time, for which he was only laughed at. Surely the thousands (probably exaggerated by the ardent imagination of the Milesian,) which are said to have passed through his hands, were not altogether ill-spent (of squandering there is no proof,) if they had bought that which is above all price, the love and prayers of every human being round; if they had gone to soften and develop the humanity of those poor savage oppressed Celts. Had the money been invested in business, and lost (as men of business now-a-days are wont to lose,) in the normal and respectable way of bankruptcy, no one would have thought the worse of him. And surely Henry Brooke, like every man in a free country, had a right to spend his money as seemed best to him. When he owed he paid, though it cost him great sacrifices; he had to the last enough whereon to live honoured, and to die happy; and what does

man want more? There always have been, and there always will be, those who having food and raiment, fitted at least for their station, are therewith content, because they prefer the making of human characters, their own and others, to the making of money; and find that one human brain cannot attend to both occupations at once. Of such was Henry Brooke.

Of his later publications I shall say but little: a clever political opera of his, "Jack the Giant-queller," was acted in Dublin as early as 1748, full if not of humour, still of fluent Irish wit, thrown into comic songs, of his usual lofty morality. The censor of the Dublin stage, to do him justice, must have been far more liberal than the English Lord Chamberlain, or the Giant-queller would have been a co-martyr with Gustavus Vasa. There are several more tragedies and comedies from his pen, seemingly first printed in 1778, when he had ceased to write, and a novel, "Juliet Grenville, or the History of the Human Heart," published 1774, in which his biographers only see "the ruins of genius."

Of his last years, which were spent in Dublin with his only surviving daughter, no record remains. Mrs. Brooke died in 1772, and a very dear daughter just before her. His only surviving son, Arthur, was serving in the army in Canada, and he was left alone with Charlotte, now the only girl, an accomplished woman of genius, and author of the earliest translations of Irish poetry. From the time of his wife's death he shut himself up from the world, and was thought by many to be dead. He went after awhile to Dublin, where (so Charlotte Brooke told Maria Edgeworth,) he used, instead of walking up and down his room composing, to sit for hours gazing into vacancy; and died peacefully in 1783, aged seventy-seven years—as he lived, a philosopher, a gentleman, and a Christian.

But of all his works, the "Fool of Quality" was the best, the most characteristic, and possibly the most precious in his eyes. He spent several years over it. The first volumes were published in 1766, when he was sixty years old; the fifth not till 1770. In it we have

the whole man; the education of an ideal nobleman by an ideal merchant-prince, has given him room for all his speculations on theology, political economy, the relations of sex and family, and the training, moral and physical, of a Christian gentleman; and to them plot and probability are too often sacrificed. Its pathos is, perhaps, of too healthy and simple a kind to be considered very touching by a public whose taste has been palled by the "æsthetic brandy and cayenne" of French novels: John Wesley's opinion of it was, that it was "one of the most beautiful pictures that ever was drawn in the world; the strokes are so delicately fine, the touches so easy, natural, and affecting, that I know not who can survey it with tearless eyes, unless he has a heart of stone."

Nevertheless, over much striving for pathos is the defect of the book. The characters in it, in proportion as they are meant to be good, are gifted with a passionate and tearful sensibility, which is rather French or Irish than English, and which will irritate, if not disgust, many whose Teutonic temperament leads them to pride

themselves rather on the repression than the expression of emotion, and to believe (and not untruly) that feelings are silent in proportion to their depth. But it should be recollected that this extreme sensibility was a part of Brooke's own character; that each man's ideal must be, more or less, the transfiguration of that which he finds in himself; and that he was honest and rational in believing that his sensibility, just as much as any other property of his humanity, when purified from selfishness (which was in his ethics the only method of perfection), could be made as noble, fair, and useful, as any other faculty which God had given.

The fifth volume, seemingly published in 1770, is certainly inferior to the rest, and without seeing in it, as some have done, only "the magnificent ruins of genius," one may judge from it that his noble intellect was failing rapidly, even before that loss of his wife which gave the death-blow alike to heart and brain. Nevertheless, even in it are deep and beautiful thoughts, on theology and political economy; and in his de-

cadence, Henry Brooke is still in advance of his age, preaching truths which are now accepted by most educated Englishmen, and other truths which will be accepted by them ere long.

Nevertheless, that "Good wine needs no bush," is an old proverb; one so true, that the fact of this book needing a preface, will possibly create a prejudice in the eyes of many.

The book, it will be said, is not yet a hundred years old; if therefore it had been of real value, it would not have so soon lost its popularity. Surely, some intrinsic defect in it has caused it to be not undeservedly forgotten. And if an average reader deigned to open the book, he would probably find in the first hundred pages quite enough to justify to himself his prejudice. The cause of its failure, he would say, is patent. The plot is extravagant as well as ill-woven, and broken, besides, by episodes as extravagant as itself. The morality is Quixotic, and practically impossible. The sermonizing, whether theological or social, is equally clumsy and obtrusive. Without artistic method, without knowledge of

human nature and the real world, the book can never have touched many hearts, and can touch none now.

To all which it may be answered, that if the form of fiction now popular is the only right form;—if artistic method consists merely in dramatic unity of interest, in weaving a plot which shall keep the reader expectant and amused, without demanding of him even a moment's reflection;—if knowledge of human nature is to signify merely its everyday and pettiest passions, failings, motives;—if, in a word, the canons which are necessary for a successful stage play are also to limit fiction of every kind:—then this book, as a fiction, is a very bad one, and its editors must succumb to the too probable verdict of an age which seems determined that art shall confine itself more and more exclusively to the trivial, the temporary, and the vulgar; which has made up its mind to have its novels written by young ladies, and its pictures painted by pre-Raphaelites; and in which ideal art, whether in fiction or in painting, seems steadily dying out—perhaps for want of that

very realistic tone of thought which is to be found in Henry Brooke.

If, again, theology, properly so called, is to be henceforth an extinct science;—if nothing can be known of God's character, even from the person of Jesus Christ, save that he will doom to endless torture the vast majority of the human race, while he has made, for the purpose of delivering a very small minority, a certain highly artificial arrangement, to be explained by no human notions of justice or of love;—if the divine morality be utterly different from the ideal of human morality;—if generosity, magnanimity, chivalry—all which seems most divine in man—is to have no likeness in God, no place in the service of God;—if the motives of religion are to be confined henceforth to the most selfish of human hopes, and the basest of human fears;—if, in a word, Spurgeonism, whether Protestant or Catholic, is the only fit creed for mankind;—then, indeed, all the seemingly noble teaching of this book, however much it may seem to reflect the life of Christ or the teaching of St. Paul, is superfluous; and its dia-

tribes may be passed over as impertinent interferences with the dramatic unity of the plot.

But if an ideal does exist of the human soul, as of the human body;—if it be good to recollect that ideal now and then, and to compare what man is with what man might be;—if the heroic literature of every nation, and above all these, the New Testament itself, are witnesses for that spiritual ideal, just as Greek statuary and the paintings of the great Italian masters are witnesses for the physical ideal;—if that ideal, though impossible with man, be possible with God, and therefore the goal toward which every man should tend, even though he come short of it:—then it may be allowable for some at least among the writers of fiction to set forth that ideal, and the author of the "Fool of Quality" may be just as truly a novelist in his own way, as the authoress of "Queechy" and the "Wide Wide World." There are those, indeed, still left on earth who believe the contemplation of the actual (easy and amusing as it is) to be pernicious to most men without a continual remembrance

of the ideal; who would not put into young hands even that Shakspeare who tells them what men are, without giving them, as a corrective, the Spenser and the Milton who tell them what men might be; who would even (theological questions apart) recommend to the philosophical student of mere human nature the four Gospels rather than Balzac. But such are, doubtless, as Henry Brooke was, dreamers and idealists.

And if, again, a theology be possible, and an anthropology not contradictory to, but founded on, that theology;—if the old Catholic dogma that the Son of Man was the likeness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person, may be believed still (as it is by a lingering few among Christians), in any honest and literal practical sense;—if that be true which Mr. J. Stuart Mill says in his late grand Essay upon Liberty, that "our popular religious ethics, by holding out the hope of heaven and the threat of hell, as the appointed and appropriate motives to a virtuous life, fall far below the best of the ancients, and do what they can to give to human morality

an essentially selfish character;"—if by (as Mr. Mill says) "discarding those so-called secular standards, derived from Greek and Roman writers, which heretofore co-existed with and supplemented ethics" (which should be called not Christian, but monastic, and the "secular" correctives of which still remain, thank God, in the teaching of our public schools, and of our two great universities), "receiving some of its spirit, and infusing into it some of theirs, there is even now resulting a low, abject, servile type of character, which, submit itself as it may to what it deems the Supreme will, is incapable of rising to or sympathizing in the conception of Supreme goodness:"—if this, or half of this, be true, then it may be worth while for earnest men to consider well if these seemingly impertinent sermonizings of Henry Brooke be not needed now-a-days: even though he dares to tell his reader, and indeed to take as his text throughout the book, that "all virtues, even justice itself, are merely different forms of benevolence," and that "benevolence produces and constitutes the heaven or beatitude of God himself.

He is no other than an infinite and eternal GOOD WILL. Benevolence must, therefore, constitute the beatitude or heaven of all dependent beings."

It may be well, too, to see how, in his eyes, it was not only right and useful, but possible likewise for a British nobleman of the 17th century to copy God who made him; how, in enforcing that dream of his, he did not disdain to use those apologues and maxims of wise old heathens, which will live, we may hope, as long as an English school and an English scholar exist on earth;—how his conception of the ideal of humanity, because it is founded on the belief that that ideal is the very image of God, is neither "low, abject, nor servile," but altogether chivalrous and heroic;—and lastly how, in his eyes, the humblest resignation and the loftiest aspiration are so far from being contradictory virtues, that it is only (so he holds) by rising to the "conception of the Supreme goodness" that man can attain "submission to the Supreme will." And when the reader has considered this, and more which he may find in this book, he will irritate himself

no more about defects of outward method, but will be content to let the author teach his own lesson in his own way, trusting (and he will not trust in vain) that each seeming interruption is but a step forward in the moral process at which the author aims; and that there is full and conscious consistency in Mr. Brooke's method, whether or not there be dramatic unity in his plot. By that time also one may hope the earnest reader will have begun to guess at the causes which have made this book forgotten for a while; and perhaps to find them not in its defects but in its excellencies; in its deep and grand ethics, in its broad and genial humanity, in the divine value which it attaches to the relations of husband and wife, father and child; and to the utter absence both of that sentimentalism and that superstition which have been alternately debauching of late years the minds of the young. And if he shall have arrived at this discovery, he will be able possibly to regard at least with patience those who are rash enough to affirm that they have learnt from this book more which is pure, sacred, and eternal, than

from any which has been published since Spenser's Fairy Queen.

So go forth once more, brave book, as God shall speed thee; and wherever thou meetest, whether in peasant or in peer, with a royal heart, tender and true, magnanimous and chivalrous, enter in and dwell there; and help its owner to become (as thou canst help him) a Man, a Christian, and a Gentleman, as Henry Brooke was before him.

C. KINGSLEY.

THE

FOOL OF QUALITY;

OR,

THE HISTORY OF HENRY EARL OF MORELAND.

CHAPTER I.

RICHARD, the grandfather of our hero, was ennobled by James the First. He married a lovely girl of the ancient family of the Goodalls, in the county of Surrey, and at seven years' distance had two sons, Richard and Henry; but, dying early in the reign of Charles the First, he bequeathed £12,000 to his youngest, and near £20,000 annual income to his eldest son—not in any personal preference to his brother, but as one who was to support the name and honours of the family. He appointed his brother-in-law executor and guardian, who, educating the children agreeable to their different fortunes and prospects in life, in about seven years after the death of their father, sent Richard with a tutor to take the tour of Europe, and bound Henry apprentice to a considerable London merchant.

During the travels of the one and the apprenticeship of the other, the troubles happened; and Cromwell assumed the regency, before the fortune of the Morelands could be

forfeited or endangered by siding with the crown or the commonwealth.

Richard returned to England a short time before the Restoration; and, being too gay and too dissolute for the plodding and hypocrisy of Cromwell and his fanatics, he withdrew to the mansion-house of his forefathers.

On his landing, he had inquired for his brother Henry; but hearing that he was lately married, and wholly absorbed in matters of merchandise, as he had the utmost contempt for all cits and traders, he took no further notice of him.

In the country, he amused himself with his bottle, hounds, hawks, and race-horses; but, on the restoration of his majesty, of pleasurable memory, he hastened to court, where he rolled away and shone as in his native sphere. He was always of the party of the king, Rochester, &c., where virtue was laughed out of countenance, and where all manner of dissoluteness became attractive and recommendable by the bursts of merriment and zest of wit. But toward the latter end of this droll reign, Earl Richard, being advanced in age, and being still older in constitution than years, began to think of providing an heir to his estate: and, as he had taken vast pains to impair it, he married a citizen's daughter who wanted a title, and with her got a portion of £100,000, which was equally wanting on his part.

With his lady, he again retreated to the country, where, in less than a year, she made him the exulting father of a fine boy, whom he called Richard.

Richard speedily became the sole centre of all his mother's solicitudes and affections. And though within the space of the two succeeding years she was delivered of a second boy, yet, as his infant aspect was less promising and more uninformed than his brother's, she sent him forth to be nursed by the robust wife of a neighbouring farmer, where, for the space of upwards of four years, he was honoured with no token from father or mother, save some

casual messages to know from time to time if the child was in health.

This boy was called Henry, after his uncle by the father's side. The earl had lately sent to London to make inquiry after his brother, but could learn no manner of tidings concerning him.

Meanwhile, the education of the two children was extremely contrasted. Richard, who was already entitled my little lord, was not permitted to breathe the rudeness of the wind. On his slightest indisposition, the whole house was in alarms; his passions had full scope in all their infant irregularities; his genius was put into a hotbed, by the warmth of applauses given to every flight of his opening fancy; and the whole family conspired, from the highest to the lowest, to the ruin of promising talents and a benevolent heart.

Young Harry, on the other hand, had every member as well as feature exposed to all weathers; would run about, mother naked, for near an hour, in a frosty morning; was neither physicked into delicacy, nor flattered into pride; scarce felt the convenience, and much less understood the vanity of clothing; and was daily occupied in playing and wrestling with the pigs and two mongrel spaniels on the common; or in kissing, scratching, or boxing with the children of the village.

When Harry had passed his fifth year, his father, on a festival day, humbly proposed to send for him to his nurse, in order to observe how the boy might turn out; and my lady, in a fit of good-humour, assented. Nurse, accordingly, decked him out in his holiday petticoats, and walked with our hero to the great house, as they called it.

A brilliant concourse of the neighbouring gentry were met in a vast parlour, that appeared to be executed after the model of Westminster Hall.

There was Sir Christopher Cloudy, who knew much but

said nothing, with his very conversable lady, who scarce knew by halves, but spoke by wholesale. In the same range was Sir Standish Stately, who in all companies held the first place in his own esteem. Next to him sat Lady Childish; it was, at least, thirty years since these follies might have become her, which appeared so very ridiculous at the age of fifty-five. By her side were the two Stiltons; a blind man would swear that the one was a clown and the other a gentleman, by the tones of their voices. Next to these were two pair of very ill-mated turtles—Mr. Gentle, who sacrificed his fine sense and affluent fortune to the vanity and bad temper of a silly and turbulent wife; and Squire Sulky, a brutal fool, who tyrannized over the most sensible and most amiable of her sex.

On the opposite side was Lord Prim, who evidently laboured hard to be easy in conversation; and next to him was Lord Flippant, who spoke nonsense with great facility. By his side sat the fair but dejected Miss Willow; she had lately discovered what a misfortune it was to be born to wit, beauty, and affluence, the three capital qualifications that lead the sex to calamity. Next to her was Colonel Jolly, with a heart ever tuned to merriment, and lungs to laughter. Had he known how to time his fits, the laugh might have grown catching. Below him was seated Mrs. Mirror, a widow lady, industriously accomplished in the faults of people of fashion. And below her sat the beloved and respected Mr. Meekly, who always sought to hide behind the merits of the company. Next to him was Major Settle —no one spoke with more importance on things of no signification. And beside him sat Miss Lovely, who looked sentiment, and, while she was silent, inspired others with sense and virtue.

These were the principal characters. The rest could not be said to be of any character at all. The cloth had been lately removed, and a host of glasses and decanters glowed

on the table, when in comes young Harry, escorted by his nurse.

All the eyes of the company were instantly drawn upon him; but he advanced, with a vacant and unobserving physiognomy, and thought no higher of the assembly than as of so many peasants at a country-wake.

Dicky, my dear, says my lady, go and welcome your brother; whereat Dick went up, took Harry by the hand, and kissed him with much affection. Harry, thereupon, having eyed his brother—I don't know you, said he, bluntly, but at the same time held up his little mouth to kiss him again.

Dick, says my lady, put your laced hat upon Harry, that we may see how it becomes him, which he immediately did; but Harry, feeling an unusual encumbrance on his head, took off the hat, and, having for some time looked contemptuously at it, he cast it from him with a sudden and agile jerk, as he used to cast flat stones to make ducks and drakes in the mill-pond. The hat took the glasses and decanters in full career; smash go the glasses, abroad pours the wine on circling laces, Dresden aprons, silvered silks, and rich brocades; female screams filled the parlour; the rout is equal to the uproar; and it was long ere most of them could be composed to their places.

In the meanwhile, Harry took no kind of interest in their outcries or distresses; but spying a large Spanish pointer, that just then came from under the table, he sprung at him like lightning, seized him by the collar, and vaulted on his back with inconceivable agility. The dog, wholly disconcerted by so unaccustomed a burden, capered and plunged about in a violent manner; but Harry was a better horseman than to be so easily dismounted: whereon the dog grew outrageous, and, rushing into a group of little misses and masters, the children of the visitants, he overthrew them like nine-pins; thence proceeding with equal rapidity be-

tween the legs of Mrs. Dowdy, a very fat and elderly lady, she instantly fell back with a violent shriek, and, in her fall, unfortunately overthrew Frank the fox-hunter, who overthrew Andrew the angler, who overthrew Bob the beau, who closed the catastrophe.

Our hero, meantime, was happily dismounted by the intercepting petticoats, and fairly laid, without damage, in the fallen lady's lap. From thence he arose at his leisure, and strolled about the room with as unconcerned an aspect as if nothing had happened amiss, and as though he had neither art nor part in this frightful discomfiture.

When matters were once more, in some measure, set to rights—My heavens! exclaimed my lady, I shall faint! The boy is positively an idiot; he has no apprehension or conception of places or things. Come hither, sirrah, she cried, with an angry tone; but, instead of complying, Harry cast on her a look of resentment, and sidled over toward his nurse. Dicky, my dear, said my lady, go and pretend to beat his foster-mother, that we may try if the child has any kind of ideas. Here her ladyship, by ill fortune, was as much unadvised as her favourite was unhappy in the execution of her orders; for while Dick struck at the nurse with a counterfeited passion, Harry instantly reddened, and gave his brother such a sudden push in the face, that his nose and mouth gushed out with blood. Dick set up the roar; my lady screamed out, and, rising and running at Harry with all imaginable fury, she caught him up as a falcon would truss a robin, turned over his petticoats, and chastised him with all the violence of which her delicacy was capable. Our hero, however, neither uttered cry nor dropped a tear; but, being set down, he turned round on the company an eye of indignation, then cried—Come away, mammy, and issued from the assembly.

Harry had scarce made his exit when his mother exclaimed after him—Ay, ay, take him away, nurse! take him.

away, the little wretch, and never let me see his face more!

I shall not detain my reader with a tedious detail of the many and differing opinions that the remaining company expressed with regard to our hero; let it suffice to observe, that they generally agreed that, though the boy did not appear to be endowed by nature with a single faculty of the *animal rationale*, he might, nevertheless, be rendered capable, in time, of many places of very honourable and lucrative employment.

Mr. Meekly alone, though so gentle and complying at other times, now presumed to dissent from the sense of the company. I rather hold, said he, that this infant is the promise of the greatest philosopher and hero that our age is likely to produce. By refusing his respect to those superficial distinctions which fashion has inadequately substituted as expressions of human greatness, he approves himself the philosopher; and by the quickness of his feelings for injured innocence, and his boldness in defending those to whom his heart is attached, he approves himself at once the hero and the man.

Harry had now remained six months more with his nurse, engaged in his customary exercises and occupations. He was already, by his courage, his strength, and action, become tremendous to all the little boys of the village—they had all things to fear from his sudden resentment, but nothing from his memory or recollection of a wrong; and this, also, was imputed to his native stupidity. The two mongrel dogs were his inseparable playfellows; they were all tied together in the strictest bonds of friendship, and caressed each other with the most warm and unfeigned affection.

On a summer's day, as he strolled forth with these, his faithful attendants, and rambled into a park whose gate he saw open, he perceived, in a little copse that bordered on a fishpond, a stranger seated on a bench of turf. Harry drew

near with his usual intrepidity, till he observed that the man had a reverend beard that spread over his breast; that he held something in his hand on which he gazed with a fixed attention; and that the tears rolled down his cheeks without ceasing, and in silence, except the half-suppressed sobs that often broke from his bosom. Harry stood a while immoveable—his little heart was affected—he approached the old man with a gentle reverence, and looking up in his face, and seating himself by his side, the muscles of his infant aspect began to relax, and he wept and sobbed as fast as his companion.

CHAPTER II.

THE old gentleman turned and gazed at the child, as on some sudden apparition. His tears stopped. He returned the picture which he held into his bosom; and, lifting up his eyes—Great Power, he cried, is this the one, of all the world, who has any feelings for me? Is it this babe, this suckling, whom thou has sent to be a partaker in my griefs, and the sharer of my afflictions? Welcome, then, my little friend, said he, tenderly turning and caressing the child; I will live the longer for thy sake, and endeavour to repay the tears thou hast shed in my behalf.

The language of true love is understood by all creatures, and was that of which Harry had, almost, the only perception. He returned his friend's caresses with unaffected ardour, and no two could be more highly gratified in the endearments of each other.

What is your name, my dear? said the old gentleman. Harry Clinton, sir. Harry Clinton! repeated the old man, and started. And, pray, who is your father? The child then, looking tenderly at him, replied—I'll have you for a

father, if you please, sir. The stranger then caught him up in his arms, and passionately exclaimed—You shall, you shall, my darling, for the tenderest of fathers, never to be torn asunder till death shall part us!

Then asking him where he lived, and Harry pointing to the town before them, they both got up and went towards it. Our hero was now again all glee, all action; he sprung from and to his friend, and played and gamboled about him, like a young spaniel in a morning just loosed from his chain, and admitted to accompany his master to the field. As his two dogs frisked about him, he would now mount upon one, then bound upon the other, and each pranced and paraded under him as delighted with the burden. The old gentleman beheld all with a pleasure that had long been a stranger to his breast, and shared in the joys of his young associate.

Being arrived near the farm-house, nurse, who stood at the door, saw them approaching, and cried out—Gaffer, Gaffer, here comes our Harry with the dumb gentleman! When they were come up—Good people, says the stranger, is this your child? No, no, sir, answered the nurse, we are but his fosterers. And, pray, who is his father? He is second son, sir, to the Earl of Moreland. The Earl of Moreland! you amaze me greatly; is this all the notice and care they take of such a treasure? Sir, replied the nurse, they never sent for him but once; they don't mind him—they take him for a fool. For a fool! cried he, and shook his head in token of dissent; I am sure he has the wisest of all human hearts. I wish it may be so, sir, said the nurse, but he behaved very sadly, some time ago, at the great house. She then made a recital of all our young hero's adventures in the mansion parlour; whereat the old gentleman inwardly chuckled, and for the first time, of some years, permitted his features to relax into a smile of cheerfulness.

Nurse, said he, every thing that I hear and see of this

child, serves the more to endear and bind me to him. Pray, be so good as to accompany us to my house: we will try to equip him better both as to person and understanding.

As this stranger's seat made part of the village, they were soon there. He first whispered his old domestic, who then looked upon the child with surprise and pleasure. The footman was next sent to bring the tailor, and some light stuffs from the town shop. Matters being thus despatched with respect to our hero's first coat and breeches, nurse was kept to dinner; and after this gentleman had entertained his young guest with a variety of little tricks, childish plays, and other fooleries, toward evening he dismissed him and his nurse, with a request that she would send him every day, and a promise that he should be returned every night if she desired it.

Harry, being thus furnished with the external tokens of a man-child having been born into the world, became an inseparable friend and playfellow to his patron. At times of relaxation, the old gentleman, with the most winning and insinuating address, endeavoured to open his mind and cultivate his morals, by a thousand little fables; such as of bold sparrows and naughty kids that were carried away by the hawk, or devoured by the wolf, and of good robins and innocent lambs that the very hawks and wolves themselves were fond of; for he never proposed any encouragement or reward to the heart of our hero, save that of the love and approbation of others. At the times of such instruction, Harry, who knew no other dependence, and beheld his patron as his father and his God, would hang upon his knee, look up to his face delighted, and greedily imbibe the sweetness of those lessons whose impressions, neither age, nor any occurrence, could ever after erase; so prevalent are the dictates of lips that are beloved!

At other times, the stranger would enter with our hero into all his little frolics and childish vagaries, would run and

wrestle with him, ride the rods, roll down the slope, and never felt such sweet sensations and inward delight as when he was engaged in such recreations.

There was a cock at Harry's nurse's—the lord of the dunghill—between whom and our hero a very particular intimacy and friendship had been contracted. Harry's hand was his daily caterer; and Dick, for the cock was so called, would hop into the child's lap and pick his clothes, and rub his feathers against him, and court Harry to tickle and stroke and play with him.

Upon Shrove Tuesday, while Harry was on his road from his patron's, intending a short visit to his nurse and foster-father, a lad came to the door and offered Gaffer a double price for Dick; the bargain was quickly made, the lad bore off his prize in triumph, and Gaffer withdrew to the manuring of a back field. Just at this crisis Harry came up, and inquired of the maid for his daddy and mammy, but was aswered that neither of them was within. He then asked after his favourite cock, but was told that his daddy had, that minute, sold him to yonder man, who was almost out of sight.

Away sprung our hero like an arrow from a bow, and held the man in view till he saw him enter a great crowd at the upper end of the street. Up he comes at last, quite out of breath, and, making way through the assembly, perceived his cock, at some distance, tied to a short stake, and a lad preparing to throw at him with a stick. Forward he rushed again, and stopped resolutely before his bird to ward the blow with his own person, at the instant that the stick had taken its flight, and that all the people cried out, Hold! hold! One end of the stick took Harry on the left shoulder, and bruised him sorely; but, not regarding that, he instantly stooped, delivered his captive favourite, whipt him under his arm, caught up the stick, flourished it as in defiance of all opponents, made homeward through the

crowd, and was followed by the acclamations of the whole assembly.

The old gentleman was standing before his court door when his favourite arrived all in a sweat. What's the matter, my dear, says he? What made you put yourself into such a heat? What cock is that you have under your arm? In answer to these several questions, Harry ingenuously confessed the whole affair; and when his patron with some warmth cried—Why, my love, did you venture your life for a silly cock? Why did I? repeated the child! why, sir, because he loved me. The stranger then, stepping back, and gazing upon him with eyes of tender admiration—May heaven for ever bless thee, my little angel, he exclaimed, and continue to utter from thy lips the sentiments that it inspires! Then, catching him up in his arms, he bathed him with his tears, and almost stifled him with his caresses.

In a few days our hero was again restored, by frequent fomentations, to the use of his arm, and his dada, as he called him, and he, returned to their old recreations.

As Harry's ideas began to open and expand, he grew ambitious of greater power and knowledge. He wished for the strength of that bull, and for the swiftness of yonder horse; and on the close of a solemn and serene summer's evening, while he and his patron walked in the garden, he wished for wings, that he might fly up and see what the sky, and the stars, and the rising moon, were made of.

In order to reform this inordinancy of his desires, his patron addressed him in the following manner:—

I will tell you a story, my Harry. On the other side of yonder hill there runs a mighty clear river, and in that river, on a time, there lived three silver trouts—the prettiest little fishes that any one ever saw. Now, God took a great liking and love to these pretty silver trouts, and he let them want for nothing that such little fishes could have occasion

for; but two of them grew sad and discontented, and the one wished for this thing, and the other wished for that thing, and neither of them could take pleasure in any thing that they had, because they were always longing for something that they had not.

Now, Harry, you must know that all this was very naughty in those two little trouts, for God had been exceedingly kind to them: he had given them every thing that was fittest for them, and he never grudged them any thing that was for their good; but, instead of thanking him for all his care and his kindness, they blamed him in their own minds for refusing them any thing that their silly fancies were set upon; in short, there was no end of their wishing, and longing, and quarrelling in their hearts, for this thing and the other.

At last God was so provoked, that he resolved to punish their naughtiness by granting their desires, and to make the folly of those two little stubborn trouts an example to all the foolish fish in the whole world.

For this purpose, he called out to the three little silver trouts, and told them they should have whatever they wished for.

Now the eldest of these trouts was a very proud little fish, and wanted, forsooth, to be set up above all other little fishes. May it please your greatness, says he, I must be free to tell you that I do not, at all, like the way in which you have placed me. Here you have put me into a poor, narrow, and troublesome river, where I am straitened on the right side, and straitened on the left side, and can neither get down into the ground, nor up into the air, nor go where, nor do any thing I have a mind to do. I am not so blind, for all, but that I can see well enough how mighty kind and bountiful you can be to others. There are your favourite little birds, who fly this way and that way, and mount up to the very heavens, and do whatever

they please, and have every thing at command, because you have given them wings. Give me such wings also as you have given to them, and then I shall have something for which I ought to thank you.

No sooner ask than have. He felt the wings he wished for growing from either side, and, in a minute, he spread them abroad, and rose out of the water. At first he felt a wonderful pleasure in finding himself able to fly. He mounted high into the air, above the very clouds, and he looked down with scorn on all the fishes in the world.

He now resolved to travel, and to take his diversion far and wide. He flew over rivers and meadows, and woods and mountains; till, growing faint with hunger and thirst, his wings began to fail him, and he thought it best to come down to get some refreshment.

The little fool did not consider that he was now in a strange country, and many a mile from the sweet river where he was born and bred, and had received all his nourishment. So, when he came down, he happened to alight among dry sands and rocks, where there was not a bit to eat, nor a drop of water to drink; and so there he lay faint and tired, and unable to rise, gasping and fluttering, and beating himself against the stones, till at length he died in great pain and misery.

Now the second silver trout, though he was not so high-minded as the first little proud trout, yet he did not want for conceit enough; and he was, moreover, a narrow-hearted and very selfish little trout, and, provided he himself was snug and safe, he did not care what became of all the fishes in the world. So he says to God—

'May it please your honour, I don't wish, not I, for wings to fly out of the water, and to ramble into strange places, where I don't know what may become of me. I lived contented and happy enough till the other day, when, as I got under a cool bank from the heat of the sun, I saw

a great rope coming down into the water, and it fastened itself, I don't know how, about the gills of a little fish that was basking beside me, and he was lifted out of the water, struggling and working in great pain, till he was carried, I know not where, quite out of my sight; so I thought in my own mind, that this evil some time or other may happen to myself, and my heart trembled within me, and I have been very sad and discontented ever since. Now, all I desire of you is, that you would tell me the meaning of this, and of all the other dangers to which you have subjected us, poor little mortal fishes; for then I shall have sense enough to take care of my own safety, and I am very well able to provide for my own living, I warrant you.

No sooner said than done. God immediately opened his understanding; and he knew the nature and meaning of snares, nets, hooks, and lines, and of all the dangers to which such little trouts could be liable.

At first he greatly rejoiced in this his knowledge; and he said to himself—Now surely I shall be the happiest of all fishes; for as I understand and am forewarned of every mischief that can come near me, I'm sure I love myself too well not to keep out of harm's way.

From this time forward he took care not to go into any deep holes, for fear that a pike or some other huge fish might be there, who would make nothing of swallowing him up at one gulp.

He also kept away from the shallow places, especially in hot weather, lest the sun should dry them up, and not leave him water enough to swim in. When he saw the shadow of a cloud coming and moving upon the river—Aha! said he to himself, here are the fishermen with their nets; and immediately he got on one side and skulked under the banks, where he kept trembling in his skin till the cloud was past. Again, when he saw a fly skimming on the water, or a worm coming down the stream, he did not dare

to bite, however hungry he might be—No, no, said he to them, my honest friends, I am not such a fool as that comes to neither; go your ways and tempt those who know no better, who are not aware that you may serve as baits to some treacherous hook that lies hid for the destruction of those ignorant and silly trouts that are not on their guard.

Thus this over-careful trout kept himself in continual frights and alarms, and could neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep in peace, lest some mischief should be at hand, or that he might be taken napping. He daily grew poorer and poorer, and sadder and sadder, for he pined away with hunger, and sighed himself to skin and bone; till, wasted almost to nothing with care and melancholy, he at last died, for fear of dying, the most miserable of all deaths.

Now, when God came to the youngest silver trout, and asked him what he wished for—Alas! said this darling little trout, you know, may it please your worship, that I am but a very foolish and good for nothing little fish; and I don't know, not I, what is good for me or what is bad for me; and I wonder how I came to be worth bringing into the world, or what you could see in me to take any thought about me. But, if I must wish for something, it is that you would do with me whatsoever you think best; and that I should be pleased to live or die, even just as you would have me.

Now, as soon as this precious trout made this prayer in his good and humble little heart, God took such a liking and a love to him as the like was never known. And God found it in his own heart, that he could not but take great care of this sweet little trout, who had trusted himself so wholly to his love and good pleasure; and God went wheresoever he went, and was always with him and about him, and was to him as a father, and friend, and companion: and he put contentment into his mind, and joy into his heart; and so this little trout slept always in peace, and

wakened in gladness; and, whether he was full or hungry, or whatever happened to him, he was still pleased and thankful; and he was the happiest of all fishes that ever swam in any water.

Harry, at the close of this fable, looked down and grew thoughtful, and his patron left him to himself to ruminate on what he had heard. Now, Harry had often heard talk of God, and had some general though confused notions of his power.

The next day he requested his patron to repeat the story of the three little silver trouts. When he had ended—Dada, says Harry, I believe I begin to guess a little at what you mean. You would not have me wish for any thing, but leave every thing to God; and if I thought that God loved me half as well as you love me, I would leave every thing to himself, like the good little trout. He does, my Harry; he loves you a thousand times better than I love you, nay, a thousand times better than you love yourself. God is all love; it is he who made every thing, and he loves every thing that he has made. Ay, but dada, I can't, for the heart of me, help pitying the two poor little naughty trouts. If God loves every thing, why did he make any thing to die? You begin to think too deeply, Harry; we will speak more of these matters another time. For the present, let it suffice to know, that as he can kill, he can also make alive again, at his own pleasure.

Harry had now remained about twelve months with his patron, when it was intimated to the earl and his lady that the dumb man had taken a fancy to their child, and that he was almost constantly resident at his house. Alarmed at this news, and apprehending that this man might be some impostor or kidnapper, they once more sent orders to the nurse to bring the boy home.

Nurse ran in a hurry to the stranger's, and, having informed him of the necessity she was under to take away

the child, many mutual tears were shed at parting; but Harry was the sooner pacified when nurse told him that it was but for a short visit, as before.

When they came to the castle, there was no company in the parlour but the earl and his lady, with Lord Richard and some other masters of quality, about his age and size. Harry, however, looked about with a brow of disgust; and when my lady desired him to come and kiss her—May be you'll whip me, he answered suddenly. No, she replied, if you don't strike your brother Dicky any more. I won't beat him, says Harry, if he won't beat mammy. Come then and kiss me, my dear, said my lady; whereon Harry advanced with a slow caution, and held up his little mouth to receive her salute. He was then kissed by his father, his brother, and the little masters, and all things promised future reconcilement and amity.

A number of glittering toys were then presented to Harry on all sides; he received them, indeed, in good part, but laid them all aside again, as things of whose use he yet was not wise enough to be apprehensive.

Friend. Is it not too early for your hero to shew a contèmpt of toys?

Author. My lady, as you will see, imputed it to his folly, not to his philosophy.

Friend. But children have a natural fondness for fine things.

Author. How so? is there a natural value in them?

Friend. No. But——

Author. Education, indeed, has made the fondness next to natural; the coral and bells teach infants on the breasts to be delighted with sound and glitter. Has the child of an inhabitant of Monomotapa a natural fondness for garbage?

Friend. I think not.

Author. But when he is instructed to prize them, and sees it to be the fashion to be adorned with such things, he prefers them to the glitter of gold and pearl. Tell me, was it the folly, or philosophy, of the cock in the fable, that spurned the diamond and wished for the barley-corn?

Friend. The moral says it was his folly, that did not know how to make a right estimate of things.

Author. A wiser moral would say it was his philosophy, that did know how to make a right estimate of things; for of what use could the diamond be to the cock? In the age of acorns, antecedent to Ceres and the royal ploughman Triptolemus, a single barley-corn had been of more value to mankind than all the diamonds that glowed in the mines of India.

Friend. You see, however, that age, reflection, and philosophy, can hardly wean people from their early fondness for show.

Author. I see, on the contrary, that the older they grow, and the wiser they think themselves, the more they become attached to trifles. What would you think of a sage minister of state, who should make it the utmost height of his wishes and ambition to be mounted on a hobby-horse?

Friend. You can't be serious for the soul of you.

Author. It has been seriously, and truly, and literally the fact: for Haman being asked by the greatest monarch upon earth, what should be done most desirable for the man whom the king delighted to honour? he answered (in the persuasion that he himself was the person), "Let the royal apparel be brought, and let him be arrayed therewith, and let him be put upon the horse that the king useth to ride, and let him be brought through the street, and have it proclaimed before him, Thus shall it be done to the man whom the king delighteth to honour." What shall we say here? could the sage and ambitious Haman think of nothing better than what would have suited the request of a child

of five years old? or was it that the Emperor of Asia, or this world itself, had nothing more valuable to bestow than a fine coat and a hobby-horse?

Friend. How many volumes do you expect this work will contain?

Author. Sir, a book may be compared to the life of your neighbour. If it be good it cannot last too long; if bad, you cannot get rid of it too early.

Friend. But how long, I say, do you propose to make your story?

Author. My good friend, the reader may make it as short as he pleases.

CHAPTER III.

My lady, piqued thereat, told the earl that she resolved once more to prove the wits of the youngster; and, whispering to Dicky, he immediately went out and took with him his companions. Soon after, Dick returns without his shoes, and with a pitiful face, cries—Brother Harry, I want a pair of shoes sadly, will you give me yours? Yes, I will, said Harry, and instantly strips and presents them to him. Then entered another boy, and demanded his stockings in the like petitioning manner; another begged his hat, another his coat, another his waistcoat, all of which he bestowed without hesitation; but when the last boy came in and petitioned for his shirt—No, I won't, said Harry, a little moody; I want a shirt myself. My lady then exclaimed, Upon my honour, there is but the thickness of a bit of linen between this child and a downright fool. But my lord rose up, took Harry in his arms, and having tenderly embraced him—God bless thee, my boy, he cried, and make thee an honour to Old England!

Dinner, soon after, was ordered up, and Harry permitted his nurse to retire peaceably to the kitchen during the interval, as he and all the masters were then on terms of amity.

My lady placed Harry next herself at table, but no peer ever paid such a price at Pontac's as our distressed hero did that day for his ordinary: for he must sit up just so, and hold his knife and fork just so, and cut his meat, and open his mouth, and swallow his victuals, just so and so and so. And then between every two words there were to be so many my lords and my ladies, and I thank you, sir, and I thank you, madam, and master this, and master that, that poor Harry, no longer able to contain himself, cried—I wish I was with my mammy in the kitchen.

After dinner the children were set to questions and commands; but here our hero was beaten hollow, as he was afterward at drawglove and shuffle the slipper. They next came to hot cockles, and Harry being first down, had his left hand well-warmed for near a quarter of an hour, till, more by good-luck than any good policy, he fixed upon a delicate little gentleman, the son and heir of Lord and Lady Toilet, who lay down accordingly; when Harry, endeavouring to sum all the favours he had received in one payment, gave master such a whirrick, that his cries instantly sounded the *ne plus ultra* to such kind of diversions. But Harry being chidden for his rudeness, and obliged to ask pardon, all was soon whole again.

Now, throughout these several amusements, though this group of little quality behaved themselves with great good manners towards our hero; yet, as my lady's judgment of his intellects became current through the country, and that all took him to be little removed from a natural, these small gentry also held him in the lowest contempt, and gave themselves secret credit for the decency of their conduct in his behalf.

Two or three of them, however, having maliciously contrived to set him in a ridiculous light, prevailed upon his brother to join in the plot. They accordingly proposed a play, wherein Harry was enjoined to stand in the centre for so many minutes, without motion or resentment, let his companions do what they would about him.

Our hero, consequently, fixed himself to a posture and countenance altogether determined, when the attack instantly began; some grinned, some pointed, some jeered and shouted at him, some twitched him by the hair, some pinched him by the arm, one tweaked him by the nose, and another spirted water full in his face; but Harry bore all with the firmness and resignation of a stoic philosopher, till my lady, quite impatient; cried out—Did you ever see the like? such a stock of a child, such a statue! Why, he has no kind of feeling either of body or mind.

While she was pronouncing these words, young Skinker, eldest son to a wealthy squire, a chubbed unlucky boy, about the age of Lord Richard, put one hand within the other, and desired Harry to strike thereon, which he did accordingly; but feeling unusual smart, and fired at the treachery that he, justly, conceived was in the case, Harry gave him such a sudden fist in the temple as drove him staggering backward several steps. Skinker, wholly enraged, and conscious of superior strength, immediately returned, and with all his might gave Harry a stroke on the head, which compliment he returned by a punch in the eye, as rapid as lightning. All the boys stood aloof and amazed at the combat. My lady vehemently cried out to part them; but my lord rose and peremptorily commanded fair-play. Meanwhile young Skinker, wholly desperate to be foiled by one so much his inferior in strength and understanding, flew on Harry like a fury, and fastened the nails of both his hands on his face, from which gripe our hero as quickly disengaged himself by darting his head into the nose and

mouth of his adversary, who was instantly covered with blood, though his passion would not permit him to attend to the pain; for, exerting his last effort, he closed in on our little champion, and determined at once to finish the combat by lifting and dashing him against the ground; but Harry, finding himself going, nimbly put one foot behind, and hit Skinker in the ham, and at the same time pushing forward with all his force, prone fell the unfortunate Skinker, precipitated by the double weight of himself and his antagonist, and his head rebounded against the floor, while up sprung Harry, and, with a punch in the stomach of Skinker, put a period to the fray.

All dismayed and wholly discomforted, Skinker slowly arose, and began to cry most piteously. His companions then gathered about him, and, compassionating his plight, turned an eye of indignation upon the victor; all promiscuously exclaimed—O fie, Master Harry, I am quite ashamed; Master Harry, you gave the first blow; it was you that gave the first blow, Master Harry; to all which reproaches Harry surlily replied—If I gave first blow he gave first hurt.

Come, come, said my lord, there must be something more in this affair than we are yet acquainted with. Come hither, Master Skinker, tell me the truth, my dear; what was it you did to Harry that provoked him to strike you? Indeed, sir, said Skinker, I did not intend to hurt him so much. When I gave him one hand to strike, I held a pin within side in the other, but the pin run up farther than I thought for. Go, go, said my lord, you deserve what you have got. You are an ill-hearted boy, and shall not come here to play any more.

My lady then called Harry, desired to look at his hand, and found the palm covered with blood. This she washed away, and, having found the wound, she put a small bit of black sticking silk to the orifice, and Harry instantly held himself as sound a man as ever.

It was then that, instead of exulting or crowing over his adversary, he began to relax into melancholy and dejection, and sideling over toward Skinker, and looking wistfully in his face—If, said Harry, with a trembling lip, if you will kiss and be friends with me, I'll never beat you any more. To this overture Skinker was, with a sullen reluctance, persuaded by his companions; and from that moment the victor began to gain ground in the heart and good graces both of father and mother.

Night now approached, the candles were lighted up, and the children took a short and slight repast. Master Dicky then privately whispering to his mamma, desired her not to be frightened at what she might see, and immediately withdrew. In a short time he returned, and, gathering all his little companions into a group in the centre of the parlour, held them a while in chat; when, O tremendous! a back-door flew open, and in glided a most terrifying and horrible apparition; the body and limbs from the neck downwards were wrapt in a winding sheet; and the head, though fear could not attend to its form, appeared wholly illuminated with flames, that glared through the eyes, mouth, and nostrils.

At sight hereof, Master Dicky, appearing the first to be frightened, screamed out, and ran behind his mamma's chair, as it were for protection: the panic grew instantly contagious, and all this host of little gentry, who were hereafter to form our senates, and to lead our armies, ran shrieking and shivering to hide themselves in holes and to tremble in corners.

Our hero, alone, stood undaunted, though concerned; and like an astronomer, who with equal dread and attention contemplates some sudden phenomenon in the heavens, which he apprehends to be sent as an ensign or forerunner to the fall of mighty states, or dispeopling of nations, so Harry, with bent and apprehensive brows, beheld and considered the approaching spectre.

He had never heard nor formed any idea of ghosts or hobgoblins; he therefore stood to deliberate what he had to fear from it. It still advanced upon him, nor had he yet budged; when his brother cried out, from behind my lady's chair—Beat it, Harry; beat it! On the instant, Harry flew back to the corner next the hall, and catching up his staff, the trophy of Shrove-Tuesday, he returned upon the spectre, and aiming a noble blow at the illuminated sconce, he at once smashed the outward lantern, drove the candle, flame and all, into the mouth of him who held it, and opened his upper lip from the nose to the teeth. Out spouted the blood as from a spigot. The ghost clapped all the hands that he had to his mouth, and slunk away, to shew to his friends in the kitchen how he had been baffled and mauled by an infant of seven summers.

Heaven preserve us! cried my lady; we shall have nothing but broils and bloodshed in the house while this child is among us. Indeed, my dear, replied the earl, if there was any thing more than mere accident in this business, it was the fault of your favourite Dicky, who desired the boy to strike.

By this time, the little gentry came all from their lurking-holes, though yet pale and unassured; and, whatever contempt they might have for the intellects of Harry, they had now a very sincere veneration for his prowess.

Bed-time now approaching, and all being again settled—Harry, says my lord, you have been a very good boy to-day, and have joined with your companions in all their little plays; now, if you have any plays to shew them, I am sure they will have the good manners to do as you desire. What say you, Harry? have you any play to shew them? Yes, sir, said Harry, I have a many of them; there's, first, leap-frog, and thrush-a-thrush. To it, then, Harry, says my lord; and pray, all you little gentlemen, do you observe his directions.

No sooner said than done. Harry took his companions one by one, and causing them to stoop, with their heads toward the ground in a long line, and at certain distances each before the other, he returned to the tail, and, taking the advantage of a short run to quicken his motion, he laid his hands on the back of the hindmost, and vaulting lightly over him, he, with amazing rapidity, flew along the whole line, clearing a man at every motion, till he alighted before the foremost, and down he popped in the posture of those behind.

My lady, in utter astonishment, lifting up her hands and eyes, exclaimed—O the fine creature! O the graceful creature! if there was but a mind to match that body, there would not be such another boy in the universe.

Lord Richard, being now hindmost, was the next who adventured, and, with action enough, cleared his two first men; but then, having lost the advantage of his run, and his foreman being of more than ordinary size, he first stuck upon his back, and pitching thence, broke his forehead against the floor. He got up, however, with a pleasant countenance, and, running alongside the line, set himself in his former posture before his brother. The hindmost then, and then the next, and the next, and so onward, took their turns in succession, without any better success. The one bruised his shoulder, another sprained his finger, another bumped his head, another broke his nose, &c. &c. So that in less than five minutes my lady had got an hospital of her own, though not altogether consisting of incurables.

Now, spirits and vinegar, brown paper, black plaster, &c., were called for in a hurry, and the several stupes and dressings being skilfully applied, the children were ordered to their respective beds; and nurse was prevailed upon to continue with Harry till he should be reconciled to his new friends and associates.

Harry was now become a favourite, especially among the

servants, who, in a manner, adored him since the adventure of the box and the hobgoblin.

Friend. Hobgoblin: in good time. Nothing amazes me so much as the terrifying apprehensions that the world, from the beginning, has universally entertained of ghosts and spectres.

Author. Do you fear them?

Friend. No—I can't say—not much——something of this formerly. I should not like, even now, to lie alone, in a remote chamber of a ruinous castle said to be haunted, and have my curtains, at midnight, opened suddenly upon me by a death's head and bloody bones. All nonsense I know it, the early prejudices of a dastardly fancy—I fear, while I am convinced there is nothing to be feared. Do you think there is any such thing in nature as a spirit?

Author. I know not that there is any such thing in nature as matter.

Friend. Not know there is any such thing as matter? You love to puzzle—to throw lets into the road of common-sense. What else do you know? From what else can you form any kind of idea?

Author. The room is warm enough, more heat is needless. I know that thoughts and conceptions are raised in my mind; but how they are raised, or that they are adequate images of things supposed to be represented, I know not. What if this something, or this nothing, called matter, should be a shadow, a vacuum in respect of spirit, wholly resistless to it and pervadable by it? Or what if it be no other than a various manifestation of the several good and evil qualities of spirit? If one infinite spirit, as is said, fills the universe, all other existence must be but as the space wherein he essentially abides and exists; indeed, they could not be produced, or continued for a moment, but by his existing omnipotently, indivisibly, entirely, in and throughout every part.

Friend. This is new, very new; but I will not batter my brains against your castle. According to your thesis, when a man is apprehensive of a spirit or spectre, it is not of shadow but of substance that he is afraid.

Author. Certainly; his principal apprehension arises from his believing it more sufficient, more powerful, and more formidable, than himself.

Friend. Excuse me, there are more tremendous reasons. On the supposition of an engagement, those sort of invisible gentry have many advantages over us. They give a man no manner of fair-play. They have you here, and have you there, and your best watch and ward is no better than fencing against an invisible flail. But, seriously, do you think we have any innate fears of these matters?

Author. All our fears arise from the sense of our own weakness, and of the power and inclination that others may have to hurt us.

Friend. If our horror of apparitions is not innate, how comes it to pass that soldiers, that general officers, who dare all other danger; that heroes, who, like Brutus, have given death to themselves, or who have been led to execution without a changing cheek—have yet dreaded to lie alone, or to be left in the dark?

Author. We all see that a spirit has vast power. Nothing else, in truth, can have any power at all. We perceive, by ourselves and others, with what ease it can act upon what we call matter; how it moves, how it lifts it. Perhaps, were our spirits detached from this distempered prison, to which the degeneracy of our fallen nature has confined them, they might more easily whirl a mountain through the atmosphere, than they can now cast a pebble into the air. The consideration of this power, when joined to malevolence, as is generally the case, becomes very tremendous. The stories told by nurses and gossips about a winter's fire, when the young auditors crouch closer and closer together, and

dare not look about for fear of what may be behind them, leave impressions that no subsequent reason or religion can efface. The ideas of an apparition, on these occasions, are connected with all the horror of which infant imaginations can be susceptible; fangs, horns, a threatening mien, saucer eyes, a flaming breath, and a deadly aspect. When children are told of fairies who carry off people to dwell with them under ground; and of evil spirits who snatch away soul and body together, to be their associates in regions of darkness and woe—the fear of such evils greatly surpasses those of death, as it weds misery to existence beyond the grave. On the contrary side, had spirits been originally represented to infants as beings of an amiable appearance, and as guardians benevolent and beneficent to man; had they further deigned to visit us under such representations; and, had we experienced the advantage of their instructions and good offices—we should have met them with transport, and have parted with regret.

Friend. I observe that, as our female antiquarians drop off, our faith in spectres perceptibly decays. We have not the fiftieth story, either propagated or believed, that was credited as gospel when I was a boy. What think you, is it for, or against religion, that such fables should get footing amongst mankind?

Author. I never could think it for the interest of religion, that the providence of God should be elbowed, as it were, quite out of the world by a system of demonism. On the other hand, I take the devil to be a personage of much more prudence than to frighten his favourites from him, by assuming such horrid and disgustful appearances. He rather chooses to lurk behind temptation, in the allurement of beauty, the deceitfulness of smiles, the glozing of compliments, in revel and banqueting, in titles and honours, in the glitter of ornament, and in the pomp of state. When God sends his spirits on messages to man, there is a mean-

ing of importance in the errand. Such was that of his angel to Manoah, for the delivery of a people; and to Zacharias and the blessed virgin, for the redemption of human kind. But when the devil is said to send his emissaries throughout the earth, on what errands does this arch politician employ them? Even such as could suit no other than a dunce or a driveller. I never yet heard of one of these missions that could be construed to any intention of cunning or common-sense. I therefore hold the legends of his ghostly visitation to be altogether apocryphal.

Friend. Every man of common-sense must be of the same opinion. And yet, have you known any person wholly free from such prejudices, who made no distinction, on this fantastical article, between darkness and mid-day, between a lonely charnel-house and a full assembly?

Author. I have; but they were men of exceeding strong nerves, as also of exceeding clear, or exceeding callous consciences, which, coming from opposite points, equally met for the same purpose on this occasion.

Two travellers, the one a man of piety, the other a profligate, met at a country inn just as night came upon them. It was Hallowtide-Eve, the season, in those days, wherein the devil was said to keep high carnival, and when all the inhabitants of the visionary regions were supposed to revel and range throughout the earth at pleasure.

For want of better company our travellers made up an acquaintance, and further cemented it by a jug of good liquor. The night was dark. The girls of the house had new-washed their smocks, to be hung to the fire, and turned by the ghostly resemblances of their sweethearts; and the conversation, in the kitchen, ran on many an authentic narrative of spectres, and particularly on the man in gibbets who hung by the road, and who was reported, between twelve and one at midnight, to descend from the gallows, and take just three turns about the old barn.

Do you believe any of this droll stuff, said the profligate? I know not what to think, answered his pious companion; I find all the world in the same story, and yet, as the saying is, I never saw any thing more frightful than myself. As for my share, said the profligate, I think I should not fear the great devil himself; and indeed I should be glad to have a little chat with the old gentleman. Stout as you are, rejoined his companion, I will lay you a bet of five crowns that you dare not warm a porringer of broth, and go, and offer it without there, to the man in the gibbets. I will depend on your honour for performance of articles. 'Tis done, cried the other. The bets were produced, and respectively deposited in the hands of my landlady.

Our pious traveller, who now began to be alarmed for his wager, stole slily out, while his companion was busied in heating the broth. He made up to the place where the deceased malefactor was taking the fresh air. The gallows was low, and, by the advantage of a bank behind and his own agility, he leaped up, and fastened his arms about the shoulders of the corpse, so that they both appeared but as one body.

He had just fixed himself to his mind, when up comes his companion with the porringer and a stool. He directly mounted the stool, and reaching up a spoonful of broth to the mouth of the dead, with a firm and bold voice he cried—Sup man! why don't you sup?

Scarce had these words been uttered, when, fearful to hear! with a tone deep as hell and dismal as the grave, the man in gibbets replied—It i—is too ho—t. And, confound you, why don't you blow it then? rejoined the other.

Friend. My nerves will not admit of this for fact. The tale indeed is good, though such an instance of intrepidity in any mortal may be disputable. But, shall we never return to our story again?

Author. It matters not how far we travel from it, since the magic of a wish can bring us back in a twinkling.

CHAPTER IV.

RUFFLED linen, laced hat, silk stockings, &c., had now been ordered for Harry, with a new suit of clothes, trimmed like those of your beau-insects, vulgarly called butterflies. They were tried on in the presence of his parents, and highly approved by all except Harry himself, who seemed by his fidgetings to be somewhat disgusted at this new kind of encumbrance. Harry, says my lord, puts me in mind of the son of Jesse in the armour of Saul, he has not yet proved them. Well, Harry, how do you like yourself? I don't know, not I, says Harry. But, papa, can you tell me what these things are for? In truth, Harry, you pose me. Won't people love me better, sir? Not a whit indeed, Harry, replied my lord. Lord help that little fool's head of thine! interposed my lady; if people won't love thee, they'll respect thee the more. Fool's head! repeated my lord, upon my word the child has more sense than half our nobility.

Harry had been now near a month with his parents, and as his nurse had not yet parted, he was tolerably amenable to quality government. However, he pined in the absence of his dada, as he called him, and daily importuned my lord and lady to be permitted to go and see him: for, as Harry's heart told him that his bearded dada loved him better than all the world, so Harry loved him better than three worlds; for he was ever desirous of going three times as far, in affection and good offices, as any one went for him.

At length he obtained consent, and was conducted by his nurse, in all his finery, on a visit to his dear dada.

Their meeting was accompanied by tears of joy on both sides; when the old gentleman, struck with concern at the

garb in which he saw his darling, cried out—And who, my dear, put this fool's coat upon my child? Fool's coat, sir! says Harry. Yes, my love, it is worse than all that; they were very naughty doctors who have endeavoured to poison my boy. There is not a bit of all this lace and ruffling that is not full of rank poisons. I will tell you a story, my Harry.

There was once upon a time, a very good and very clever boy called Hercules. As he grew up, besides his prayers and his book, he was taught to run and leap; to ride, wrestle, and cudgel; and, though he was able to beat all the boys in the parish, he never used to hurt or quarrel with any of them. He did not matter cold, nor hunger, nor what he eat, nor what he drank; nor how, nor where he lay; and he went always dressed in the skin of a wild beast, that could bear all winds and weathers, and that he could put on or off at pleasure; for he knew that his dress was no part of himself, and could neither add to him nor take away any thing from him.

When this brave boy came to man's estate, he went about the world doing good in all places; helping the weak, and feeding the hungry, and clothing the naked, and comforting those that cried, and beating all those who did hurt or wrong to others; and all good people loved him with their whole heart, and all naughty people feared him terribly.

But, O sad and dismal! A lady whom he had saved from great hurt and shame, made him a present of a new coat, which was called a shirt in those days, as they wore it next the skin. And now, my Harry, take notice. The lady had covered his coat all over with laces, and with rufflings, and with beads of glass, and such other fooleries; so that poor Hercules looked just as fine as you do now. And he turned him to this side, and he turned him to that side, and he began to think more and better of himself, because he had got this fool's coat upon him. And the poison of it entered

into his body and into his mind, and brought weakness and distempers upon the one and the other. And he grew so fond of it, that he could not bear to have it put off: for he thought that, to part with it, would be to part with his flesh from his bones. Neither would he venture out in the rain any more; nor box nor wrestle with any body, for fear of spoiling his fine coat. So that in time he lost the love and the praises of every body; and all people scorned him, and pointed at him for a fool and a coxcomb as he went by.

For some time after the old gentleman had finished his story, the child continued to gaze up at him, with fixed eyes and open mouth, as fearful of losing any syllable that he might utter; till, recollecting himself, he cried out, O, this is a very sad case, indeed! I wish my coat was burnt, so I do; but don't fear for me, dada. Why, how then, Harry? replied his patron. Why, I may find a trick for all this, dada; I warrant you never see me in this ugly coat again.

After this, and some other instructions and mutual endearments, nurse pressed to be gone; and these two fond friends were compelled to sunder, with a promise on Harry's part of a speedy return.

For some time after his arrival at the mansion-house, Harry appeared thoughtful and greatly dejected, which they ascribed to his parting with his old friend; but Harry had schemes in his head that they were little able to fathom or guess at. Having peeped about for some time, he found a knife in a window, which he instantly seized upon, and then stole up, with all possible privacy, to his apartment.

There he stripped himself in a hurry, and falling as quickly to work, began to cut and rip and rend away the lacings of his suit, without sparing cloth or seam. While he was thus in the heat and very middle of his business, he heard himself repeatedly called on the stairs, and, hurrying on his clothes to obey the summons, he ran down to the parlour,

with half the trimmings hanging in fritters and tatters about him.

The droll and very extraordinary figure that he cut, struck all the company into utter amazement. Having gazed on him for some time in a kind of silent stupor—Why, Harry, cries my lady, what's all this for? Who abused you, my child—who put you in this pickle? Come hither, and tell me who spoiled your clothes? I did, madam. You did, sirrah, cried my lady, giving him a shake; and how dare you spoil them? Why, because they wanted to spoil me, said Harry. And who told you they would spoil you, sirrah? I won't tell, said Harry. I'll lay a wager, cried my lady, it was that old rogue with the beard; but I'll have him whipped for a fool and a knave out of the parish. Pray, my dear, be patient a little, said his lordship. Come here, Harry, and tell me the truth stoutly, and no harm shall happen to you, or your dada with the beard. Come, speak, what fault did he find with your clothes? Why, sir, he said, they would poison me. Poison you, my dear; pray, how was that? Why, sir, he told me there was a little master called Hercules, and he was a mighty good boy, and was cold and hungry, and almost naked, and did not matter so as he could do good to every body; and every body loved him with all their heart. And then, he told me, he got a mighty fine coat, and looked here and looked there, and minded nothing but his coat; and how his coat poisoned him, and would not let him do any more good, and how all the boys then hated him, and scorned him, sir—and how—I believe that's all, sir!

Here my lord and lady took such a chink of laughing, that it was some time before they could recover; while Harry looked abashed and disconcerted. But my lord recollecting himself, took the child on his knee, and warmly pressing him to his bosom—I must tell you, my Harry, said

he, how you are a mighty good boy, and how your dada with a beard is a mighty good dada, and has told you all that is right and true; and that I will go myself, one of these days, and thank him in person. Thank you, sir, says Harry.

Well, Harry, said my lord, I promise that no one shall poison you any more with my consent. Whereupon another new suit was immediately appointed, of a kind that should fear no weather; nor, in case of dirt or damage, draw upon Harry the resentment or admonitions of his mamma.

Just as dinner was served up, Mr. Meekly entered and took his seat. He came in order to conciliate a late difference between the Earl and Sir Standish Stately; and in this he found no manner of difficulty, as my lord was by nature of a kindly disposition, and required no more than a first advance to be reconciled to any man.

During the entertainment Harry kept his eyes fixed on Mr. Meekly; and, as soon as the cloth was off, he rose, went over to him, looked fondly in his face, and took hold of his hand with the familiarity of an old acquaintance.

Mr. Meekly, said my lord, my son Harry pays you a very particular and very deserved compliment; he puts me in mind of that sort of instinct by which a strange dog is always sure to discover, and to apply, to the most benevolent person at table. Indeed, my lord, said Mr. Meekly (caressing the child), I know not whether by instinct, or by what other name, to call my own feelings; but certain it is, that the first moment I saw him in his little peasant petticoats, I found my heart strongly affected toward him.

In a short time my lady retired with the children, and left the Earl and Mr. Meekly over a temperate bottle. Mr. Meekly, said my lord (taking him cordially by the hand), I rejoice at the advantage of our late acquaintance, or rather I repine that it was not earlier. I am greatly interested,

sir, in asking you a few questions, if I thought I might do it without offence. Are you any way straitened in your circumstances? No, my lord. But would you not wish them more affluent—would you not wish, that your power of doing good were more extensive, more answerable to the benevolence of your own inclinations? I cannot say that I would, my lord. I have upwards of seven hundred a-year clear income: and that is considerably more than I have occasion to expend. It would be indelicate, replied the earl, very indelicate to own, that I am sorry for your prosperity; and yet I find that I should have been happy in your distress, in the power it would have given me to serve, to oblige you. I want a friend—I want just such a friend as Mr. Meekly: and I know of no price at which I would not gladly purchase him. My lord, I am yours, freely, affectionately yours, without fee or condition. Sir, rejoined my lord, as I find that I cannot make out a title to your particular attachment, I am content to be taken into the general circle of your benevolence.

The world, Mr. Meekly, think me the happiest of men; blessed in my family, in my friends; with health, honours, affluence; with the power of gratifying every wish that human fancy can form. But, alas! my sensations are very far from affirming their judgment of these matters; and I will deserve your advice, your consolation, if you can afford it, by unbosoming myself to you without reserve.

When I reflect on my past life, I look on many parts of it with repentance, and on the whole with regret. Not that I wish the return of pleasures that I now despise, or of years spent in a manner that virtue and common-sense must equally disapprove; but I am arrived at my evening of life, like a sportsman who, having been in pursuit of game all the day, returns homeward, sorrowful, fatigued, and disappointed. With every advantage that could gratify either my vanity or my appetites, I cannot affirm

that I ever tasted of true enjoyment; and I now well perceive that I was kept from being miserable, merely by amusement and dissipation.

As I had the misfortune to be born to a title and a vast estate, all people respected in me the possession of those objects which they themselves were in pursuit of. I was consequently beset with sycophants and deceivers of all sorts, and thereby trained from my infancy to unavoidable prejudices, errors, and false estimates of every thing. I was not naturally ill-disposed, but I was perpetually seduced from all my better tendencies.

Both my parents died before I arrived at those years wherein our laws allow of any title to discretion. I had but one brother. Oh, that dear brother, how many sighs he has cost me! I was older than him by about seven years; and this disparity of our age, together with the elevating notion of my birthright, gave me the authoritative airs of a father, without a father's tenderness towards him. This mutually prevented that cordiality, that sympathy, I may say, by which brothers should be cemented during their minority. And when our guardian, as I then judged, had so far betrayed his trust as to bind my brother apprentice to a trader, and thereby to deprive him of all title to gentility, I looked upon him as a branch cut off from the family-tree; and, as my thoughts about him were accompanied by coldness or disgust, I forbore to make any inquiry concerning him.

I am apt to think, however, that he was not equally unnatural on his part; but, hearing of the dissolute life I led on my return from travel, he might justly deem me unworthy of his acquaintance or notice.

During the time of my intimacy with his late majesty, and the ministers of his pleasures and policy, a servant brought me word that a gentleman, attended by a number of the principal citizens, waited for me in my antechamber;

whereupon I gave orders for their immediate introduction. On their entrance, I was awfully struck with the presence of their principal, with the elegance of his figure, the nobleness of his aspect, and the ease of his address; and I felt myself drawn to him by a sudden kind of instinctive attachment.

My lord, says he, we come to wait upon you in the name of the very respectable body of the citizens of London: some infringements have been lately made on their city-charter, and their first application is to your lordship, as they wish, above all others, to be obliged to you for their redress.

They have been very discreet, said I, in their choice of an advocate. Their demands must be exorbitant if they fail of success while you are there solicitor.

This paper, proceeded he, contains a clear detail of their rights, and encroachments that have been made thereon. They are sensible of your lordship's interest with his majesty and the ministry, and they humbly petition for your favour and happy influence in their behalf.

Without papers, I replied, or any inducement save that of your own request, let me but know what I am to do, and I shall think myself truly honoured and obliged by your commands.

My lord, he rejoined, I do not wish to betray you into any mistaken or unmerited complaisance. I am but a trader, a citizen of the lower order.

I now felt myself blush with shame and disappointment; I resented my being deceived by the dignity of his appearance; and I was more particularly piqued by the sarcastical kind of smile with which he closed his declaration. All confused, I looked down, and pretended to cast my eyes over the paper, in order to gain time for recollection. Having, at intervals, muttered a few words, such as charters, grants, privileges, immunities, and so forth—I am not, said

I, an enemy to the lower ranks of men; poor people must live, and their service, as well as subordination, is necessary to society; but I confess I was always fond of those sumptuary laws that confined the degrees of men to their respective departments, and prevented mechanics from confounding themselves with gentlemen.

My lord, says he, with the most easy and provoking unconcern, when you shall be pleased to look down from the superiority of your station, and to consider things and persons according to their merits, you will not despise some merely for being of use to others. The wealth, prosperity, and importance of all this world are founded and erected on three living pillars, the TILLER of the ground, the MANUFACTURER, and the MERCHANT. Of these, the tiller is supposed to be the least respectable, as he requires the least of genius, invention, or address; and yet the ploughman Triptolemus was worshipped as a god, and the ploughman Cincinnatus is still held in as high esteem as any peer of any realm, save that of Great Britain.

I have known, said I, a mob of such gods and dictators somewhat dangerous at times. I must be free to tell you, mister, that matters are much changed since princesses kept sheep, and the sons of kings were cowherds.

The ranks and orders of men are now appointed and known, and one department must not presume to break in upon another. My baker, barber, brewer, butcher, hatter, hosier, and tailor, are unquestionably of use, though I have not the honour of being acquainted with one of them; and hitherto I have deemed it sufficient to send my servants to entertain and pay them their bills, without admitting them to a *tête-à-tête*, as at present.

He now rejoined, with a little warmth—my lord, we pardon your indelicacy in consideration of your error. The venerable body now present might be admitted to a *tête-à-tête* with the first estate of this kingdom, without any con-

descension on the part of majesty. And, would you allow yourself to be duly informed, I should soon make you sensible that we have actually done you the honour which we intended by this visit.

Permit me to repeat, that the wealth, prosperity, and importance of every thing upon earth, arises from the TILLER, the MANUFACTURER, and the MERCHANT; and that, as nothing is truly estimable save in proportion to its utility, these are consequently very far from being contemptible characters. The tiller supplies the manufacturer, the manufacturer supplies the merchant, and the merchant supplies the world with all its wealth. It is thus that industry is promoted, arts invented and improved, commerce extended, superfluities mutually vended, wants mutually supplied; that each man becomes a useful member of society; that societies become further of advantage to each other; and that states are enabled to pay and dignify their upper servants with titles, rich revenues, principalities, and crowns.

The merchant, above all, is extensive, considerable, and respectable, by his occupation. It is he who furnishes every comfort, convenience, and elegance of life; who carries off every redundance, who fills up every want; who ties country to country, and clime to clime, and brings the remotest regions to neighbourhood and converse; who makes man to be literally the lord of the creation, and gives him an interest in whatever is done upon earth; who furnishes to each the product of all lands, and the labours of all nations; and thus knits into one family, and weaves into one web, the affinity and brotherhood of all mankind.

I have no quarrel, I cried, to the high and mighty my lords, the merchants, if each could be humbly content with the profits of his profession, without forming themselves into companies, exclusive of their brethren, our itinerant merchants and pedlars. I confess myself an enemy to the

monopolies of your chartered companies and city corporations; and I can perceive no evil consequence to the public or the state, if all such associations were this instant dissolved.

Permit me, he mildly replied, once for all, to set your lordship right in this matter. I am sensible that the gentlemen of large landed properties are apt to look upon themselves as the pillars of the state, and to consider their interests, and the interests of the nation, as very little beholden to or dependent on trade; though the fact is, that those very gentlemen would lose nine parts in ten of their returns, and the nation nine-tenths of her yearly revenues, if industry and the arts (promoted, as I said, by commerce) did not raise the products of lands to tenfold their natural value. The manufacturer, on the other hand, depends on the landed interest for nothing save the materials of his craft; and the merchant is wholly independent of all lands, or, rather, he is the general patron thereof. I must further observe to your lordship, that this beneficent profession is by no means confined to individuals, as you would have it. Large societies of men, nay, mighty nations, may and have been merchants. When societies incorporate for such a worthy purpose, they are formed as a fœtus within the womb of the mother, a constitution within the general state or constitution; their particular laws and regulations ought always to be conformable to those of the national system; and, in that case, such corporations greatly conduce to the peace and good order of cities and large towns, and to the general power and prosperity of the nation.

A nation that is a merchant has no need of an extent of lands, as it can derive to itself subsistence from all parts of the globe. Tyre was situated in a small island on the coast of Phœnicia, and yet that single city contained the most flourishing, opulent, and powerful nation in the universe; a nation that long withstood the united forces of the three

first monarchies, brought against her by Nebuchadnezzar and Alexander the Great. The Seven United Provinces do not contain land sufficient for the subsistence of one-third of their inhabitants; but they are a nation of merchants; the world furnishes them with an abundance of all good things; by commerce, they have arrived at empire; they have assumed to themselves the principality of the ocean; and, by being lords of the ocean, are in a measure become the proprietors of all lands.

Should England ever open her eyes to her own interest, she will follow the same prosperous and ennobling profession; she will conform to the consequences of her situation. She will see that, without a naval pre-eminence, she cannot be safe; and that, without trade, her naval power cannot be supported. Her glory will also flow from this source of her interests, and a sail-yard will become the highest sceptre of her dignity. She will then find that a single triumph of her flag will be more available for her prosperity than the conquest of the four continents; that her pre-eminence by sea will carry and diffuse her influence over all lands; and that universal influence is universal dominion.

Avarice, my lord, may pile; robbery may plunder; new mines may be opened—hidden treasures may be discovered; gamesters may win cash; conquerors may win kingdoms; but all such means of acquiring riches are transient and determinable: while industry and commerce are the natural, the living, the never-failing fountain, from whence the wealth of this world can alone be taught to flow.

And can you, cried I, have the effrontery to insinuate a preference of yourself, and your fellow-cits, to our British nobles and princes, who derive their powers and dignities from the steadfast extent of their landed possessions? Was it by barter and bargain that our Edwards and Henrys achieved their conquests on the continent? or was it by

pedlars and mechanics, think you, that the fields of Cressi, Poictiers, and Agincourt, are rendered immortal? Go, I continued, seek elsewhere for redress of your insignificant grievances; we give little to sturdy beggars, but nothing to saucy rivals.

Wholly kindled by this invective, he cast on me a fierce and menacing regard; and with a severe accent, and a side glance that shot fire—When courtiers (said he) acquire common-sense, and lords shall have learned to behave themselves like gentlemen, I may do such a one the honour to acknowledge him for a brother.

Your brother! exclaimed Mr. Meekly—your brother, my lord! . . . . . Yes, Mr. Meekly, my brother—my amiable, my very amiable and honourable brother, indeed! But, turning contemptuously from me, he instantly departed with his attending citizens.

I ought to have followed—I ought to have stayed him. I should have fallen upon his neck; with my tears and caresses I should have wrung a pardon from him, and not have suffered him to leave me till, by my submissions, I had obtained full forgiveness. This, indeed, was my first emotion; but the recollection of my long and unnatural neglect, my utter disregard of his person and concerns, now aggravated by my late insults, persuaded me that a reconciliation on his part was impossible.

I remained disconcerted, and greatly disturbed. I felt with what pride and transport I should now have acknowledged, have courted, have clasped this brother to my bosom; but my fancy represented him as ice in my arms, as shrinking and turning from me with disgust and disdain. At times I formed a hundred schemes toward recovering his affections; but, again rejecting these as ineffectual, I endeavoured to console myself for his loss, by considering his late demeanour as exceeding faulty, and expressive of a disposition insufferably proud and overbearing. My heart,

indeed, acknowledged how very lovely he was in his person; but the superiority of his talents, and the refinement of his manners, gave him a distinction that was not altogether so grateful.

All day I kept my apartment, in displeasure at my brother, myself, and the world. The next morning I was informed, that the moment he left me he went to the minister, who engaged, at his instance, to have every grievance that he complained of redressed to its extent; that the minister had afterwards introduced him to his majesty in full levee, that the king held him in long and familiar conversation, and that all the court was profuse of their admiration and praises of Mr. Clinton.

This also was fresh matter of triumph to him, and mortification to me. It was now evident that my brother's application to me was intended merely to do me peculiar honour; and in return, said I to myself, I have endeavoured to cover him with confusion and disgrace. Yet, when I understood that he had disdained to mention me as his brother, or of his blood, I also scorned to derive lustre from any claim of affinity with him; and I further felt that I could not forgive him the reproaches which he constrained me to give myself in his behalf.

From that time I took great pains to dissipate or suppress those uneasy sensations which the remembrance of him gave me. But after I had married and retired from the glare and bustle of the world; and more particularly on the birth of my first child, when my heart had entered into a new sphere of domestic feelings, this dear brother returned with double weight upon my mind. Yet his idea was no longer accompanied by envy or resentment, but by an affectionate and sweet, though paining, remorse.

I wrote him a letter full of penitential submissions, and of tender and atoning prayers for pardon and reconcilement. But, alas! my messenger returned with tidings that, some

years past, he had withdrawn from trade, had retired to France or Holland, had dropped all correspondence, and that no one in England knew whether he was dead or alive.

Ah, my brother! my dear brother! (I would often repeat to myself,) has any reverse of fortune happened to you, my brother? some domestic calamity, some heavy distress, perhaps? and no brother at hand to console or share your afflictions. Return to me, divide my heart, divide my fortune, with me and mine! Alas, wretch that I am! you know not that you have a brother, one deserving of that name. You know not that this bosom of flint is now humanized, and melted down in the fervour of affection towards you. You hate me, you despise me, my amiable brother! How, now, shall I make you sensible that my heart is full of your image, of estéem, of tenderest love, for my lovely Harry Clinton!

I again sent other messengers in search of intelligence, and procured letters to the bankers and merchants of principal note abroad; but all my solicitudes and inquiries were equally fruitless.

The grief that this occasioned first taught me to reflect, and cast a shade over the lustre of every object about me. The world no more appeared as that world which, formerly, had held out happiness to either hand. I no longer beheld it through the perspectives of curiosity or youthful desire; I had worn out all its gaieties; I had exhausted all its delights; for me it had nothing more to promise or bestow; and yet I saw no better prospect, no other resource.

Should I turn to religion, a little observation taught me, that the devotees themselves were warm in pursuit of objects of which I was tired; that they were still subject to the passions and desires of the world; and were no way to be distinguished from other men, save by an unsociable reserve, or gloomy cast of countenance.

May I venture to confess to you, Mr. Meekly, that, at

times of my despondence, I dared to call the justice and wisdom of Omnipotence into question. Take this world (said I to myself), consider it as it seems to stand, independent of any other, and no one living can assign a single end or purpose for which it could be made. Men are even as their fellow insects; they rise to life, exert their lineaments, and flutter abroad during the summer of their little season; then droop, die away, and are succeeded, and succeeded in insignificant rotation. Even the firmest human establishments, the best laboured systems of policy, can scarce boast a nobler fate or a longer duration: the mightiest states and nations perish like individuals; in one leaf we read their history, we admire their achievements, we are interested in their successes, but, proceed to the next, and no more than a name is left:—the Ninevehs and Babylons of Asia are fallen, the Sparta and Athens of Greece are no more; and the monuments that promised to endure to eternity, are erased like the mount of sand, which yesterday the children cast up on the shore.

When I behold this stupendous expanse, so sumptuously furnished with a profusion of planets and luminaries, revolving in appointed courses, and diversifying the seasons, I see a work that is altogether worthy of a God. Again, when I descend to earth, and look abroad upon the infinite productions of nature, upon provisions so amply answering to the wants of every living being, and on objects and organs so finely fitted to each other, I trace a complicated maze of wisdom, bounty, and benevolence. But when I see all these beauties and benefits counteracted by some adverse and destructive principle; when the heavens gather their clouds and roll their thunders above, and the earth begins to quake and open beneath us; when the air, that seemed so late to be the breath and balm of life, grows pregnant with a variety of pests, plagues, and poisons; when life itself is found to be no other than the storehouse o.

habitation of death, and that all vegetable and animal systems include, within their frame, the principles of inevitable distemper and dissolution; when, additional to all these natural mischiefs, I consider the extent and empire of moral evil upon earth; when I behold the wretched perishable short-lived animal, called man, for the value of some matter of property as transient as himself, industrious and studious of the destruction of his species; when, not content with the evils that nature has entailed upon him, man exerts all his talents for multiplying and speeding the means of perdition to man; when I see half the world employed in pushing the other half from the verge of existence, and then dropping after in an endless succession of malevolence and misery, I cannot possibly reconcile such contrasts and contradictions to the agency, or even permission, of the one over-ruling principle of goodness called God.

Could not Omniscience foresee such consequences at creation? Unquestionably, said Mr. Meekly.

Might he not have ordered matters so, as to have prevented the possibility of any degree of natural or moral evil in his universe?—I think he might, my lord.—Why did he not then prevent them? to what end could he permit such multiplied malevolence and misery among his creatures?—For ends, certainly, my lord, infinitely worthy both of his wisdom and his goodness.—I am desirous it should be so; but cannot conceive, cannot reach the way or means of compassing such an intention.

Can you not suppose, said Mr. Meekly, that evil may be admitted for accomplishing the greater and more abundant good? May not partial and temporary malevolence and misery be finally productive of universal, durable, and unchangeable beatitude? May not the universe, even now, be in the pangs of travail, of labour for such a birth, such a blessed consummation?

It were, rejoined the earl, as our Shakespeare says—it were indeed a consummation devoutly to be wished! But might not Omnipotence have brought about a consummation equally good without any intervention of preceding evil?—Had that been possible, my lord, it would unquestionably have been effected. But if certain relations arise between God and his creatures, and between man and man, which could not arise save on the previous supposition of evil, without which, indeed, neither the attributes of God himself, nor the insufficiency, dependence, or obligation of the creature, could have been duly discoverable throughout eternity; then temporary evil becomes indispensably necessary to the consequence and consummation of the greatest good.

Your notion, exclaimed the earl, is great, amazing, truly glorious, and every way worthy of a God who, in such a case, would be infinitely worthy of all worship! Is this the reason, Mr. Meekly, that what we all so earnestly seek for is nowhere to be found; that no portion or taste of happiness is to be had upon earth?

I do not say so, my lord. I think that a man, even on earth, may be occasionally, nay, durably and exceedingly happy.

What, happy—durably, exceedingly happy? repeated the earl. I was told that the experience of ages, that philosophy, and even divinity, had agreed with Solomon in this —that all upon earth was vanity and vexation of spirit. If any may enjoy happiness on this side of the great consummation that you speak of, I am persuaded, Mr. Meekly, that you yourself are the man. Your lips, indeed, say nothing of the matter; but neither your eyes nor your aspect can restrain the expression of some extraordinary peace that abides within. O! say then, my dear, my estimable friend, whence, how, by what means, may a man arrive at happiness!—By getting out of himself, my lord.

Out of himself, Mr. Meekly? You astonish me greatly. A contradiction in terms, unnatural, impossible!—God himself, my lord, cannot make a man happy in any other way, either here or hereafter.

It is, said the earl, an established maxim among all thinking men, whether divines or philosophers, that SELF-LOVE is the motive to all human actions.—Virtue forbid! exclaimed Mr. Meekly. All actions are justly held good or evil, base or honourable, detestable or amiable, merely according to their motives; but if the motive is the same to all, there is an end, at once, to the possibility of virtue—the cruel and the kind, the faithful and the perfidious, the prostitute and the patriot, are confounded together.

Do not all men, returned the earl, act agreeably to their own propensities and inclinations? Do they not act so or so, merely because it pleases them so to act? And is not this pleasure the same motive to all?—By no means, my lord, it never was nor can be the motive in any. We must go a question deeper to discover the secret principle or spring of action. One man is pleased to do good, another is pleased to do evil; now, whence is it that each is pleased with purposes in their nature so opposite and irreconcilable? Because, my lord, the propensities or motives to action in each, are as opposite and as irreconcilable as the actions themselves; the one is prompted, and therefore pleased, with his purpose of doing evil to others through some base prospect of interest redounding to himself; the other is prompted and spurred, and therefore pleased, with his purpose of endangering his person, or suffering in his fortune, through the benevolent prospect of the good that shall thereby redound to others.

Pleasure is itself an effect, and cannot be the cause, or principle, or motive, to any thing; it is an agreeable sensation that arises, in any animal, on its meeting or contemplating an object that is suited to its nature. As far as the

nature of such an animal is evil, evil objects can alone effect it with pleasure; as far as the nature of such an animal is good, the objects must be good whereby its pleasures are excited.

When Damon was sentenced, by Dionysius of Syracuse, to die on such a day, he prayed permission, in the interim, to retire to his own country to set the affairs of his disconsolate family in order. This the tyrant intended most peremptorily to refuse, by granting it, as he conceived, on the impossible condition of his procuring some one to remain as hostage for his return, under equal forfeiture of life. Pythias heard the condition, and did not wait for an application on the part of Damon; he instantly offered himself to durance in place of his friend, and Damon was accordingly set at liberty.

The king and all his courtiers were astonished at this action, as they could not account for it on any allowed principles. Self-interest, in their judgment, was the sole mover of human affairs; and they looked on virtue, friendship, benevolence, love of country, and the like, as terms invented by the wise to impose upon the weak. They, therefore, imputed this act of Pythias to the extravagance of his folly, to the defect of head merely, and no way to any virtue or good quality of heart.

When the day of the destined execution drew near, the tyrant had the curiosity to visit Pythias in his dungeon. Having reproached him for the romantic stupidity of his conduct, and rallied him for some time on his madness in presuming that Damon, by his return, would prove as great a fool as himself—My lord, said Pythias, with a firm voice and noble aspect, I would it were possible that I might suffer a thousand deaths rather than my friend should fail in any article of his honour. He cannot fail therein, my lord. I am as confident of his virtue as I am of my own existence. But I pray, I beseech the gods, to preserve the

life and integrity of my Damon together. Oppose him, ye winds—prevent the eagerness and impatience of his honourable endeavours—and suffer him not to arrive till, by my death, I have redeemed a life a thousand times of more consequence, more estimation, than my own; more estimable to his lovely wife, to his precious little innocents, to his friends, to his country! O leave me not to die the worst of deaths in my Damon!

Dionysius was confounded and awed by the dignity of these sentiments, and by the manner (still more sentimental) in which they were uttered. He felt his heart struck by a slight sense of invading truth; but it served rather to perplex than to undeceive him. He hesitated—he would have spoken; but he looked down and retired in silence.

The fatal day arrived. Pythias was brought forth, and walked amidst the guard, with a serious but satisfied air, to the place of execution.

Dionysius was already there. He was exalted on a moving throne that was drawn by six white horses, and sat pensive and attentive to the demeanour of the prisoner.

Pythias came. He vaulted lightly on the scaffold; and beholding, for some time, the apparatus of his death, he turned with a pleased countenance and addressed the assembly.

My prayers are heard, he cried: the gods are propitious! You know, my friends, that the winds have been contrary till yesterday. Damon could not come—he could not conquer impossibilities; he will be here to-morrow, and the blood which is shed to-day shall have ransomed the life of my friend. O! could I erase from your bosoms every doubt, every mean suspicion of the honour of the man for whom I am about to suffer, I should go to my death even as I would to my bridal! Be it sufficient, in the mean time, that my friend will be found noble; that his truth is

unimpeachable; that he will speedily approve it; that he is now on his way, hurrying on, accusing himself, the adverse elements, and the gods. But I haste to prevent his speed; executioner, to your office!

As he pronounced the last words, a buzz began to arise among the remotest of the people. A distant voice was heard. The crowd caught the words; and—Stop, stop the execution! was repeated by the whole assembly.

A man came at full speed. The throng gave way to his approach. He was mounted on a steed of foam. In an instant he was off his horse, on the scaffold, and held Pythias straitly embraced.

You are safe, he cried—you are safe, my friend, my beloved! The gods be praised, you are safe! I now have nothing but death to suffer; and I am delivered from the anguish of those reproaches which I gave myself, for having endangered a life so much dearer than my own.

Pale, cold, and half-speechless in the arms of his Damon, Pythias replied in broken accents—Fatal haste! cruel impatience!—what envious powers have wrought impossibilities in your favour? But I will not be wholly disappointed: since I cannot die to save, I will not survive you.

Dionysius heard, beheld, and considered all with astonishment. His heart was touched; his eyes were opened; and he could no longer refuse his assent to truths so incontestably approved by their facts.

He descended from his throne. He ascended the scaffold. Live, live, ye incomparable pair! he exclaimed. Ye have borne unquestionable testimony to the existence of virtue; and that virtue equally evinces the certainty of the existence of a God to reward it. Live happy, live renowned! and, O form me by your precepts, as you have invited me by your example, to be worthy of the participation of so sacred a friendship.

You bring your arguments quite home, Mr. Meekly, said

the earl; the understanding cannot reject what the heart so sensibly feels. My soul deeply acknowledges the existence of virtue, with its essential and inherent difference from vice; and this difference, I acknowledge, must as necessarily be founded in the difference of the principles from whence they proceed: but what those principles are I know not; and I am equally a stranger to what you intend by a man's getting out of himself in order to happiness. What am I to understand by the term SELF, Mr. Meekly?

Every particle of matter, my lord, has a SELF, or distinct identity, inasmuch as it cannot be any other particle of matter. Now, while it continues in this state of SELFISHNESS, or absolute distinction, it is utterly useless and insignificant, and is to the universe as though it were not. It has, however, a principle of attraction (analogous or answerable to desire in the mind), whereby it endeavours to derive to itself the powers and advantages of all other portions of matter. But when the divine intelligence hath harmonized certain quantities of such distinct particles into certain animal or vegetable systems, this principle of attraction in each is overcome, for each becomes attracted and drawn as it were from SELF; each yields up its powers to the benefit of the whole; and then, and then only, becomes capable and productive of shape, colouring, beauty, flowers, fragrance, and fruits.

Be pleased now to observe, my lord, that this operation in matter is no other than a manifestation of the like process in mind; and that no soul was ever capable of any degree of virtue or happiness, save so far as it is drawn away in its affections from self; save so far as it is engaged in wishing, contriving, endeavouring, promoting, and rejoicing in the welfare and happiness of others.

It is, therefore, that the kingdom of heaven is most aptly, and most beautifully, compared to a tree bearing fruit and diffusing odours, whose root is the principle of

infinite benevolence, and whose branches are the blessed members, receiving consummate beatitude from the act of communication.

I think, indeed, said the earl, that I can form some sort of a notion of such a society in heaven. But it would pose you, Mr. Meekly, to exemplify your position from any body of men that ever were upon earth.

Pray, pardon me, my lord; the states of Sparta and Rome derived their lustre and power, their whole pre-eminence and praise, from this principle of communication, which, in them, was called love of country. But this beautifying principle was still more eminently instanced in the society of the church of Jerusalem, who had all things in common; who imparted their possessions to all men, as every man had need; and thence did eat their common bread with gladness and singleness of heart, praising God, and having favour with all people.

You say, my lord, that you can form a notion of some such excellence in heaven; but I can form no notion of any excellence more admirable in heaven itself, than when a man, in his present state of frail and depraved nature, overbears his personal fears of pain and mortality, and yields up his body to assured perdition for public good, or for the sake of those whom it delighteth him to preserve.

I shall pass over the instances of the Roman Regulus and the Decii, as also that of Leonidas and his three hundred Spartans, who devoted their lives for the liberties of Greece. Was that candidate less a hero, who, being rejected from being one of these self-devoted, exclaimed—The gods be praised, there are three hundred in Sparta better men than myself! But I come nearer our own times and our own nation, to exemplify this disregard of self, the vital source and principle of every virtue, in six mechanics or craftsmen of the city of Calais.

Edward the Third, after the battle of Cressi, laid siege

to Calais. He had fortified his camp in so impregnable a manner, that all the efforts of France proved ineffectual to raise the siege, or throw succours into the city. The citizens, however, under the conduct of Count Vienne, their gallant governor, made an admirable defence. Day after day the English effected many a breach, which they repeatedly expected to storm by morning; but when morning appeared, they wondered to behold new ramparts raised, nightly erected out of the ruins which the day had made.

France had now put the sickle into her second harvest, since Edward with his victorious army sat down before the town. Ths eyes of all Europe were intent on the issue. The English made their approaches and attacks without remission; but the citizens were as obstinate in repelling all their efforts.

At length famine did more for Edward than arms. After the citizens had devoured the lean carcasses of their starved cattle, they tore up old foundations and rubbish in search of vermin. They fed on boiled leather and the weeds of exhausted gardens, and a morsel of damaged corn was accounted matter of luxury.

In this extremity they resolved to attempt the enemy's camp. They boldly sallied forth; the English joined battle; and, after a long and desperate engagement, Count Vienne was taken prisoner, and the citizens who survived the slaughter retired within their gates.

On the captivity of the governor, the command devolved upon Eustace St. Pierre, the mayor of the town, a man of mean birth but of exalted virtue.

Eustace now found himself under the necessity of capitulating, and offered to deliver to Edward the city, with all the possessions and wealth of the inhabitants, provided he permitted them to depart with life and liberty.

As Edward had long since expected to ascend the throne of France, he was exasperated to the last degree

against these people, whose sole valour had defeated his warmest hopes; he therefore determined to take an exemplary revenge, though he wished to avoid the imputation of cruelty. He answered, by Sir Walter Mauny, that they all deserved capital punishment, as obstinate traitors to him, their true and natural sovereign; that, however, in his wonted clemency, he consented to pardon the bulk of the plebeians, provided they would deliver up to him six of their principal citizens, with halters about their necks, as victims of due atonement for that spirit of rebellion with which they had inflamed the vulgar herd.

All the remains of this desolate city were convened in the great square, and, like men arraigned at a tribunal from whence there was no appeal, expected with beating hearts the sentence of the conqueror.

When Sir Walter had declared his message, consternation and pale dismay was impressed on every face. Each looked upon death as his own inevitable lot; for how should they desire to be saved at the price proposed? whom had they to deliver, save parents, brothers, kindred, or valiant neighbours who had so often exposed their lives in their defence? To a long and dead silence deep sighs and groans succeeded, till Eustace St. Pierre, getting up to a little eminence, thus addressed the assembly:—

"My friends, we are brought to great straits this day. We must either submit to the terms of our cruel and ensnaring conqueror, or yield up our tender infants, our wives, and chaste daughters, to the bloody and brutal lusts of the violating soldiery. We well know what the tyrant intends by his specious offers of mercy. It will not satiate his vengeance to make us merely miserable; he would also make us criminal, he would make us contemptible; he will grant us life on no condition save that of our being unworthy of it.

"Look about you, my friends, and fix your eyes on the

persons whom you wish to deliver up as the victims of your own safety. Which of these would ye appoint to the rack, the axe, or the halter? Is there any here who has not watched for you, who has not fought for you, who has not bled for you? who, through the length of this inveterate siege, has not suffered fatigues and miseries a thousand times worse than death, that you and yours might survive to days of peace and prosperity? Is it your preservers, then, whom you would destine to destruction? You will not, you cannot do it. Justice, honour, humanity, make such a treason impossible.

"Where, then, is our resource? Is there any expedient left whereby we may avoid guilt and infamy on the one hand, or the desolation and horrors of a sacked city on the other? There is, my friends—there is one expedient left; a gracious, an excellent, a godlike expedient! Is there any here to whom virtue is dearer than life? Let him offer himself an oblation for the safety of his people! He shall not fail of a blessed approbation from that Power who offered up his only Son for the salvation of mankind."

He spoke—but an universal silence ensued. Each man looked around for the example of that virtue and magnanimity in others, which all wished to approve in themselves, though they wanted the resolution.

At length St. Pierre resumed—"It had been base in me, my fellow-citizens, to propose any matter of damage to others, which I myself had not been willing to undergo in my own person. But I held it ungenerous to deprive any man of that preference and estimation which might attend a first offer on so signal an occasion. For I doubt not but there are many here as ready, nay, more zealous of this martyrdom, than I can be, however modesty and the fear of imputed ostentation may withhold them from being foremost in exhibiting their merits.

"Indeed, the station to which the captivity of Lord

Vienne has unhappily raised me, imparts a right to be the first in giving my life for your sakes. I give it freely, I give it cheerfully—who comes next?"

Your son! exclaimed a youth, not yet come to maturity. "Ah, my child," cried St. Pierre, "I am then twice sacrificed. But no, I had rather begotten thee a second time. Thy years are few but full, my son; the victim of virtue has reached the utmost purpose and goal of mortality. Who next, my friends? This is the hour of heroes!" Your kinsman, cried John de Aire! Your kinsman, cried James Wissant! Your kinsman, cried Peter Wissant! Ah, exclaimed Sir Walter Mauny, bursting into tears, why was not I a citizen of Calais?

The sixth victim was still wanting, but was quickly supplied, by lot, from numbers who were now emulous of so ennobling an example.

The keys of the city were then delivered to Sir Walter. He took the six prisoners into his custody. He ordered the gates to be opened, and gave charge to his attendants to conduct the remaining citizens, with their families, through the camp of the English.

Before they departed, however, they desired permission to take their last adieu of their deliverers. What a parting—what a scene! They crowded with their wives and children about St. Pierre and his fellow-prisoners; they embraced—they clung around—they fell prostrate before them; they groaned—they wept aloud; and the joint clamour of their mourning passed the gates of the city, and was heard throughout the camp.

The English, by this time, were apprised of what passed within Calais. They heard the voice of lamentation, and their souls were touched with compassion: each of the soldiers prepared a portion of his own victuals to welcome and entertain the half-famished inhabitants; and they loaded them with as much as their present weakness was able

to bear, in order to supply them with sustenance by the way.

At length St. Pierre and his fellow victims appeared under the conduct of Sir Walter and a guard. All the tents of the English were instantly emptied. The soldiers poured from all parts and arranged themselves on each side, to behold, to contemplate, to admire this little band of patriots as they passed. They bowed down to them on all sides; they murmured their applause of that virtue which they could not but revere, even in enemies; and they regarded those ropes, which they had voluntarily assumed about their necks, as ensigns of greater dignity than that of the British garter.

As soon as they had reached the presence—Mauny! says the monarch, are these the principal inhabitants of Calais? They are, says Mauny: They are not only the principal men of Calais, they are the principal men of France, my lord, if virtue has any share in the act of ennobling.—Were they delivered peaceably? says Edward: was there no resistance, no commotion among the people?—Not in the least, my lord; the people would all have perished rather than have delivered the least of these to your majesty. They are self-delivered, self-devoted, and come to offer up their inestimable heads as an ample equivalent for the ransom of thousands.

Edward was secretly piqued at this reply of Sir Walter; but he knew the privilege of a British subject, and suppressed his resentment. Experience, says he, hath ever shewn that lenity only serves to invite people to new crimes. Severity, at times, is indispensably necessary, to deter subjects into submission by punishment and example. Go, he cried, to an officer, lead these men to execution! Your rebellion, continued he, addressing himself to St. Pierre—your rebellion against me, the natural heir of the crown, is highly aggravated by your present presumption and affront

of my power. We have nothing to ask of your majesty, said Eustace, save what you cannot refuse us. What is that? Your esteem, my lord, said Eustace, and went out with his companions.

At this instant, a sound of triumph was heard throughout the camp. The queen had just arrived, with a powerful reinforcement of those gallant soldiers, at the head of whom she had conquered Scotland, and taken the king captive.

Sir Walter Mauny flew to receive her majesty, and briefly informed her of the particulars respecting the six victims.

As soon as she had been welcomed by Edward and his court, she desired a private audience. My lord, said she, the question I am to enter upon is not touching the lives of a few mechanics—it respects a matter more estimable than the lives of all the natives of France—it respects the honour of the English nation—it respects the glory of my Edward, my husband, my king.

You think you have sentenced six of your enemies to death. No, my lord, they have sentenced themselves; and their execution would be the execution of their own orders, not the orders of Edward.

They have behaved themselves worthily—they have behaved themselves greatly; I cannot but respect, while I envy, while I hate them, for leaving us no share in the honour of this action, save that of granting a poor, an indispensable pardon.

I admit they have deserved every thing that is evil at your hands. They have proved the most inveterate and efficacious of your enemies. They alone have withstood the rapid course of your conquests, and have withheld from you the crown to which you were born. Is it therefore that you would reward them?—that you would gratify their desires—that you would indulge their ambition, and enwreath them with everlasting glory and applause?

But if such a death would exalt mechanics over the fame of the most illustrious heroes, how would the name of my Edward, with all his triumphs and honours, be tarnished thereby? Would it not be said that magnanimity and virtue are grown odious in the eyes of the monarch of Britain? and that the objects whom he destines to the punishment of felons, are the very men who deserve the praise and esteem of mankind? The stage on which they would suffer would be to them a stage of honour; but a stage of shame to Edward—a reproach to his conquests—a dark and indelible disgrace to his name!

No, my lord; let us rather disappoint the saucy ambition of these burghers, who wish to invest themselves with glory at our expense. We cannot, indeed, wholly deprive them of the merit of a sacrifice so nobly intended; but we may cut them short of their desires: in the place of that death by which their glory would be consummate, let us bury them under gifts, let us put them to shame with praises; we shall thereby defeat them of that popular opinion which never fails to attend those who suffer in the cause of virtue.

I am convinced—you have prevailed—be it so, cried Edward—prevent the execution—have them instantly before us!

They came; when the queen, with an aspect and accents diffusing sweetness, thus bespoke them:—

Natives of France, and inhabitants of Calais!—Ye have put us to vast expense of blood and treasure in the recovery of our just and natural inheritance; but you acted up to the best of an erroneous judgment, and we admire and honour in you that valour and virtue by which we are so long kept out of our rightful possessions.

You noble burghers—you excellent citizens! though you were tenfold the enemies of our person and our throne, we can feel nothing on our part save respect and affection for

you. You have been sufficiently tested. We loose your chains, we snatch you from the scaffold; and we thank you for that lesson of humiliation which you teach us, when you show us that excellence is not of blood, of title, or station—that virtue gives a dignity superior to that of kings; and that those whom the Almighty informs with sentiments like yours, are justly and eminently raised above all human distinctions.

You are now free to depart to your kinsfolk, your countrymen—to all those whose lives and liberties you have so nobly redeemed—provided you refuse not to carry with you the due tokens of our esteem.

Yet we would rather bind you to ourselves by every endearing obligation; and, for this purpose, we offer to you your choice of the gifts and honours that Edward has to bestow. Rivals for fame, but always friends to virtue, we wish that England were entitled to call you her sons.

Ah, my country! exclaimed St. Pierre, it is now that I tremble for you. Edward could only win your cities, but Philippa conquers hearts.

Brave St. Pierre, said the queen, wherefore look ye so dejected?—Ah, madam! replied St. Pierre, when I meet with such another opportunity of dying, I shall not regret that I survived this day.

Here a long pause ensued. At length the earl recollected himself. Mr. Meekly, said he, you have now proved to me your position more effectually, more convincingly, than all the powers of ratiocination could possibly do. While you related the story of these divine citizens, I was imperceptibly stolen away, and won entirely from self. I entered into all their interests, their passions, and affections; and was wrapped, as it were, into a new world of delightful sensibilities. Is this what you call virtue—what you call happiness?

A good deal of it, my lord. There are in nature but

two kinds of self; in other words, there are but two sorts of will in the universe, the will of infinite wisdom, of infinite benevolence, going forth in beauty and beatitude on all creatures; and the will of the creature, desiring, attracting, envying, coveting, and rending all things from all, to its own interest and advantage. In the first will subsists all possible good; from the second arises all possible evil: and did not the first will, in some measure, inform and meliorate the second, the will of every creature would be an Ishmael —his hand would be against every one, and every one's hand against him; and there would be nothing but strife and distraction, hatred, horror, and misery, throughout the creation.

Hence it follows that, as there is but one will from eternity, infinitely wise to discern what is best throughout the universe, infinitely good to desire the accomplishment of what is best, and infinitely powerful to put what is best in execution; every will that is not informed by this ONE WILL, must of necessity act in ignorance, in blindness, and error. I will further affirm, that every act of every will, that is not informed by the ONE WILL of GOODNESS, must, of equal necessity, be the act of malevolence.

I do not see the necessity of that, replied the earl. I well perceive that God can give to intelligent beings an existence or identity distinct from himself, for I see that he has done it. What should therefore prevent him from giving qualities as distinct from himself as the essence? why might he not impart, to any limited degree, capacity, discernment, power, wisdom, and goodness? Might not such a being instantly perceive, to a vast extent, the relations of things, with their several fitnesses and disagreements? would he not consequently be enamoured of what was right and beautiful? would he not act agreeable to such a just approbation? and would not such acts be fitly accounted the acts of virtue?

At this instant a messenger arrived on the spur. He brought word to Mr. Meekly that his friend Mr. Husbands was taken suddenly ill, and earnestly requested to see him directly; whereupon Mr. Meekly, who preferred any matter of charity to all other considerations, immediately got up, made a silent bow, and vanished.

To return to our hero. As soon as he was new rigged, he pressed for another visit to his patron, who received him with accustomed tenderness, but greatly wondered at his peasant dress. Nurse then recited to him the whole adventure of the frittered robings; whereat the old gentleman in a manner devoured him with the eagerness of his caresses.

When nurse and Harry were departed, he called to him his old domestic. James, said he, with a tear yet standing in his eye, I can no longer live without the company of this dear child; hasten, therefore, the orders I have already given you, and let all things be in readiness for the first opportunity. The domestic, who had caught the silent habit of his master, with a bow assented, and retired.

Autumn was now advanced, and Lord Dicky, with his brother, a number of little associates, and an attending footman, got leave to go to the copse a nutting. As the children were perfectly acquainted with the way, the servant desired to stay behind a while, in order to provide hooks for pulling down the branches. This was granted, and forth they all issued in high chat and spirits.

The copse lay at some distance, on one side of the park behind the mansion-house; but when they had nearly approached the place of their destination, Harry missed a garter, and, promising speedily to rejoin his companions, went back to seek it.

In the mean-time his associates, on entering the wood, met with another little posse of the village fry, who were on their return, one of whom carried a bag of nuts that

seemed bulkier than the bearer. So, gentlemen, says Lord Dicky, where are you going? Why, home—where should we go? says a little boor sullenly. And, pray, what have you been doing, says the lord? Guess, says the boor. Is it nuts that you have got in that bag, demanded the lord? Ask to-morrow, answered the boor. Sirrah, says Dicky, a little provoked, how dare you to come and pull nuts here, without our leave? Why, as for that, Mr. Dicky, replied the other, I know you well enough, and I wouldn't ask your leave an' you were twenty lords, not I. Sirrah, says Dicky, I have a great mind to take your nuts from you, and to give you as good a beating, into the bargain, as ever you got in your life. As for that, Mr. Dicky, coolly answered the villager, you must do both or neither. Here I lay down my nuts between us; and now come any two of your water-gruel regiment, one down t'other come on; and if I don't give ye your bellies full, why, then, take my nuts and welcome, to make up the want.

This gallant invitation was accepted on the spot. Lord Richard chose his companion in arms, and both appeared quite flush and confident of victory: for, though neither of them had been versed in the gymnastic exercises, they did not want courage, and they knew that their challenger was their inferior in strength and in years.

But, unhappily for these two champions of quality, Tommy Truck, their adversary, had, like Harry, been a bruiser from two years old and upward, and was held in veneration, as their leader and their chief, by many who were his superiors in age and stature.

Lord Richard began the assault, but was down in a twinkling. To him his friend succeeded, but with no better fortune. A swing or trip of Tommy's sent them instantly, as Alcides sent Antæus, to gather strength from their mother earth. And though these summer heroes, like the

young Roman nobility at the battle of Pharsalia, were solely intent on defending their pretty faces from annoyance, yet Tommy, at the third turn, had bloodied them both.

Harry, who was now on his return, perceived the engagement; and running up, and rushing in between the combatants, interposed with a voice of authority, and parted the fray.

Having inquired, and duly informed himself of the merits of the case, he first turned him to Lord Richard, and said—O brother Dicky, brother Dicky, you ought not to hinder poor boys from pulling a few dirty nuts—what signifies 'em? Then turning to the challenger, his old acquaintance—Tommy, says he, did you know that Dicky was my brother? Yes, says Tommy rudely; and what though if I did? O, nothing at all, says Harry; but I want to speak with you, Tommy. Whereupon he took the conqueror under the arm, and walked away with him, very lovingly in all appearance, looking about to take care that none of the boys followed him.

Meantime the little gentry threw out their invectives in profusion against our departed hero. I think, says one, that Master Harry had as much to blame in Tommy as Lord Dicky. Ay, says another, one would think he might as well have taken his brother's part as that blackguard's. Indeed, it was very naughty of him, says a third. For my part, says a fourth, I will never have any thing more to say to him.

While thus they vilified their late friend, he and his fellow champion walked arm-in-arm in a sullen and uninterrupted silence, till coming to a small opening, in a secret part of the wood, Harry quitted his companion, desired him to strip, and instantly cast aside his own hat, coat, and waistcoat. Why should I strip, says Tommy? To box, says Harry. Why should you box with me, Harry? sure I didn't strike you, says Tom. Yes, sir, replied our hero, you

struck me when you struck Dicky, and knew that he was my brother. Nay, Harry, cried Tom, if it's fight you are for, I'll give you enough of it, I warrant you.

Tom was about eight months older than Harry, his equal in the practice of arms, and much the stronger. But Harry was full as tall, and his motions, quicker than thought, prevented the ward of the most experienced adversary.

Together they rushed like two little tigers. At once they struck and parried, and, watching every opening, they darted their little fists like engines at each other. But Tom, marking the quickness, and feeling the smart of Harry's strokes, suddenly leaped within his arms, bore him down to the earth, and triumphantly gave him the first rising blow.

Harry rose indignant, but warned by the strength of his adversary to better caution. He now fought more aloof; and, as Tom pressed upon him, he at once guarded, struck, and wheeled like an experienced cock, without quitting the pit of honour.

Tom, finding himself wholly foiled by this Parthian method of combat, again rushed upon his enemy, who was now aware of the shock. They closed, they grappled, they caught each other by the shoulders, joined head to head, and breast to breast, and stood like two pillars, merely supported by their bearing against one another. Again they shifted the left arm, caught each other about the neck, and cuffed and punched at face and stomach, without mercy or remission, till Tom, impatient of this length of battle, gave Harry a side-swing, and Harry, giving Tom a trip at the same time, they fell side by side together upon the earth.

They rose and retreated to draw breath, as by mutual consent. They glared on one another with an eye of vindictive apprehension. For neither of them could now boast of more optics than Polyphemus; and from their foreheads to their shoes they were in one gore of blood.

Again they flew upon each other, again they struck, foined, and defended, and alternately pressed on and retreated in turns, till Harry, spying an opening, darted his fist like a shot into the remaining eye of his enemy. Tom, finding himself in utter darkness, instantly sprung upon his foe, and endeavoured to grapple; but Harry with equal agility avoided the shock, and, traversing here and there, beat his adversary at pleasure; till Tom cried out—I yield, I yield, Harry, for I can't see to fight any more.

Then Harry took Tom by the hand, and led him to his clothes, and, having assisted him to dress, he next did the same friendly office to himself. Then, arm-in-arm, they returned much more loving in reality than they sat out, having been beaten into a true respect and affection for each other.

Some time before this the footman had joined his young lord, with the several implements required for nutting. They had already pulled down great quantities; the young quality had stuffed their pockets; and the little plebeians who had assisted, were now permitted to be busy in gathering up the refuse. When all turning at the cry of—There is Harry, there is Tom; they perceived our two champions advancing leisurely, but hand in hand, as friends and brothers.

They had left their clothes unbuttoned for the benefit of the cooling air; and, as they approached, their companions were frozen into astonishment at the sight of their two friends all covered with crimson.

They were neither able to advance to meet them, nor to speak when they arrived. Till Lord Dicky first inquired into this bloody catastrophe, and Harry remaining wholly silent on the subject, blind Tommy cried out—Why, Master Dicky, the truth is, that Harry beat me because I *beat* you. Then Dicky, feeling a sudden gush of gratitude and affection rising up in his bosom, looked wistfully on his brother, and said with a plaintive voice—O brother Harry, brother Harry,

you are sadly hurt; and, turning about, he began to weep most bitterly. But Harry said—Pshaw! brother Dicky, don't cry man, I don't matter it of the head of a brass pin. Then turning to the footman, with Tom still in his hand, he cried—Here, John, take that bag of nuts and poor blind Tommy to my mammy's, and tell dada that I desire him to see them both safe home.

Friend. Sir, your hero is indeed a hero; he must be every body's hero.

Author. Sir, you do me a vast honour; and I should be proud of your further instructions toward his supporting the dignity of the character you give him. Pray, what are the ingredient qualities of which a hero is compounded? what idea have you formed of such a personage? tell me, I beseech you, what is a hero, my good friend?

Friend. Pshaw—what a question!—every fool knows that. A hero is—as though one should say—a man of high achievement—who performs famous exploits—who does things that are heroical—and in all his actions and demeanour is a hero indeed. Why do you laugh? I will give you the instances approved throughout the world; recorded and duly celebrated by poets, painters, sculptors, statuaries, and historians. There was the Assyrian Ninus, the Sesostris of Egypt, the Cyrus of Persia, the Alexander of Greece, the Cæsar of Rome, and partly in our own days, there was the Condé of France, the Charles of Sweden, and Persia's Kouli Kan.——What the plague does the fellow laugh at?

Author. I am laughing to think what a blockhead Themistocles was. Being asked whom he considered as the greatest of heroes—Not him who conquers but who saves, replied Themistocles; not the man who ruins but the man who erects; who of a village can make a city, or turn a despicable people into a great nation.

Friend. According to your notion of heroism, that boor and barbarian, Peter Alexiowitz of Russia, was the greatest hero that ever lived.

Author. True, my friend; for, of a numerous people, he disembruted every one except himself. But then, in all equity, he ought to divide his glory with Kate the washer-woman, who humanized the man that humanized a nation.

Friend. Whom do you take to have been the greatest hero of antiquity?

Author. Lycurgus, without comparison the greatest of heroes and the greatest of legislators. In those very early days the people of Lacedæmon were extremely rude and ignorant; they acknowledged no laws save the dictates of their own will, or the will of their rulers. Lycurgus might have assumed the sceptre, but his ambition aspired to a much more elevated and durable dominion over the souls, manners, and conduct of this people and their posterity. He framed a body of the most extraordinary institutions that ever entered into the heart or head of man. Next to those of our Divine Legislator, they were intended to form a new creature. He prevailed upon the rich to make an equal distribution of their lands with the poor. He prohibited the use of all such money as was current among other nations, and thereby prohibited the importation of the means and materials of pomp and luxury. He enjoined them to feed in common, on simple and frugal fare. He forbid all gorgeousness of furniture and apparel. In short, he endeavoured to suppress every sensual and selfish desire, by injunctions of daily exercise, toil, and hardship, a patient endurance of pain, and a noble contempt of death. At length, feigning some occasion of being abroad for a season, he exacted an oath from the Lacedæmonians, that they should strictly observe his laws, without the smallest infringement, till his return. Thus, for the love of his country he went into perpetual banishment from it. And

he took measures at his death, that his body should never be found, lest it should be carried back to Sparta, and give his countrymen a colour for dissolving their oath.

Friend. Laying Peter aside, who think you was the greatest hero among the moderns?

Author. To confess the truth, among all that I have heard or read of, the hero whom I most affect was a madman, and the lawgiver whom I most affect was a fool.

Friend. Troth, I believe you never would have been the writer you are at this day, if you had not adopted somewhat of both the said qualities. But come, unriddle, I beseech you; where may this favourite hero and legislator be found?

Author. In a fragment of the Spanish history, bequeathed to the world by one Signior Cervantes.

Friend. O! have you led me to my old acquaintance? pray, has not your Pegasus some smatch of the qualities of the famous Rosinante?

Author. Quite as chaste, I assure you. But I perceive that you think I am drolling; you do not suppose that you can ever be seriously of the same opinion. Yet, if you demand of your own memory, for what have the great heroes throughout history been renowned? it must answer, for mischief merely, for spreading desolation and calamity among men. How greatly, how gloriously, how divinely superior was our hero of the Mancha, who went about righting of wrongs, and redressing of injuries, lifting up the fallen, and pulling down those whom iniquity had exalted! In this his marvellous undertaking, what buffetings, what bruisings, what trampling of ribs, what pounding of pack-staves did his bones not endure? (Mine ached at the recital.) But toil was his bed of down, and the house of pain was to him a bower of delight, while he considered himself as engaged in giving ease, advantage, and happiness to others. If events did not answer to the enterprises of his heart, it is not to be imputed to the man but to his

malady; for, had his power and success been as extensive as his benevolence, all things awry upon earth would instantly have been set as straight as a cedar.

But let me turn, with reverence, to kiss the hem of the robes of the most respectable of all governors and legislators, Sancho Pansa. What judgments! what institutions! how are Minos, and Solon, and the inspired of the goddess Ægeria here eclipsed? Sancho, thou wast a peasant, thou wast illiterate, thou wast a dunce for a man, but an angel for a governor; inasmuch as, contrary to the custom of all other governors, thou didst not desire any thing, thou didst not wish for any thing, thine eye was not bent to any thing save the good of thy people! therefore thou couldst not stray, thou hadst no other way to travel. Could Æsop's log have been moved to action upon the same principle, the regency of storks had not prevailed among men. How am I provoked, Pansa, when I see thee insulted? How am I grieved when I find thee deposed? Saving the realms of a certain majesty, I say, and sigh to myself—O that the whole earth were as thine island of Barataria, and thou, Sancho, the legislator and the ruler thereof!

Friend. I feel conviction; I confess it. But tell me, I pray you, why has the world, through all ages and nations, universally ascribed heroism and glory to conquest?

Author. Through the respect, as I take it, that they have for power. Man is by nature weak; he is born in and to a state of dependence; he therefore naturally seeks and looks about for help; and where he observes the greatest power, it is there that he applies and prays for protection. Now, though this power should be exerted to his damage instead of defence, it makes no alteration in his reverence for it; he bows while he trembles, and while he detests he worships. In the present case, it is with man as it is with God; he is not so awful and striking; he is not so much attended to in the sunshine and gentle dews of his provi-

dence and benignity, as in his lightnings and thunders, his clouds and his tempests.

Hero, heros, and ἡρως, in the three languages, signify a demigod, or one who is superior to mere man. But how can this superiority or distinction be shewn? The serene acts of beneficence, the small and still voice of goodness, are neither accompanied by noise nor ostentation. It is uproar, and tumult rather, the tumbling of sacked cities, the shrieks of outraged matrons, and the groans of dying nations, that fill the trump of fame. Men of power and ambition find distinction and glory very readily attainable in this way; as it is incomparably more easy to destroy than to create, to give death than to give life, to pull down than to build up, to bring devastation and misery rather than plenty and peace and prosperity upon earth.

Friend. Were not mankind, in this instance, as blind to their own interests, as they were iniquitous in giving glory where shame alone was due?

Author. In so doing, they proved at once the dupes and victims of their own folly. Praise a child for his genius in pranks of mischief and malevolence, and you quicken him in the direct road to the gallows. It is just so that this wise world has bred up its heroic reprobates, by ascribing honour and acclamation to deeds that called loudly for infamy and the gibbet; for the world was an ass from its very commencement, and it will continue a dunderhead to the end.

From the beginning of things (a long time ago) the joint invention of mankind has discovered but two methods of procuring sustenance on earth: the first by the labour of their own hands, the second by employing the hands of others.

All therefore are excluded, or at least ought to be excluded from such a world, who refuse to labour, or, what is still worse, who disturb and prevent the labour of others.

Among those who will not labour, we may number all

who have the happiness of being born to no manner of end; such as the Monks of every country, the Dervises of Persia, the Brahmins of India, the Mandarins of China, and the Gentlemen of these free and polished nations.

These have nothing to do but to sleep it, to wake it; to eat it, to drink it; to dance it, to doze it; to riot it, to roar it; and to rejoice in the happy earnest which this world has given them of the jollities of the next.

Among those who disturb the labour of others, I reckon all your rascally Alexanders and Cæsars, whether ancient or modern, who in their fits of frenzy and folly scamper about, breaking the lanterns and beating the watch of this world, to the great amazement of women and terror of little children; and who seem to think that Heaven gave noses and heads for no end in nature but to be blooded and cracked. In short, I have no patience when I hear talk of these fellows. I am not half so fretted when I hear my own works read.—Go on, I request you, it may happen to put me in temper.

CHAPTER V.

THE young gentlemen were now upon their return, and as they approached the house they crowded about Harry to keep him from being seen, till he took an opportunity of slipping away and stealing up to his chamber. He now grew stiff and sore; and his nurse, having got an intimation of what had happened, hurried up to him, and wept over him with abundant tears of cordial affection. She straight undressed and put him to bed; and having ordered some white-wine whey, of which she made him drink plentifully, she also undressed and went to bed to him; and Harry, casting his little arm about her neck, and putting his head in her bosom, was fast in a twinkling.

By this time John had returned from the execution of his commission. He had been fully apprized by Tommy, on the road, of all the circumstances relating to this bloody business; and, going to his lord and lady, he gave them the whole detail, occasionally dwelling and expatiating on Harry's courage, his prowess, his honour, and his generosity. They could now no longer forbear indulging themselves with the sight of a child in whom they held themselves honoured above all titles. They stole gently up-stairs, and having got a peep at Harry, and observing that he was fast asleep, they stole as softly back again, each inwardly exulting in their glorious boy.

Our hero was scarce recovered from his wounds and bruises, when on a day he met a little beggar-boy at the hall-door, half naked, and whining and shivering with cold. His heart was instantly touched with wonted compassion, and taking him by the hand—What is your name, my poor little boy? says Harry. Neddy, sir, says the child. And

where's your daddy and mammy? O, sir! answered Ned, I have no daddy nor mammy in the world wide. Don't cry, don't cry! says Harry. I have several daddies and mammies, and I will give you one or two of them. But where did you leave your clothes, Neddy? I have not any, sir, replied the child in a piteous accent. Well, well, it don't matter, Neddy, for I have more clothes too, says Harry. So, taking him again by the hand, he led him up to his apartment without being perceived of any; and, helping him to strip, he ran to his closet for the shirt which he had last thrown off, and put it on the new-comer with equal haste and delight. He next ran for the entire suit that his bearded dada had given him; and having helped and shown him how to put on the breeches, he drew on the stockings and shoes with his own hands. To these succeeded the coat and waistcoat; and Ned was now full as well rigged as his benefactor.

Never had our hero enjoyed himself so highly as while he was thus employed. When he had finished his operations, he chuckled and smiled, turned Ned round and round, walked here and there about him, and was as proud of him as if he had been wholly of his own making.

He now again became thoughtful, forecasting in his mind the particulars that might further be requisite for the accommodation of his guest; for he was grown too fond of him to think of parting suddenly. He then recollected an adjoining lumber-room, and taking Ned with him, they found a little old mattress, which, with united strength, they dragged forth, and lodged in a convenient corner of the closet. To this they added a pair of old blankets; and Harry, having spread them for Ned's repose in the best manner he was able, asked his dependant if he was not hungry. Yes—very, very hungry, indeed, sir! cried Ned. No sooner said than Harry flew down to the kitchen, and looking about, and spying a large porringer of milk and a

luncheon of bread, that one of the servants had provided for a young favourite of their own, he seized upon them like a hawk, and, hastening again to his chamber, delivered them to Neddy, who already had half-devoured them with his eyes. Ned instantly fell to with the rapture of a cormorant, or any rapture that can be supposed less than that of his friend Harry, who stood over him with the feelings of a parent turtle that feeds his young with the meat derived from his own bowels.

For a few days Harry kept his dependant shut up in his chamber, or closet, without the privity of any of the family, except nurse, to whom he had revealed the affair under the seal of the strictest secrecy.

But on a cross-day, Susy, the housemaid, having entered with a new broom into our hero's apartment, perceived in a corner the tattered deposit of Ned's original robings, and lifting them at a cautious distance with a finger and thumb, she perceived also, as many other philosophers have done, that there is no part of this globe which is not peopled with nations of animals, if man had but attention and optics duly accommodated to the vision. She dropped the living garment as though she had taken up a burning horse-shoe; and was instantly peopled, by her prolific imagination, with tribes of the same species from head to foot.

In this fit of disgust, Susy happened, unfortunately, to step into the closet, and spied Ned in a dark corner, where he had squatted and drawn himself up to the size of a hedgehog.

She immediately flew at him, like one of the Eumenides, and dragged him forth to the light, as Hereules is said to have hauled Cacus from his den. She questioned him with a voice of implacable authority, and Ned, with humble and ingenuous tears, confessed the whole adventure. But Susy, no way melted, exclaimed—What, sirrah! have you and your master Harry a mind to breed an affection in

the house? I will remit of no such doings, for I have an utter conversion to beggars'-brats and vermin. She then commanded him to bundle up his old rags, and, driving him down-stairs before her, she dismissed him from the hall-door with a pair of smart boxes on the side of his head, and ordered him never more to defend her sight.

Poor Ned went weeping and wailing from the door, when who should he see, at about fifty paces distant, but his beloved patron Harry, who had been cutting a switch from the next hedge. To him he ran with precipitation. Harry, touched with a compassion, not free from resentment, to see his favourite in tears, demanded the cause of his apparent distress, which Ned truly related. Our hero thereupon became thoughtful and moody; and, judging that Susy had not acted thus without authority, he conceived a general disgust at a family who had treated him so injuriously in the person of his Neddy; but, comforting his dependant the best he could—Come, Neddy, says he, don't cry, my man. I will bring you, that I will, to my own dear dada, and he will welcome and love you for my sake. Then, making his way through a small breach in the neighbouring hedge, he ordered Ned to follow him, and flew across the field like a bird of passage, in a direct line to his patron's.

The old gentleman saw him approaching, and gave sign to his ancient domestic, who withdrew with precipitation. He received and caressed our hero with more than usual transport—And who, my dear, says he, is this pretty little boy that you have got with you? Harry then, like the Grecian Demosthenes, taking time to warm himself with the recollection of his own ideas, and setting his person forth with an action and ardour that determined to prevail, made the following oration—

Why, dada, I must tell you how this poor little boy, for he is a very poor little boy, and his name is Neddy, sir, and he has no friend in the wide world but you and I, sir; and

so, sir, as I was telling you, he comes to the door, crying sadly for cold and hunger, for he had no clothes, no daddy nor mammy at all, sir, and I had a many of them, and that was not fair you know, sir; and I was in the humour to give him all the dadas and mammas I had in the world except you, sir, and mammy nurse. And so I took him up-stairs, and I put the clothes upon him that you gave me when I was a poor little boy, sir; for nobody had to say to them but you and I, sir; and I knew that you would pity poor little Neddy more than I pitied him myself, sir. And so, dada, they took my poor little Neddy to-day, and boxed him, and beat him sadly, and turned him out of doors; and so I met him crying and roaring, and so you know, sir, how I had nothing to do but to bring him to you, sir, or to stay and cry with him for company, sir.

Here orator Harry ceased to speak, except by his tears, which he could no longer restrain, and which proceeded to plead most emphatically for him. But his patron took him in his arms, and kissed the drops from both eyes, and said—Do not cry, my darling, for I am yours, my Harry, and all that I have is yours; and if you had brought a whole regiment of poor little Neddies with you, they should be all welcome to me, for your sake, my Harry.

Then Harry sprung up and caught his patron about the neck, so that it was some time before the old gentleman could get loose. But Harry, says he, I am going just now to leave this country; will you and your man Neddy come along with me? Over the world wide, dada! says Harry; but where are you going, sir? I am going a-begging, Harry. O that will be brave sport, says Harry! I will tell you what you shall do, dada. What's that, my love? Why, sir, says Harry, you must get a great bag, like the old man and little child that was at door t'other day; and Neddy and I will beg for you, sir; and we will put all that we get into your great bag, as that good little child did for

his daddy, without touching a bit; though he was hungry enough himself, poor fellow, I warrant. But don't let us go to beg to papa's door, sir; for if you do, they will box and beat us, and drive us away, as they did to poor little Neddy to-day, sir.

The old gentleman, thereat, had his countenance divided betwixt the rising tear and the bursting laugh. But, taking Harry by the hand, he said—No, no, my heavenly creature, I am not going to beg of any man living, but to beg of God to pour down his full weight of blessings upon my Harry, and to endeavour to confirm them to him, both here and hereafter, by my care and instructions.

Having thus spoken, he put a large cake into the hand of each of the children, and causing them to drink a full glass of small white wine, he took them into a back-yard, where a light coach with six horses, and three servants ready mounted, attended; and having placed his young companions, and seated himself between them, away the coach drove at a sweeping gallop.

About the time that our hero and his patron set out, nurse went up-stairs with a most bountiful cut of home-baked bread and butter, for the amusement of the young caitiff whom she had left in the closet; but not finding him there, she hastily dropped her provender on the first window she met, and, hurrying down to the kitchen, earnestly inquired for the little beggar-boy whom Master Harry had taken into his service. At this question all the servants stood in silent amazement except Susy, who bridling up, and assuming the whole importance of her station—Why, nurse, says she, you must not oppose that I am come here to sweep and to clean after lousy little flagrants; it was enough to breed an antagion, that it was, in the house; so what magnifies many words, I took the little dirty brat, and cuff'd him out of doors.—You did, hussy, says nurse; you dare to affront and vex my child—my little man—the

honour and pride of all the family! And so saying, she ups with her brawny arm, and gave Susy such a douse on the side of the head, as left her fast asleep for an hour and upward. Then, running up-stairs again, she went searching and clamouring for Harry about the house, in order to comfort and condole with him for his loss.

Dinner was now served up, and the company seated, and all the servants ran severally here and there, repeatedly summoning Master Harry to attend; but Harry was out of hearing by many a mile. When the cloth was removed, nurse entered with an aspect, half in tears and half distracted, and exclaimed that her child was not to be found. And what, nurse, says the earl, do you think is become of him? I hope, my lord, says she, that he is either strayed to his daddy or to the dumb gentleman's. Then messengers were instantly despatched to both houses, who speedily returned with tidings that Master Harry had not been seen at his foster-father's, and that no one was at home at the house of the dumb gentleman.

The business now became serious and alarming; the whole house was in commotion, and all the domestics, and our hero's loving nurse, with Lord Dicky in her hand, ran searching through the gardens, the fields, and the groves, that resounded on all sides with the name of the absentee.

On their return from a disquisition, as fruitless as solicitous, nurse declared her apprehensions that Harry had gone off with a little favourite boy whom he had taken into service, and whom the housemaid that morning had beaten out of doors. Susy, being nearly recovered, and now called and questioned hereon, was compelled to confess the fact, though in terms less haughty and less elegant than usual; when my lord, looking sternly at her—And who, you impudent slut, he cried, gave you authority to turn any one out of my house whom my noble and generous boy was pleased to bring in? Get you instantly away,

and never let me be so unhappy as to see that face again. By this time the whole village and neighbourhood, as well as this noble family, were in trouble and alarms for the loss of their little favourite, when a countryman entered in a sweaty haste, and desired without preface to be admitted to the earl. My lord, says he, I think I can give you some news of your dear child. As I was returning home on the London road, I saw a coach and six driving towards me at a great rate, and though it passed me in haste, I marked that the gentleman with the beard was in it, and that he had two children with him, one on each hand, though I had not time to observe their faces.

Here is something for your news, said the earl; it may be as you say. Here, John, take a posse of the servants along with you; go in haste to that man's house; if no one answers, break open the door, and bring me word of what you can learn concerning him.

John, who was the house-steward, hurried instantly on his commission; and finding all in silence after loud and repeated knockings, he and his myrmidons burst open the door, and rushing in ran up and down through all the apartments. They found the house richly furnished, a library of choice books above-stairs, a beauffet full of massy plate, and every thing in order, as if prepared for the reception of a family of distinction. At this they all stood astonished, till John, casting his eye toward a table in the street-parlour, perceived a paper, which he hastily snatched up, and found to be a letter duly folded and sealed, and addressed to his lord. Exulting at this discovery, he left some of the servants to watch the goods, and hurried back with all possible speed to his master.

My lord, says John, entering, and striving to recover breath, the dumb gentleman, as they call him, must be a main rich man, for the very furniture of his house cannot be worth less than some thousands of pounds. John then

presented the letter, which the earl hastily broke open, and found to be as follows :—

"My Lord,—I am at length presented with an opportunity of carrying off your little Harry—the greatest treasure that ever parents were blessed with.

"The distress that I feel in foreseeing the affliction that his absence will cause to your whole family, has not been able to prevail for the suspension of this enterprise, as the child's interest and happiness outweighs, with me, all other considerations.

"Permit me, however, to assure your lordship that our darling is in very safe and very affectionate hands; and that it shall be the whole concern and employment of my life to render and to return him to you, in due time, the most accomplished and most perfect of all human beings.

"In the mean while your utmost search and inquiry after us will be fruitless. I leave to your lordship my house and furniture as a pledge and assurance of the integrity of my intentions.—And am, &c."

The mystery of our hero's flight was now, in a great measure, unravelled; but no one could form any rational conjecture touching the motives of the old gentleman's procedure in the case; and all were staggered at his leaving such a mass of wealth behind him.

As the falling on of a dark night rendered all pursuit, for that time, impracticable, my lord ordered the servants to bed, that they might rise before day; and then to take every horse he had, coach-cattle and all, and to muster and mount the young men of the village, and to pursue after the fugitives by different roads, according to the best likelihood or intelligence they might receive.

In this hopeful prospect, the house was again in some

measure composed; all, except poor nurse, who would not be comforted, neither could be prevailed upon to enter in at the doors; but all night on the cold stairs, or rambling through the raw air, continued clapping and wringing her hands, and bewailing the irreparable loss of her Harry.

On the following day, my lord ordered a minute inventory to be taken of all the furniture in the forsaken mansion-house; and further appointed Harry's foster-father, with his family, to enter into possession, and to take care of the effects, till such time as the proprietor should renew his claim.

After three tedious days, and as many expecting nights, the posse that went in quest of our runaways returned, all drooping and dejected, most of them slowly leading their overspent horses, and universally bespattered or covered with mire, without any equivalent of comfortable tidings to balance the weight of their languor and fatigue.

The happiness or wretchedness of human life, as it should seem, does not so much depend on the loss or acquisition of real advantage, as on the fluctuating opinions and imaginations of men. The absence of this infant, who, but a few months before, had no manner of interest in the views, affections, or solicitudes of this noble family, appeared now as the loss of all their honours and fortunes: a general face of mourning seemed to darken every apartment; and my lord and lady no more paid visits, nor received public company. They were, however, inventive in many contrivances for amusing and consoling their darling Dicky; but even this was to little purpose, for he was often found silently languishing in corners, or crying—O, where's my brother Harry, my own sweet brother Harry! shall I never see my own brother Harry any more?

My lord had already dispatched a multitude of circular letters to all his acquaintances, with other notices, through-

out the kingdom, containing offers of ample rewards for the recovery of his child. But finding all ineffectual, he caused advertisements to the same purpose to be repeatedly inserted in all the public papers; as the same, no doubt, are still extant, and may be found in the musty chronicles of those days.

Within a few weeks after the publishing of these advertisements, my lord received a letter respecting his son Harry, that afforded great consolation to him and his lady; insomuch that, with the help of the lenient hand of time, in less than the space of twelve months this noble family were restored to their former cheerfulness and tranquillity.

But to return to the situation in which we left our hero: the coach drove on at a round rate, and the children continued in high glee, and thought this kind of conveyance the finest sport imaginable.

When they entered a space on the first common, the coachman looked about to take care that no one was in sight; and, turning to the right hand, he held gently on till he came to another great road, on which he drove at his former rate. This he did again at the next common, and coming to another road that led also to London, and night now approaching, he put up at the first great inn he came to.

Harry's patron had the precaution to keep his great-coat muffled about his face, so that no one could observe his beard, till they were shown to a room, and fire and candles were lighted up. Then his ancient friend and domestic having provided scissors and implements for shaving, locked the door, and set to work in the presence of the children.

Harry was all attention during the whole process; and when the operation was quite completed, he drew near to

his patron with a cautious kind of jealousy, and looking up to his face with the tears in his little eyes—Speak to me, sir, says he; pray, speak to me. It is, answered the old gentleman, the only comfort of my life to be with you, and to speak to you, my Harry. The child, hearing the well-known voice of friendship, immediately cleared again, and reaching up his little arms to embrace his patron—O, indeed, says he, I believe you are my own dada still!

Though Harry was now reconciled to the identity of his friend, yet he felt a secret regret for the absence of his beard; for he loved all and every part of him so entirely that the loss of a hair appeared a loss and a want to the heart of Harry.

After an early supper, and two or three small glasses of wine per man, this gentleman, whom his servants had now announced by the name of Mr. Fenton, proposed hide-and-go-seek to his associates. This invitation was accepted with transport; and after they were cloyed with hide-and-seek, they all played tagg till they were well warmed.

Mr. Fenton ordered a pallet into the chamber for James, his faithful domestic, and little Ned. Then, helping to undress Harry, he put him first to bed; and, hastening after, he took his darling to his bosom, and tenderly pressed him to a heart that loved him more than all the world, and more than that world ten times told.

In about three days more they arrived safe at Hampstead, and stopping at the court of a large house, that was delightfully situated, they were welcomed by a gentlewomanly-looking matron, whom James had fixed for housekeeper about a fortnight before.

The next day Mr. Fenton and his blithe companions were attended at table by James and the two footmen.

As soon as the latter grace was said, and the cloth taken away—Harry, says Mr. Fenton, it is now our turn to wait

on James and his fellow-servants; for God made us all to be servants to each other: one man is not born a bit better than another; and he is the best and greatest of all who serves and attends the most, and requires least to be served and attended upon. And my precious, he that is a king to-day, if so it shall please God, may become a beggar to-morrow, and it is good that people should be prepared against all that may happen.

Having so said, he took his associates down to the hall, just as the servants had sat down to dinner. He gave his domestics the wink, and, beginning to set the example, asked Mrs. Hannah, and Mr. James, and Mr. Frank, and Mr. Andrew, what they would please to have? The servants, readily falling in with their master's scheme, ordered Harry to bring such a thing, and Ned to fetch such a thing, and Harry to do this, and Harry to do that: while Harry, with a graceful action, and more beautiful than Ganymede, the cupbearer of the gods, flew cheerfully about from side to side, preventing the wishes of all at table; so that they poured upon him a thousand blessings from the bottom of their hearts, and would not now have parted with him for the mighty rewards which his father some time after proposed for his recovery.

Within a fortnight after this, Mr. James, the house-steward, furnished a large lumber-room with hundreds of coats, out-coats, shirts, waistcoats, breeches, stockings, and shoes, of different sorts and sizes, but all of warm and clean, though homely, materials.

When this was done, Mr. Fenton led his favourite up to the stores, and said—My Harry, you see all these things, and I make a present of all these things to my Harry. And now tell me, my love, what will you do with them. Why, dada, says Harry, you know that I cannot wear them myself. No, my dear, says Mr. Fenton, for you have

clothes enough beside, and some of them would not fit you, and others would smother you. What then will you do with them, will you burn them, or throw them away? O, that would be very naughty and wicked indeed, says Harry! No, dada, as I do not want them myself, I will give them to those that do. That will be very honestly done of you, says Mr. Fenton; for, in truth, they have a better right to them, my Harry, than you have, and that which you cannot use cannot belong to you. So that, in giving you these things, my darling, it should seem as if I made you no gift at all. O, a very sweet gift! says Harry. How is that? says Mr. Fenton. Why, the gift of doing good to other people, sir. Mr. Fenton, then stepping back, and gazing on our hero, cried—Whoever attempts to instruct thee, my angel, must himself be instructed of heaven, who speaks by that sweet mouth.

But Harry, it would not be discreet of you to give these things to the common beggars who come every day to our door; give them victuals and halfpence or pence a-piece, and welcome; but if you give such beggars twenty suits of clothes, they will cast them all off and put on their rags again, to move people to pity them. But when you spy any poor travellers going the road, and your eyes see that they are naked, or your heart tells you that they are hungry, then do not wait till they beg of you, but go and beg of them to favour you with their acceptance; then take them unto the fire and warm them and feed them, and when you have so done, take them up to your storeroom and clothe them with whatever you think they want; and believe me, my Harry, whenever you are cold, or hungry, or wounded, or in want, or in sickness yourself, the very remembrance of your having clothed, and fed, and cured, and comforted the naked and the hungry, the wounded and the afflicted, will be warmth, and food, and medicine, and balm to your own mind.

While Mr. Fenton spoke, the muscles of Harry's expressive countenance, like an equally tuned instrument, uttered unisons to every word he heard.

From this day forward, Harry and Ned by turns were frequently out on the watch; and often single, or in pairs, or by whole families, Harry would take in a poor father and mother, with their helpless infants, driven perhaps from house or home by fire or other misfortune, or oppressive landlord, or ruthless creditor; and having warmed, and fed, and clothed, and treated the old ones as his parents, and the little ones as his brothers and sisters, he would give them additional money for charges on the road, and send them away the happiest of all people except himself.

By this time, Mr. Fenton had inquired into the circumstances and characters of all the poor in the town and throughout the precincts; and, having refuted or confirmed the intelligence he had received, by a personal inspection and visit from house to house, and having made entries of all such as he deemed real objects and worthy of his beneficence, he invited the heads of the several families to take a dinner with him every Sunday at his hall.

On the following Sunday there came about thirty of these visitants, which number soon increased to fifty weekly guests.

On entering, they found the cloth ready spread, and Mr. James, having counted heads, laid a crown in silver upon every plate, which first course was a most relishing sauce to all that followed. A plentiful dinner was then introduced, and the guests being seated, Mr. Fenton, Harry, Ned, and the four domestics attended, and disposed themselves in a manner the most ready to supply the wants of the company. The guests, all abashed and confounded at what they saw, sat some time with open mouth and unswallowed victuals; much less did they presume to apply to the waiters for any

article they wanted, till, being encouraged and spirited up by the cheerfulness, ease, and readiness of their attendants, they became by degrees quite happy and jovial; and, after a saturating meal and an enlivening cup, they departed with elevated spirits, with humanized manners, and with hearts warmed in affection toward every member of this extraordinary house.

By the means of this weekly bounty, these reviving families were soon enabled to clear their little debts to the chandlers, which had compelled them to take up every thing at the dearest hand. They were also further enabled to purchase wheels and other implements, with the materials of flax and wool, for employing the late idle hands of their household. They now appeared decently clad, and with happy countenances; their wealth increased with their industry, and the product of the employment of so many late useless members became a real accession of wealth to the public. So true it is that the prosperity of this world, and of every nation and society therein, depends solely on the industry or manufactures of the individuals. And so much more nobly did this private patron act than all ancient legislators, or modern patrons and landlords, whose selfishness, if they had but common cunning, or common-sense, might instruct them to increase their proper rents, and enrich their native country, by supplying the hands of all the poor within their influence with the implements and materials of the prosperity of each.

In the mean time, Mrs. Hannah daily instructed the children in the reading of English; neither was Mr. Fenton inattentive to any means that might preserve and promote the health, action, and corporal excellences of his little champion. He had a large lawn behind his garden; and hither he summoned, three times in every week, all the boys of the vicinage who were between two years advanced

above the age of our hero. To these he appointed premiums for foot-ball, hurling, wrestling, leaping, running, cudgelling, and buffing. But the champions were enjoined to invest their fists with little mufflers, insomuch that, how great soever their vigour might be, the bruises that they gave stopped short of mortality.

Now, though these premiums were almost universally adjudged to the party of which Harry then happened to be a member, or individually to himself for his single prowess and pre-eminence, yet he never would consent to bear the prize from the field, but either gave it to some favourite among those with whom he had been associated, or to the particular champion whom he had worsted in contest; for he felt the shame and defeat of his mortified adversary, and consolingly hinted at the injustice of the judges, and reformed their error by the restoration of the reward.

One day, while Harry was watching to intercept poor travellers, as eagerly as a fowler watches for the rising of his game, he heard a plaintive voice behind the hedge, as he thought, in the opposite field. He flew across the road, and, passing through a small turnstile, soon found the unhappy objects he sought for. He stood for some time like a statue, and his compassion became too strong for tears or utterance; but, suddenly turning and flying back again, he rushed with precipitation into the room where Mr. Fenton was writing a letter. What is the matter? said Mr. Fenton, starting—what has frighted you, my Harry—what makes you so pale? To this Harry replied not; but catching hold of his hand, and pulling with all his force—O come! says he; O come, dada, and see!

Mr. Fenton then got up, and suffered himself to be led where the child pleased to conduct him, without another word being asked or answered on either side.

When they were come into the field, Mr. Fenton observed

a man sitting on the ground. His clothes seemed, from head to foot, as the tattered remainder of better days. Through a squalid wig and beard, his pale face appeared just tinctured with a faint and sickly red; and his hollow eyes were fixed upon the face of a woman, whose head he held on his knees, and who looked to be dead, or dying, though without any apparent agony; while a male infant, about four years of age, was half stretched on the ground, and half across the woman's lap, with its little nose pinched by famine, and its eyes staring about wildly, though without attention to any thing. Distress seemed to have expended its utmost bitterness on these objects, and the last sigh and tear to have been already exhausted.

Unhappy man! cried Mr. Fenton, pray, who or what are you? To which the stranger faintly replied, without lifting his eyes—Whoever you may be, disturb not the last hour of those who wish to be at peace.

Run, Harry, says Mr. Fenton, desire all the servants to come to me immediately, and bid Mrs. Hannah bring some hartshorn and a bottle of cordial.

Away flew Harry, like feathered Mercury, on his god-like errand. Forth issued Mr. James, Frank, and Andrew; and last came Mrs. Hannah, with the housemaid and cordials.

Hannah stooped in haste, and applied hartshorn to the nose of the woman, who appeared wholly insensible. After some time, her bosom heaved with a long-rising and subsiding sigh, and her eyes feebly opened, and immediately closed again. Then Mrs. Hannah and the housemaid, raising her gently between them, got a little of the cordial into her mouth, and, bending her backwards, they observed that she swallowed it. Then James, Frank, Andrew, and the housemaid, joining their forces, lifted her up, and bore her, as easy as possible, toward the house; while Harry.

caught up her infant, as a pismire does its favourite embryo in a time of distress, in order to lodge it in a place of protection and safety.

In the mean time, Mr. Fenton and Mrs. Hannah put their hartshorn with great tenderness to the nostrils of the stranger, and requested him to take a sip of the cordial; but he, turning up his dim though expressive eyes, feebly cried—Are you a man or an angel? and directly fainted away.

They rubbed his temples with the spirits, and did their utmost to recover him; but a sudden gust of grateful passion had proved too strong for his constitution. On the return of the servants he was also carried in. A physician was instantly sent for; beds were provided and warmed in haste—the new guests were all gently undressed, and laid therein; and, being compelled to swallow a little sack-whey, they recovered to a kind of languid sensibility.

The physician gave it as his opinion, that this unhappy family were reduced to their present state by excess of grief and famine; that nourishment should be administered in very small proportions; and that they should be kept as quiet as possible, for a fortnight at least.

While all imaginable care is taking for the recovery of these poor people, we beg leave to return to the affairs of their protectors.

CHAPTER VI.

ABOUT a month before this, Mr. Fenton had engaged one Mr. Vindex, the schoolmaster of the town, to come for an hour every evening, and initiate the two boys in their Latin grammar. But he had a special caution given him with respect to the generous disposition of our hero, which was said to be induced to do any thing by kindness; but to be hardened and roused into opposition by severity.

In about ten days after the late adventure, Mr. Fenton was called to London, where he was detained about three weeks, in settling his books with his Dutch correspondents, and in calling in a very large arrear of interest that was due to him upon his deposits in the funds.

During his absence, Mr. Vindex began to assume a more expanded authority, and gave a free scope to the surly terrors of his station.

Ned was by nature a very lively, but very petulant boy; and when Vindex reproved him with the imperial brow and voice of the Great Mogul, Ned cast upon him an eye of such significant contempt, as no submissions or sufferings, on the part of the offender, could ever after compensate.

The next day Mr. Vindex returned, doubly armed, with a monstrous birch-rod in one hand, and a ferule in the other. The first he hung up, *in terrorem*, as a meteor is said to hang in the heavens, threatening future castigation to the children of men. The second he held as determined upon present action; nor was he unmindful of any hook whereon to hang a fault, so that, travelling from right to left and from left to right, he so warmed the hands of the unfortunate Edward, as ruined the sunny economy of his

countenance, and reduced him to a disagreeable partnership with the afflicted.

On the departure of Vindex, though Ned's drollery was dismayed, his resentment was by no means eradicated; for the principle of Ned was wholly agreeable to the motto of a very noble escutcheon; and *Nemo me impune lacessit* was a maxim of whose impropriety not St. Anthony himself could persuade him.

All night he lay ruminating and brooding on mischief in his imagination; and having formed the outlines of his plan toward morning, he began to chuckle and comfort himself, and exult in the execution. He then revealed his project to his bedfellow, Mr. James, who was greatly tickled therewith, and promised to join in the plot.

Full against the portal that opened upon the school-room, there stood an ancient and elevated chair, whose form was sufficiently expressive of its importance. Mr. Vindex had selected this majestic piece of furniture as alone suitable to the dignity of his exalted station; for he judiciously considered that, if thrones and benches were taken from among men, there would be an end of all dominion and justice upon earth.

Through the centre of the seat of this chair of authority, Ned got Mr. James to drill a small hole, not discernible except on a very minute scrutiny. He then provided a cylindrical stick of about six inches in length, to one end of which he fastened a piece of lead, and in the other end he fixed the end of a large needle. This needle had been a glover's, of approved metal, keen and polished, and three-square toward the point, for a quick and ready penetration of tough leather. He next fastened two small cords transversely to the leaden extremity of the stick; and, James assisting, they turned the chair with the bottom upward, and tacked the four ends of the cords in such a manner as answered to the four cardinal points of the compass; while the stick

remained suspended in an upward direction, with the point of the needle just so far through the drill, as put it upon a level with the surface of the seat. Lastly, they fastened a long and well-waxed thread about the middle of the stick, and drawing this thread over the upper rung, they dropped the end of it just under Ned's stool, and replaced the seat of learning in its former position.

Greatly did Ned parade it, when on trial he found that his machine answered to a miracle; for the stick being restrained from any motion, save that in a direction to the zenith, on the slightest twitch of the thread the needle instantly mounted four-sixths of two inches above the surface of the seat, and was quickly recalled by the revulsion of the lead.

At the appointed hour of magisterial approach, in comes Mr. Vindex. Master Harry and Ned are called. Each seizes his book, and takes his seat as usual in a line, nearly diagonal to the right and left corner of the chair of authority. Mr. Vindex assumes the throne; but scarce was he crowned when Ned gives the premeditated intimation to his piercer, and up bounces Vindex, and gives two or three capers as though he had been suddenly stung by a tarantula. He stares wildly about—puts his hand behind him with a touch of tender condolence—returns to the chair—peers all over it with eyes of the most prying inspection; but, not trusting to the testimony of his ocular sense in a case that so very feelingly refuted its evidence, he moved his fingers over and over every part of the surface; but found all smooth and fair, in spite of the late sensible demonstration to the contrary.

Down again, with slow caution, subsided Mr. Vindex, reconnoitring the premises to the right hand and to the left.

As his temper was not now in the most dulcet disposition, he first looked sternly at Ned, and then turning

toward Harry, with an eye that sought occasion for present quarrel, he questioned him morosely on some articles of his lesson; when Ned, not enduring such an indignity to the patron of his life and fortunes, gave a second twitch with better will, and much more lively than the first; and up again sprung Vindex with redoubled vigour and action, and bounded, plunged, and pranced about the room, as bewitched. He glared, and searched all about with a frantic penetration, and peered into every corner for the visible or invisible perpetrators of these mischiefs; when, hearing a little titter, he began to smell a fox, and, with a malignant determination of better note for the future, he returned with a countenance of dissembled placability, and, resuming his chair, began to examine the boys with a voice apparently tuned by good temper and affection.

During this short scene, poor Ned happened to make a little trip in his rudiments, when Vindex turned, and cried to our hero—Mr. Harry, my dear, be so kind as to get up and reach me yon ferule.

These words had not fully passed the lips of the luckless preceptor, when Ned plucked the string with his utmost force, and Vindex thought himself at least impaled on the spot. Up he shot once more, like a sudden pyramid of flame. The ground could no longer retain him—he soared aloft, roared and raved like a thousand infernals. While Ned, with an aspect of the most condoling hypocrisy, and words broke by a tone of mourning, tenderly inquired of his ailments.

Vindex turned upon him an eye of jealous malignity, and, taking a sudden thought, he flew to the scene of his repeated infliction, and turning up the bottom of the seat of pain, this complicated effort of extraordinary genius lay revealed, and exposed to vulgar contemplation.

He first examined minutely into the parts and construction of this wonderful machinery, whose efficacy he still so

feelingly recollected. He then drew the string, and admired with what a piercing agility the needle could be actuated by so distant a hand. And lastly, and deliberately, he tore away, piece by piece, the whole composition, as his räscally brethren, the Turks, have also done, in their antipathy to all the monuments of arts, genius, and learning, throughout the earth.

In the meanwhile, our friend Edward sat trembling and frying in his skin. All his drollery had forsaken him; nor had he a single cast of contrivance for evading the mountain of mischiefs that he saw impending. How, indeed, could he palliate? what had he to hope or plead in mitigation of the penalty, where, in the party so highly offended, he saw his judge and his executioner?

Mr. Vindex had now the ball wholly at his own foot; and that Ned was ever to have his turn again, was a matter no way promised by present appearances.

Vindex at length looked smilingly about him, with much fun in his face, but more vengeance at his heart—Mr. Edward, said he, perhaps you are not yet apprised of the justice of the Jewish laws, that claim an eye for an eye, and a breach for a breach; but I, my child, will fully instruct you in the fitness and propriety of them.

Then, reaching at the rod, he seized his shrinking prey as a kite trusses a robin; he laid him, like a little sack, across his own stool; off go the trousers, and with the left-hand he holds him down, while the right is laid at him with the application of a woodman, who resolves to clear part of the forest before noon.

Harry, who was no way privy to the machination of the needle, now approached, and interposed in behalf of his unhappy servant. He petitioned, he kneeled, he wept; but his prayers and tears were cast to the winds and the rocks, till Vindex had reduced poor Ned to a plight little different from that of St. Bartholomew.

Mr. Vindex justly deemed that he had now given a lesson of such ample instruction, as might dispense with his presence for some days at least.

In the mean time, Ned's flogging held him confined to his bed, where he had full time and leisure to contrive with one end, a just and worthy retribution for the sufferings of the other.

Harry went often to sit and condole with Ned, in this the season of his calamity; and as he had now conceived a strong aversion to the pedagogue, on account of his barbarity, he offered to assist his friend in any measures deemed adequate to the stripes and injuries he had received.

The house of Mr. Vindex was a large and old-fashioned building, with a steep flight of stone stairs, and a spacious landing-place before the door. Ned was again on his legs; the night was excessive dark, and the family of the preceptor had just finished an early supper.

About this time a gentle rapping was heard, and a servant opening the door, looked this way and that way, and called out repeatedly to know who was there; but no voice replying, he retired and shut all to again. Scarce was he re-entered when he hears rap, rap, rap, rap. The fellow's anger was now kindled, and opening the door suddenly, he bounced out at once, in order to seize the runaway; but, seeing no creature, he began to feel a coming chilness, and his hairs to stir, as though each had got the life of an eel. Back he slunk, closed the door with the greatest tenderness, and crept down to reveal a scantling of his fears to his fellows in the kitchen.

Now, though men and maids laughed heartily at the apprehensions of Hodge, they resented this insult on their house, as they called it; and getting all up together in a group, they slily crowded behind the door, with the latch in one of their hands, ready to issue, in an instant, and detect the delinquents.

They were not suffered to freeze. Knock, knock, knock, knock, knock. Open flies the door, and out rush the servants. Nothing appeared. They all stood silent, and astonished beyond measure. Some, however, with outward bravade, but inward tremblings, went searching along the walls and behind the posts for some lurcher. Again they gathered to the landing-place, and stood whisperingly debating what this might be; when, to the inexpressible terror and discomfiture of all present, the spontaneous knocker assumed sudden life and motion, and gave such a peal and alarm to their eyes and ears, as put every sense and resolution to the rout; and in they rushed again, one on the back of the other, and clapped to the door, as in the face of an host of pursuing demons.

Mr. Vindex and his lady, for some time past, had been sitting opposite, and nodding over a fire in the back-parlour, where they returned each other's salute with the greatest good manners and punctuality imaginable. He now started on hearing the rustling in the hall, and angrily called to know what was the matter.

Vindex, from the prejudice of education during his infancy, had conceived the utmost spite to all spectres and hobgoblins, insomuch that he wished to deprive them of their very existence, and laboured to persuade himself, as well as others, of their nonentity; but faith proved too strong within him, for all his verbal parade of avowed infidelity.

While the servants, with pale faces and short breath, made their relation, the magisterial philosopher did so sneer, and contemptuously toss this way and the other, and throw himself back in such affected fits of laughter, as nothing could be like it, till, bouncing at the sound of another peal, he mustered the whole family, boarders and all, to above seventeen in number, together with Madam Vindex, who would not be left sole; and now they ap-

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peared such an army as was sufficient to face any single devil at least; and forth they issued and filled the landing-place, leaving the door on the jar.

Here Mr. Vindex turned, and, with his face toward the knocker, thus addressed the assembly:—

My honest but simple friends, quoth he, can any thing persuade you that a spirit or ghost, as ye call it—a breath or being of air—a something or nothing that is neither tangible nor visible, can lay hold of that which is? Or are ye such idiots as to imagine that yon knocker (for he did not yet venture to touch it), a substance of solid and molten brass, without members or organs, or any internal system or apparatus for the purpose, can yet be endued with will, design, or any kind of intelligence, when the least locomotive faculty, in the meanest reptile, must of necessity be provided with an infinitely varied mechanism of nerves, tubes, reservoirs, levers, and pulleys for the nonce; I should discredit my own senses on any appearance contrary to such palpable demonstration. In all lights—Soft—break we off—look where it comes again!—For, in this instant of affirmation, so peremptory and conclusive, the knocker, as in contempt and bitter despite to philosophy, so loudly refuted every syllable of the premises, as left neither time nor inclination to Vindex for a reply; but, rushing desperately forward, he burst in at the portal with such as had presence of mind to take advantage of the opening; and, turning again, and shutting the door violently in the face of half his family, he ran and threw himself into his chair in an agony of spirits.

The servants and boarders, whom Vindex had shut out, not abiding to stay in presence of the object of their terrors, tumbled in a heap down the stairs, and, gathering themselves up again, ran diversely to communicate to all their neighbours and acquaintance the tidings of the enchanted knocker. Their contagious looks and words gave the panic through-

out; but curiosity prevailing above apprehension, the town began to gather, though first in thin parties, and at a cautious distance, till the crowd, increasing, took heart and resolution from number, and venturing up a step or two of the stairs, and being still pressed and urged forward by newcomers from behind, they at length filled the whole flight and landing-place, and one of them growing bold enough to lift his hand toward the knocker, the knocker generously convinced him that no assistance was wanting. Rap, rap, rap, rap. Rap, rap, rap, rap. Rap, rap, rap, rap. Back recoil the foremost ranks, casting off and tumbling over the ranks behind. No one stayed to give help or hand to friend or brother; but, rising or scrambling off on all-fours, each made the best of his way to the first asylum, and in less than ten seconds there was not a mouse stirring throughout the street.

If I had the ill-nature of such authors as love to puzzle, I also might leave the foregoing enigma to be solved, or rather made more implicit, in such ways as philosophy might have to account for it; but, in compassion to the pains of a labouring imagination, I choose to deliver my reader with all possible ease and despatch.

The fact is, that these astonishing and tremendous phenomena, that discomfited a little city, alarmed the country round, and resuscitated the stories and legends of the old women of all the parishes from Barnet to London, were the whole and sole contrivance of our hero's petulant foundling, during a nightly lucubration.

Ned had accordingly imparted his plan of operations to Harry, and Harry had engaged Mrs. Hannah in the plot.

Now Mrs. Hannah had a house in a narrow part of the street, just opposite to that of Mr. Vindex, where her niece and old servant resided. This house was narrow, but of the height of four stories; and on the said memorable night, Ned dropped the end of a bottom of small twine from the

garret window, which Hannah took across the way, and fastened with a double knot to the knocker of Vindex's door. And now it is twenty to one that, if Vindex's family and the rest of the neighbourhood had been even thus far let into the secret, they would not have been altogether so much alarmed at the consequences.

I have read of generals who could gain, but not maintain conquests; and of women who could keep all secrets but their own. Thus it happened to Ned. His vanity was at least on a level with his ingenuity; he was so elated with the success of his recent stratagem, that he boasted of it to some, and half-whispered it to others, till it came to the ears of the much-exasperated Vindex. Vindex, in the first heat and very boil of his passions, snatches up a huge rod, just cut from that tree whose bare name strikes terror through all our seminaries of learning, and taking with him one of his boarders, he marches directly down to the house of Mr. Fenton, and thus formidably armed he enters the fatal school-room.

Ned, by great good fortune for himself, was then absent; but our hero happening to be there, Vindex instantly shut the door, and called him to task.

Master Harry, says he, did you know any thing of the strange knocking at my door last Tuesday night? To this question, Harry, who was too valiant to be tempted to tell a lie through fear, without hesitation answered in the affirmative. You did, sirrah! replied the pedagogue; and you have the impudence also to confess it to my face? Here, Jacky, down with his trousers, and horse him for me directly.

Jack was a lusty lubberly boy, about ten years of age, and stooping to unbutton Harry, according to order, our hero gave him such a sudden fist in the mouth, as dashed in two of his teeth that then happened to be moulting, and set him a crying and bleeding in a piteous manner. Vindex then rose into tenfold fury, and took our hero in hand

himself; and notwithstanding that he cuffed, and kicked, and fought it most manfully, Vindex at length unbuttoned his trousers, and set him in due form on the back of his boarder.

The pedagogue, at first, gave him the three accustomed strokes, as hard as he could draw. So much, my friend, says he, is for your own share of the burden; and now tell me who were your confederates and abettors in this fine plot. That I will never tell you, deliberately and resolutely answered our hero. What, shall I be bullied and out-braved, replied the frantic savage, by such a one as you? You little stubborn villain, I will flay you alive, I will carbonade you on the spot. So saying, he laid at him as though he had been a sheaf of wheat; while Harry, indignantly, endured the torture, and holding in his breath that he might not give Vindex the satisfaction of a groan, he determined to perish rather than to betray.

In the mean time, Ned had peeped in at the keyhole, and spying the situation and plight of his loved patron, he ran to Mrs. Hannah and imparted the horrid tidings. Hannah rose with all the wrath of Tisiphone in her countenance, and flying to the school-room, she rushed violently againt the door, burst it open in a twinkling, and springing forward, fastened every nail she had in the face and eyes of Vindex, and tore away and cuffed at a fearful rate. Jack, at this period, had let his rider to the ground; when Harry, catching at a sword that hung against a wainscot, whipped it down, and drawing it from the sheath as quick as lightning, he sprung at Vindex, in order to run him through the body; but, happily, not having had the patience to put up his breeches, they trammelled him in his advance, and he fell prostrate with the sword in his hand, which reached the leg of the pedagogue, and gave him a slight wound just as he was endeavouring to make his way through the door. Jack had already made his escape, and the mauled preceptor

scampered after, with his ears much better warmed, and his temper better cooled, than when he entered.

Harry bore his misfortune with a sort of sullen though shamefaced philosophy. But every other member of this honourable family almost adored him for the bloody proof he had given of his virtue; and vowed unpitying vengeance on the ungenerous Vindex.

During the above transactions, the strangers whom Mr. Fenton had received into his house had been tended with great humanity, and were now on the recovery.

Mr. James, on conversing with the head of this little family, observed that he was an exceeding sensible person, and had provided him with a decent, though cast suit of his master's; and had also, with the assistance of Mrs. Hannah, put his wife and little boy into clean and seemly apparel.

As James's invention was on the rack to get adequate satisfaction on the base-spirited Vindex, he went to consult his new friend, who dropped a tear of generosity and admiration, on hearing the story of Harry's heroism and nobility of soul.

By his advice, Mr. James despatched a messenger to a druggist at London, and to several other shops for sundry apparatus; and having all things in readiness, and Harry being now able to bear a part in the play, James sent a strange porter to Vindex, with compliments from his master, as though he were just come home, and requested to speak with him.

Vindex accordingly comes and knocks. The door opens, he enters, and it instantly shuts upon him. He starts back with horror, as at the sight of Medusa. He perceives the hall all in black, without a single ray save what proceeded from a sickly lamp, that made the gloom visible. He is suddenly seized upon by two robust devils covered over with painted flames. They drag him to the school-

room—but O, terror of terrors! he knows the place of his pristine authority no more. He beholds a hell more fearful than his fancy had yet framed. The ceiling seemed to be vaulted with serpents, harpies, and hydras, that dropped livid fire. And here, the Tisiphone, Megæra, and Alecto, of the heathens, appeared to contend for frightfulness with Milton's Death and Sin. Four fiends and two little imps at once laid their fangs upon him, and would have dragged him to the ground; but the pedagogue was a sturdy athletic fellow, and cuffed, and scratched, and roared it out most manfully. The devil, however, proving too strong for the sinner, he was cast prostrate to the earth; and being left, in retrospection, as bare as father Time, some sat upon his shoulders to keep him down, while others on each side, alternately keeping time like the threshers of barley, gave our flogger such a scoring as imprinted on his memory, to his last state of magistracy, a fellow feeling for the sufferings of petty delinquents.

Being all out-breathed in turns, they remitted from their toil, and now appeared to be a set of the merriest imps that ever associated. They fastened the clothes of the disconsolate Vindex about his neck with his own garters; and, having manacled his hands before him, they turned him loose to the street. While he, with a wonderful presence of mind in the midst of his terrors, raised his hands the best way he could, to cover his face, and hurried homeward.

Within a few days after this adventure, Mr. Fenton returned. At the first sight of one another, he and his Harry grew together for near half an hour. He then addressed every member of his family one by one; and, with a familiar goodness, inquired after their several healths and concerns. He also asked after his late guests, and desired to see them; but on Mr. James's intimation, that he had somewhat of consequence to impart to him, they retired to the next room.

Here James made him a minute recital of the preceding adventures; and set forth, in due contrast, the baseness and barbarity of Vindex on the one part, and the unassailable worthiness of his Harry on the other; while the praise of this chosen of the old gentleman's soul sunk, like the balm of Gilead, upon his wounded mind, and almost eradicated every memorial of former grief, and planted a new spring of hope and joy in their room.

The table being spread for dinner, Mr. Fenton sent to desire the stranger and his little family should join company. They came, according to order; but entered, evidently overcome with a weight of shame and gratitude too grievous to be borne.

Mr. Fenton saw their oppression, and felt the whole burden upon his own shoulders. He accordingly was interested and solicitous in its removal, which he effected with all that address of which his humanity had made him a finished master.

Through the enfoldings of the stranger's modesty, Mr. Fenton discerned many things preceding the vulgar rank of men. Mr. Clement, said he, I am astonished beyond measure that a person of letters, as you are, and who has so much of the gentleman in his person and manner, should yet be reduced to such extremity in a Christian country, and among a people distinguished for their humanity. There must be something very singular and extraordinary in your case; and this night, if you are at leisure, and that the recital is not disagreeable to you, you would oblige me by your story.

Sir, answered Mr. Clement, since my life is yours, you have surely a right to an account of your property. Whenever you think proper, I will cheerfully obey you.

Mr. Fenton now rose and stepped into town, and calling upon a neighbour, whom he took to the tavern, he sent for Mr. Vindex, who came upon the summons.

Mr. Vindex, says he, pray take your seat. I am sorry, Mr. Vindex, for the treatment you have got in my house, and still sorrier that you got it so very deservedly.

I have long thought, Mr. Vindex, that the method of schoolmasters, in the instruction of our children, is altogether the reverse of what it ought to be. They generally lay hold on the human constitution, as a pilot lays hold on the rudder of a ship, by the tail, by the single motive of fear alone.

Now, as fear has no concern with any thing but itself, it is the most confined, most malignant, and the basest, though the strongest, of all passions.

The party who is possessed with it, will listen to nothing but the dictates of his own terror, nor scruple any thing that may cover him from the evil apprehended. He will prevaricate and lie; if that lie is questioned, he will vouch it by perjury; and, if he happens to do an injury, he will be tempted to commit murder to prevent the effects of resentment.

Fear never was a friend to the love of God or man, to duty or conscience, truth, probity, or honour. It therefore can never make a good subject, a good citizen, or a good soldier, and, least of all, a good Christian; except the devils, who believe and tremble, are to be accounted good Christians.

How very different is the lesson which our master CHRIST teacheth, who commandeth us not to fear what man can do unto us; to smile at sickness and calamity; to rise superior to pain and death; and to regard nothing, but as it leads to the goal of that immortality which his gospel has brought to light!

There is, Mr. Vindex, but one occasion wherein fear may be useful in schools or commonwealths; and that is, when it is placed as a guard against evil, and appears, with its insignia of rods, ropes, and axes, to deter all who behold from approaching thereto.

But this, Mr. Vindex, is far from being the sole occasion on which schoolmasters apply the motive of fear and castigation. They associate the ideas of pain to those lessons and virtues which the pleasure of encouragement ought alone to inculcate: they yet more frequently apply the lash for the indulgence of their own weaknesses, and for the gratification of the virulence of their own naughty passions; and I have seen a giant of a pedagogue, raving, raging, and foaming, over a group of shrinking infants, like a kite over a crouching parcel of young turkeys.

There are, I admit, some parents and preceptors, who annex other motives to that of the rod; they promise money, gaudy clothes, and sweetmeats, to children: and, in their manner of expatiating on the use and value of such articles, they often excite, in their little minds, the appetites of avarice, of vanity, and sensuality; they also sometimes add the motive of what they call emulation, but which, in fact, is rank envy, by telling one boy how much happier, or richer, or finer, another is than himself.

Now, though envy and emulation are often confounded in terms, there are not two things more different, both in respect to their object and in respect to their operation:—the object of envy is the person, and not the excellence, of any one; but the object of emulation is excellence alone, as when CHRIST, exciting us to be emulous of the excellence of God himself, bids us be perfect, as our Father which is in heaven is perfect:—the operation of envy is to pull others down; but the act of emulation is to exalt ourselves to some eminence or height proposed:—the eyes of envy are sore and sickly, and hate to look at the light; but emulation has the eye of an eagle, and soars, while it gazes in the face of the sun.

Were tutors half as solicitous, throughout their academies, to make men of worth as to make men of letters, there are a hundred pretty artifices, very obvious to be con-

trived and practised for the purpose. They might institute caps of shame and wreaths of honour in their schools: they might have little medals, expressive of particular virtues, to be fixed on the breast of the achiever till forfeited by default: and on the report of any boy's having performed a signal action of good-nature, friendship, gratitude, generosity, or honour, a place of eminence might be appointed for him to sit on, while all the rest of the school should bow in deference as they passed. Such arts as these, I say, with that distinguishing affection and approbation which all persons ought to show to children of merit, would soon make a new nation of infants, and consequently of men.

When you, Mr. Vindex, iniquitously took upon you to chastise my most noble and most incomparable boy, you first whipped him for his gallant and generous avowal of the truth; and next, you barbarously flayed him because he refused to betray those who had confided in his integrity.

When I behold so many scoundrels walking openly throughout the land who are styled your honour, and your honour, and who impudently usurp the most exalted of all characters—the character of a gentleman; I no longer wonder, when I reflect that they have been principled, or rather unprincipled, by such tutors as Mr. Vindex.

The merry devils, Mr. Vindex, who took you in hand, were not of a species so alienated from humanity as you might imagine; they have, therefore, appointed me their vehicle of some smart-money in recompense, but desire no further advantage from your company or instructions.

So saying, Mr. Fenton put a purse of five-and-twenty guineas into the hands of the preceptor, and withdrew without speaking another word.

Friend. Upon my credit, this Mr. Fenton—I long to

know something more of him—he is a sensible kind of a man, and has given us some very valuable hints upon education. But may I be so free with you as to drop some general remarks upon the whole of what I have read?

Author. Free, sir? by all means; as free as you please, to be sure. Believe me, you cannot do me a greater favour.

Friend. Why, there's the plague on't, now; you begin to kindle already. Ah! were you authors to know the thousandth part of the liberties that are taken behind your backs, you would learn to bear with more humility a gentle admonition, though uttered to your faces. Few, indeed, have the generosity, or even humanity, to intimate what they themselves think, or what the world speaks of you. We are seldom over forward to say any thing that might give displeasure to others, because we like that others should be pleased with ourselves; but in your absence we pay ourselves largely for our taciturnity in your presence, and I have often been in company where the intimates and confidants of you authors have depreciated and ridiculed the very same passages which they applauded with cries and claps in your closets. The world, my friend, has substituted good manners in the place of good nature; whoever conforms to the former is dispensed with from any observance of the latter. Shall I add (for the misfortune of you authors), that there is a set of men who at once dispense with common manners and common humanity? They go under the name of critics; and must be men of wealth, that the deference paid to fortune may give a sort of stamp and currency to the dross of their erudition. In the strictest sense, indeed, they may be called men of letters, their study as well as capacity being nearly confined to a just or orthographical disposition of the alphabet. Their business is to reconnoitre the out-

works of genius, as they have no key to the gates of nature or sentiment. They snuff faults from afar, as crows scent carrion, and delight to pick, and to prey, and to dwell upon them. They enter like wasps upon the gardens of literature, not to relish any fragrance, or select any sweets, but to pamper their malevolence with every thing that savours of rankness or offence. Happily for them, their sagacity does not tend to the discovery of merit; in such a case, a work of genius would give them the spleen for a month, or possibly depress their spirits beyond recovery.

To these high and dreaded lords-justiciaries, the critics, authors deem it incumbent to submit the products of their lucubrations; not in the prospect of any advantage from their advice or animadversions; neither in the hopes of acquiring their friendship or patronage; but merely to sooth and deprecate the effects of their malignity. Accordingly, I have been present when some of these dictators have been presented with a manuscript as with an humble petition; they have thereupon assumed the chair, as a judge assumes the bench when a criminal is called before him, not in order to trial or hearing, but to sentence and condemnation. To what scenes of mortification have I been witness on such occasions! to what a state of abatement, of abasement, of annihilation, have these entertainers of the public been depressed!—"I am sorry, sir, to tell you that this will not do—a few attempts here and there, but that will not compensate. Here again, how injudicious, absurd, unpardonable! Good sir, you should have considered that when a man sits down to write for the public, the least compliment they expect from him is, that he should think—Here, my friend, I have seen enough; I cannot affront my judgment so much, as either to recommend or patronise your performance; all I can do for you is to be silent on the subject, and permit fools to approve who have not sense to discern."———Thus do

these critics-paramount, with the delicacy and compassion of the torturers of the inquisition, search out all the seats of sensibility and self-complacence, in order to sting with the more quick and killing poignancy.

Now, my dear friend, as you have not applied for the favour of these established arbitrators of genius and literature, you are not to expect the least mercy from them; and I am also free to tell you, that I know of no writer who lies more open to their attacks. You are excessively incorrect. Your works, on the one hand, have not the least appearance of the *Limæ labor;* nor, on the other, have they that ease which ought to attend the haste with which they seem to be written. Again, you are extremely unequal and disproportioned; one moment you soar where no eye can see, and straight descend with rapidity, to creep in the vulgar phrase of chambermaids and children. Then you are so desultory that we know not where to have you; you no sooner interest us in one subject, than you drag us, however reluctant, to another. In short, I doubt whether you laid any kind of plan before you set about the building; but we shall see how your fortuitous concourse of atoms will turn out.

Author. Do I want nature?

Friend. No.

Author. Do I want spirit?

Friend. Rather too much of fire at times.

Author. Do I want sentiment?

Friend. Not altogether.

Author. Then, sir, I shall be read and read again, in despite of my own defects, and of all that you and your critics can say or do against me. The truth is, that the critics are very far from being bugbears to me; they have always proved my friends, my best benefactors. They were the first who writ me into any kind of reputation; and I am more beholden to their invectives than I am to my own

genius, for any little name I may have got in the world: all I have to fear is, that they are already tired of railing, and may not deem me worth their further notice.——But pray, my good sir, if you desire that I should profit by your admonitions, ought you not to give me instances of the faults with which you reproach me?

Friend. That would be time and labour altogether thrown away, as I have not the smallest hope of bringing you to confession. You are a disputant, a casuist, by your education; you are equally studied and practised in turning any thing into nothing, or bringing all things thereout. But do not flatter yourself that I have yet given you the detail of half your faults; you are often paradoxical, and extremely peremptory and desperate in your assertions. In this very last page you affirm that the character of a gentleman is the most reverable, the highest of all characters.

Author. I did sir; I do affirm it, and will make it good.

Friend. I knew it, sir, I knew it; but do not choose at present to enter into the discussion. At the next pause I shall willingly hear you on this question.

CHAPTER VII.

On his return he ordered a fire and a bottle of wine into his study, and sent for Mr. Clement. Mr. Clement, says he, sit down. I assure you, Mr. Clement, I am inclined to think very well of you. But pray let me have the narrative of your life and manners without disguise. An ingenuous confession and sense of past errors has something in it, to me full as amiable, or more, than if a man had never strayed.

Sir, says Mr. Clement, I have indeed been faulty, very faulty in my intentions; though God has hitherto preserved me from any very capital act, and has, by your hand, wonderfully brought me to this day.

HISTORY OF THE MAN OF LETTERS.

Bartholomew Clement, sir, a retailer of hardware on the Strand, is my father. He was low-bred, and, as I believe, of narrow capacity; but proceeding in what they call the dog-trot of life, and having a single eye to the making of money, he became vastly rich, and has now a large income from houses and ground-rents in the city of Westminster, the fruits and acquisition of his own application.

I remember nothing of my mother except her fondness for me; nor of her character, except the tears that I have seen my father shed when occasional circumstances have brought her fresh to his memory. She died when I was in my seventh year. I was their only surviving child; and my father transferred all his tenderness for her to me.

The love of my father was not the mere partiality or prejudice of a parent; it was not an affection; he had a passion for me that could be equalled by nothing but his vanity in my behalf. He resolved, he said, that there

should be one gentleman in the family; and with this view he resisted his desire of having me always in his sight, and sent me to Westminster school, and from thence to Cambridge, where I remained till I was twenty years of age, without any thing happening that was uncommon, or deserving of your attention.

In the mean time my father was as prodigal of his purse towards me as he was of his caresses. He had me with him every vacation. He visited me frequently during term, and seemed to lose the better half of his existence when we parted.

He had infused into me a strong tincture of his own vanity and views. I lost even a portion of that tenderness and respect which I had felt in his regard. He was a trader, a mechanic; I sighed for his reptile state; and I looked down upon him as Icarus did on that very father from whom he had derived wings for so exalted a flight.

My application, accordingly, was equal to my ambition. I was not merely a master, I was a critic in the classical languages. I relished, and commented on the beauties of the Greek and Latin authors; was a thorough connoisseur in the customs and manners of the ancients; and could detect the slightest transgression of a sculptor or designer in their folding of the Roman toga. I also had the honour of being intimate with all the great of antiquity; I frequently sat in synod, with the whole posse of the heathen gods, on Olympus; and I kept them, as I imagined, in a kind of dependence, by my perfect knowledge of all their secret lapses and mistreadings. I had traced the system of nature, from Aristotle and Pythagoras down to Epicurus and Lucretius, and from them down to Des Cartes, Gassendi, and Hobbes; and I was so thorough-paced an adept in all the subtleties of logic, that I could confute and change sides without losing an inch of ground that I had gained upon my adversary.

I now imagined that I was arrived at the very pinnacle of human excellence, and that fortune and honour were within my grasp on either hand. I looked on the chancellorship, or primacy, as things that must come in course, and I was contriving some station more adequate to the height of my merits and ambition, when I received this letter:—

"Son Hammel,—Have lately inquired into thy life and character: am sorry to find them too bad to give hope of amendment. Have lost my money and my child. Thou hast cut thyself from my love: I have cut thee from my fortune. To comfort myself, have taken a neighbour's widow to wife. Come not near me; I will not see thee. Would pray for thee, if I did not think it in vain.

"Bartholomew Clement."

For some time after the receipt of this cruel letter, I remained in a state of stupidity. I could not believe the testimony of my senses. I gave a kind of discredit to all things. But, awaking from this lethargy into inexpressible anguish, my soul was rent by different and contending passions.

Whatever contempt I might have for the station of my father, I still loved his person better than riches and honours. But he loved me no more—he was gone—he was lost; he was already dead and buried, at least to me. I cast myself on the ground, I groaned, I wept aloud, I bewailed him, as though he had lain a lifeless corpse before me. At length, having vented the first ravings of my passion, I rose and wrote to my father an answer, of which this in my pocket-book is the copy:—

"Sir,—If you had not wished to find those faults you sent to seek after, in a life that defies malice, and is wholly irreproachable, you would not have given credit to scoun-

drels, who cannot judge of the conduct of a gentleman; nor have condemned your only child without hearing or defence.

"In cutting me from your fortune, you only cut me from what I despise; but in cutting me from your love you have unjustly robbed me of what no fortune can repair. I see that you are irretrievably taken away from me; I shall never more behold my indulgent and fond father; and I shall not cease to lament his loss with tears of filial affection. But for this new father, whose heart could dictate so unnatural and inhuman a letter, I equally disclaim all commerce and concern with him. And, could it be possible that a person of my talents and abilities should be reduced to indigence or distress, you, sir, are the very last man upon earth to whom I would apply, or from whom I would deign to accept relief.

"But if, on the other hand, it should please God hereafter to visit your hard-heartedness with affliction and poverty, and that I, like the son of the blacksmith in the days of our eighth Harry, should stand next the throne in dignity and honours, you will then find me desirous of making you all sorts of submissions—you will then find the dutifullest, the fondest, and tenderest of children, in, sir, your little-known and much-injured,

"HAMMEL CLEMENT."

Having thus vented the gusts and feelings of my heart, I began seriously to think of the course I ought to take; and considered London as the sphere in which a luminary would appear with the greatest lustre.

I discharged my servant, sold my two geldings, disposed of my room, my furniture, and most of my books, and having mustered somewhat upward of three hundred and fifty pounds, I lodged the three hundred pounds with a Cambridge dealer, from whom I took bills on his corre-

spondent in London, and set out on my expedition in the first stage.

I took cheap lodgings near Charing Cross; I was altogether unknowing and unknown in that great city; and, reflecting that a hidden treasure cannot be duly estimated, I daily frequented Markham's coffee-house, amidst a promiscuous resort of swordsmen, literati, beaus, and politicians.

Here, happening to distinguish myself on a few occasions where some articles of ancient history, or tenet of Thales, or law of Lycurgus, chanced to be in question, I began to be regarded with better advantage.

An elderly gentleman, one day, who sat attentive in a corner, got up and whispered that he would be glad of my company to take share of a pint in the next room. I gratefully obeyed the summons, and when we had drank a glass a piece—Mr. Clement, says he, you appear to have but few acquaintance, and may possibly want a friend. My fortune is small, but I have some influence in this town; and, as I have taken an inclination to you, I should be glad to serve you. If the question is not too free, pray, what is your present dependence and prospect for life?

Having, with a grateful warmth, acknowledged his goodness to me, I ingenuously confessed that my circumstances were very slender, and that I should be glad of any place wherein I could be useful for myself and my employer. And pray, says my friend, what place would best suit you? I hope, sir, answered I, my education has been such, that, laying aside the manual crafts, there is not any thing for which I am not qualified. I am greatly pleased to hear it, replied Mr. Goodville, and hope soon to bring you news that will not be disagreeable.

Within a few days Mr. Goodville again entered the coffee-house with a happy aspect. He beckoned me aside. Clement, says he, I have the pleasure to tell you that I have brought you the choice of two very advantageous places.

Mr. Giles, the banker, wants a clerk who can write a fine hand, and has made some proficiency in arithmetic. And my good friend Mr. Tradewell, an eminent merchant, would give large encouragement to a youth who understands the Italian method of book-keeping, as his business is very extensive, and requires the shortest and clearest manner of entry and reference.

My friend here paused, and I blushed and hung down my head, and was wholly confounded. At length I answered hesitatingly—Perhaps, sir, you have happened on the only two articles in the universe (mechanics, as I said, apart) of which I have no knowledge. Well, well, my boy, says he, don't be discouraged. I will try what further may be done in your behalf.

Within about a fortnight after, Mr. Goodville sent me a note, to attend him at his lodgings in Red Lion Square. I went, flushed with reviving hope. My child, said he, as I entered, I have now brought you the offer of three different places, and some one of them, as I trust, must surely fit you.

Our East India Company propose to make a settlement on the coast of Coromandel, and are inquisitive after some youths who have made a progress in geometry, and are more especially studied in the science of fortification. There is also the colonel of a regiment, an old intimate of mine, who is going on foreign service, and he, in truth, applied to me to recommend a person who was skilled in the mechanic powers, and, more particularly, who had applied himself to gunnery and engineering. There is, lastly, the second son of a nobleman to whom I have the honour to be known; he is captain of a man of war, and would give any consideration to a young man of sense and letters, who is a proficient in navigation and in the use of the chart and compass, and who, at the same time, might serve as a friend and companion.

Sir, said I, quite astonished, I have been a student, as

Goliath was a man of war, from my childhood. If all my tutors did not flatter me, my genius was extensive; and my progress in learning may prove that my application has been indefatigable. I know all things from the beginning of time that the ancient or modern world, as I was told, accounted matters of valuable erudition or recognizance, and yet I have not so much as heard of the use or estimation of any of these sciences, required, as you say, by persons in high trust and commission.

Mr. Goodville hereupon looked concerned, and shook his head. My dear Clement, says he, I do not doubt your talents or learning; but I now begin to doubt whether they have been directed or applied to any useful purpose. My cousin Goodville informs me that the bishop of St. Asaph is in distress for a young gentleman, a man of morals and a linguist, who has some knowledge in the canon and civil law, as his vicar-general is lately dead. He tells me further that a gentleman, a friend of his, who is in great circumstances, and who is now about purchasing the place of surveyor-general, wants a youth who has got some little smattering in architecture, and has an elegant hand at the drawing of plans and sections. I am also known to one of the commissioners of excise, and, if you are barely initiated in gauging or surveying I think I could get you into some way of bread.

Alas, sir, I replied, in a desponding tone, I am equally a stranger to all these matters!

Perhaps, said Mr. Goodville, I could get you into holy orders if you are that way inclined. Are you well read in theology?

Yes, yes, sir, I briskly answered; I am perfectly acquainted with the gods and manners of worship through all nations since the deluge.

But are you, replied my friend, equally versed in the Christian dispensation? Have you studied our learned

commentators on the Creeds? Are you read in Polemic divinity? and are you a master of the sense and emblematical reference that the Old Testament bears to the New?

Sir, said I, I have often dipped, with pleasure, into the Bible, as there are many passages in it extremely affecting, and others full of fine imagery and the true sublime.

My poor dear child (mournfully answered Mr. Goodville), by all I can find you know no one thing of use to yourself, or any other person living, either with respect to this world or the world to come. Could you make a pin, or a waistcoat button, or form a pill-box, or weave a cabbage net, or shape a cobbler's last, or hew a block for a barber, or do any of those things by which millions daily maintain themselves in supplying the wants and occasions, or fashions and vanities of others, you might not be under the necessity of perishing.

The ways of life for which your studies have best prepared you are physic and the law. But then they require great expense, and an intense application of many years to come, before you can propose to enter on a livelihood by either of those professions. And, after all, your success would be very precarious, if you were not supported by many friends and a strong interest, at least on your setting out.

I have already told you, Clement, that I am not rich, and if I were, it is not he who gives you money, but he who puts you into a way of getting it, that does you a friendship.

I am advised to go to Montpelier for the establishment of my health, after a tedious fit of sickness that I had at Bath. I shall set out in about a month. But before I go, my child, I earnestly wish and advise you to fix on some craft or trade or manner of employing your time, that will enable you to earn a certain subsistence, and, at the same time, make you a worthy member of the community. For, believe me, my boy, that it is not speculative science; no, nor all the money and jewels upon earth, that make any part of the real wealth of this world. It is industry alone, em-

ployed on articles that are useful and beneficial to society, that constitutes the true riches of all mankind.

As soon as you have made your election, let me see you again; and, at all events, let me see you before I set out.

Hereupon I bowed and retired, the most mortified and dejected of all beings. I was so low and dispirited that I could scarce get to my lodgings. I threw myself on the bed. The gilding of the vapours of grandeur and ambition, that, like the sky of a summer's evening, had delighted my prospects, now wholly disappeared, and a night of succeeding darkness fell heavy on my soul.

One third of my principal fund was almost sunk, and my imagination considered the remainder as already vanished, without the possibility of supply or resource. I now secretly cursed the vanity of my father: He must breed me a gentleman, thought I, as though I had been born to no manner of end. Had I been the son of a cobbler, of a porter, an ostler, of the lowest wretch who wins his bread by the sweat of his brow, I should not yet have been reduced to the worst species of beggary—that of begging with sound limbs and a reasonable soul, the least pitied, though most pitiable, object of the creation; for, surely, that is the case of a poor scholar and a poor gentleman!

For some following days I went about prying and inquiring into the various and numberless occupations that maintained so many thousands of active hands and busy faces throughout that wonderful city.

One evening, as I returned late and fatigued through Cheapside, I observed a man very importunate with a woman who walked before me. Sometimes she would hurry on, and again make a full stop, and earnestly beseech him to go about his business; but, in spite of her entreaties, he still stuck close to her, till, coming to the end of a blind alley, he suddenly seized her by the arm, and pulled her in after him.

She shrieked out for help with repeated vociferation; when, recollecting all my force, and drawing my sword—Villain! I cried out, quit the woman instantly, or you are a dead man! He perceived the glittering of the weapon, and retired a few paces; but, taking out a pocket pistol, he discharged it full at me, and ran off with precipitation.

The ball entered my clothes and flesh, and lodged on the rotula of my left arm. I felt a short pang; but, not attending to it, I took the woman under the arm, and returning with her to the street, I told her we had no time to lose, and desired to know where she lived. She answered—At the sign of the Fan and Ruffle, in Fleet Street, where she kept a milliner's shop. We had not far to go; we made the best of our speed, and were let in by a servant-maid, who shewed us to a back parlour.

Jenny, said Mrs. Graves (that was her name), bring a glass, and a bottle of the cordial wine. You look a little pale, sir; I hope you are not hurt. Not much, I think, madam, but I feel a small pain in my left shoulder. Sir, here is my best service to you, with my best blessings and prayers for you to the last hour of my life. You must drink it off, sir; we both stand in need of it; this was a frightful affair. Jenny, where's Arabella? Within a few doors, madam, at the Miss Hodgins'. Come, sir, said Mrs. Graves, I must look at your shoulder; then, opening the top of my waistcoat, she instantly screamed out, God preserve my deliverer! I fear he is wounded dangerously. Jenny, fly to Mr. Weldon's; bring him with you immediately; do not come without him. Dearest, worthiest of men, let me press another glass upon you. It is necessary in such a waste of blood and spirits. Madam, I replied, the wound cannot be of consequence; but I was greatly fatigued at the time I had the happiness to rescue you from that ruffian.

The surgeon soon came, and, looking at my wound, said

something apart to Mrs. Graves, who thereupon ordered Jenny to get a fire, and to make and warm the bed in the best chamber.

Sir, said I to Mr. Weldon, do not alarm the gentlewoman. I am not of a fearful temper, and hope to bear my fortune like a man. Sir, said he, your wound has been made by a rifled ball, and it may cost you much pain to extract it. You must not think of stirring from hence for the present. By the time your bed is ready I will be back with the dressings.

During the surgeon's absence, Mrs. Graves was all in tears, while I sat suspended between my natural fears of an approaching dissolution, and my hopes of being suddenly and lastingly provided for. The cruelty of my father, the disappointment and overthrow of all my elevated expectations, and my utter incapacity of being of the smallest use to myself or mankind, had given me a kind of loathing to life. I had not, indeed, attended to my duty as a Christian; but I was then innocent of any actual or intentional evil, and, as my conscience did not condemn me, I looked to mercy with a kind of humble resignation.

Mr. Weldon came with the dressings, his eldest apprentice, and a man-servant. I was then conducted to my chamber, and helped to bed, where I was put to great anguish in the extraction of the ball; as the periosteum had been lacerated, and the lead, being flattened, extended much beyond the wound it had made.

Having passed a very painful and restless night, I remembered nothing further, till, at the expiration of twenty-one days, I seemed to awaken out of a long and uneasy dream.

I turned my head and beheld, as I imagined, all arrayed in shining white, and at my bedside, an inhabitant of some superior region; for never till then had I seen, nor even conceived an idea, of any form so lovely.

Tell me, said I, fair creature, on what world am I thrown? But, instead of replying, she flew out of my apartment, and soon after returned, accompanied by Mrs. Graves, whose hands and eyes were elevated, as in some extraordinary emotion.

Mrs. Graves, said I, how do you do? I hope you are well. I now begin to conjecture whereabouts I am. But neither did she answer; but falling on her knees by my bed, and taking hold of my hand—I thank thee, O my God! she cried; and, bursting into tears, she wept and sobbed like an infant. Ah, Mrs. Graves! said I, I fear that you have had a very troublesome guest of me. But then, says she, we remember that trouble no more, now that you are, once again, born into the world.

During the few succeeding days in which I kept my bed, Mrs. Graves and her fair niece, Arabella, whom I had taken for a vision, constantly breakfasted and spent their evening in my apartment.

I gave them a short narrative of my foregoing history; and understood, on their part, that they were the sister and daughter of the late Reverend Mr. Graves of Putney, who had little more to bequeath than his books and furniture, amounting to about five hundred pounds, which they held in joint stock, and had, hitherto, rather increased than diminished.

As I scarce remembered my mother, and had now, as it were, no farther relation nor friend upon earth, I felt a vacuity in my soul, somewhat like that of an empty stomach, desirous of seizing on the first food that should present itself to my cravings. Delightful sensibilities! sweet hungerings of nature after its kind! This good woman and her niece became all the world to me. The one had conceived for me all the passion of a parent; the other, that of the fondest and tenderest of sisters. On the other hand, I had for Mrs. Graves all the feelings of a child who

conceives himself a part of the existence of her who bore him; and my eyes and actions could not forbear to discover to Arabella, that my heart was that of the most affectionate of brothers, though too delicate to indulge itself in those familiar endearments which the nearness of kindred might venture to claim.

When I was up and about the house, I requested Mrs. Graves to make out her bill for my board, and for my physician, surgeon, drugs, &c., during my long illness. Hereupon she looked eagerly and tenderly at me. Mr. Clement, says she, I think you are too generous designedly to reproach us with what we owe you. But for what is it, my child, that you desire us to charge you? Is it for rescuing me from death, or a shame worse than death—probably from both? Or is it for delivering this, my darling, from the bitter grief and distress that my loss must have brought upon her? Or do you rather desire to pay us for the fearful pains and sickness which you suffered on our account, and for having nearly forfeited your life in our defence? No, Mr. Clement, you must not think of paying us the very debts that we owe you; more, indeed, Mr. Clement, than all our little fortune, than the product of the industry of our lives, can ever repay.

Here I was silenced for the present, but in no degree convinced; and I felt, in a sort, the disgust of an injured person, uneasy and studious, till some revenge might be had.

In two days after, while Mrs. Graves was at market, and Arabella gone with a Brussels head and ruffles to a young lady of distinction, I stepped into the shop, where Jenny waited the commands of those that should call. I had scarce entered when a sheriff's officer appeared at the door, and, bolting in, laid an execution on the shop for eighty-five pounds odd shillings, at the suit of Mr. Hardgrave, the cambric and lace-merchant.

I was at first surprised and grieved, but pleasure quickly

succeeded to my concern on the occasion. I took out my pocket-book, immediately discharged the debt with costs, and gave a crown to Jenny on her solemn assurance that she would not betray a syllable of what had happened to her mistress or Arabella.

Soon after this good gentlewoman and her niece returned, dinner was ordered up, and I sat down to table with a heart and countenance more easy and cheerful than ordinary.

Before the cloth was removed, Jenny came and delivered a note to her mistress. She read it over and over with apparent surprise and attention, asked if the messenger was waiting, and stepped to the door. Again she returned, sat down without speaking a word, and the muscles of her countenance being strongly affected, she could no longer retain her passion, and her tears burst forth.

What is the matter? cried Arabella; my aunt—my dear, dear mother—my only friend and parent? And, breaking also into tears, she threw herself about her neck.

O, there is no bearing of this! exclaimed Mrs. Graves This young man, my Arabella, distresses us beyond expression. He has this very day, my love, for the second time, snatched us from instant ruin. I would tell you if I could speak; but read that note—which she did accordingly.

The note was signed Freestone Hardgrave; and imported how sorry he was that his late losses by sea had put him under the necessity of laying an execution on her house without customary notice. That he was glad, however, she had so large a sum ready as £90, the receipt of which he acknowledged, and hoped that this affair would make no difference with respect to their future dealings.

And why, best and dearest of women, said I to Mrs. Graves—why would you grieve that I should endeavour to relieve myself from a part of that burden with which your goodness and obligations have so greatly oppressed me?

O that it were in my power! I cried; and my hands pressed each other with an involuntary ardour. But it never will—it never can be possible—for me to prove the passion that my soul has for you, and—there I hesitated—to show you, I say, the love that I have for you, Mrs. Graves. You two make my world, and all that I am concerned for or desire therein.

Since that is the case, said Mrs. Graves, with a smile and a tear that glistened together, if you will admit an equal passion from one so old as I am, it were pity we should ever part. Send, my child, this very day, and discharge your former lodgings. The time that we spend together cannot but be happy. All cares are lessened by the society of those we love; and our satisfactions will be doubled by feeling for each other.

I did not at that time know the whole reason of the delight with which I accepted this generous invitation. I settled at Mrs. Graves's without any formal agreement, and all my little matters were directly brought home.

O, how happy were many succeeding days! How still more happy when contrasted with the misery that ensued! We spent all the time together that business and attention to the shop would permit, and we grudged every moment that was spent asunder. I related to them a thousand entertaining stories, and passages occasionally recollected from the poets and historians of antiquity; and a secret emotion, and inward ardour for pleasing, gave me fluently to intersperse sentimental observations and pertinent digressions, more delightful to my auditory than all my quoted authorities.

I was now daily gathering health and strength, to which the complacence of my mind greatly contributed; when, one evening, Mrs. Graves returned more dejected than ordinary. I inquired into the cause, with a solicitude and countenance that naturally expressed the interest I took in

her concerns. Why, my dear child, says she, perhaps I have been both impertinent and indiscreet, but I meant all for the best. You must know, then, that I have been on a visit to your father. To my father, madam? Even so. I would to Heaven that he were worthy to be called father to such a son. But as I was saying—your father, Mr. Clement, is in great circumstances; he keeps his coach, has taken a fine new house, and lives at a high rate. I sent in my name, with notice that I came to him on business of consequence. I was thereupon shown to a back parlour, where he sat in company with Mrs. Clement and a lusty ill-looking young gentleman; but your stepmother has a comely and good-humoured countenance; she also appears to be far advanced in her pregnancy. Mrs. Graves, said your father, take a seat. What are your commands with me, madam? I came, sir, to let you know that your son, Mr. Hammel Clement, the best of human beings, has been at the point of death. Have you nothing to say to me, madam, but what concerns my son Hammel? I have not, I confess, sir—but that is more than enough; it is very interesting and affecting, and concerns you most nearly. Here Mr. Clement, for I will never more call him by the sacred name of father; here, I say, he started up, and catching at a book, he pressed it to his lips and cried—I swear by the virtue of this and all other holy books, that I will never listen to any person who would speak a single word in behalf of Hammel Clement; and so, mistress, give me leave to show you the way out again. So saying, he caught my hand and drew me to the door, while I turned and cried to your stepmother—O madam! what sort of a heart is yours, that refuses its intercession on this occasion? But she gave me an eye and sneer, of such a mischievous meaning as expressed the whole fiend under the guise of an angel. When Mr. Clement had taken me to the outward door, I just turned and said—I am sorry, sir, that a man

of your grave and sensible appearance should suffer yourself to be so duped by people whose interest it is to deceive you; but, swelling into choler, he gave me a violent push from him, and clapped to the door in my face. So that, in short, my dear child, I fear I have done you harm, where I meant you true service.

It matters not, my mother, said I (endeavouring to suppress a tear of tender resentment), I will soon, I trust, procure some kind of independence on that barbarian and his fortune; and while I have you and your Arabella, I shall want neither father nor friend.

Being now very nearly re-established in my health, I set out again in search after some employment that might suit me. As I was strolling on Tower-Hill, I observed a shop on my left hand; it was that of Mr. Wellcot, a bookseller and printer. I stepped in, and after some introductory discourse I asked him if he had occasion, in the way of his business, for a friend of mine—a gentleman in distress, but of parts and learning. Alas, sir! cried Wellcot, such creatures as you mention are a drug upon earth; there is a glut of them in all markets. I would give any one a broad piece per man who should deliver me from three or four of them who lie heavy on my hands. Not, sir, that they are greedy or idle in the least; I can get one of these gentlemen, as you are pleased to call them, on whose education more money has been expended than, at the common and legal interest, would maintain a decent family to the end of the world—I can get one of them, I say, to labour like an hackney horse from morning to night, at less wages than I could hire a rascally porter or shoe-boy for three hours. I employ them occasionally in correcting the press, or folding or stitching the sheets, or running of errands. But then, sir, they have all of them aspects of such a bilious despondence, that a man may with less melancholy behold a death's head; and really, sir, I could not stand it, if custom, as I

may say, did not harden me by the perpetual vision of these spectres.

While Wellcot was speaking, I made a secret vow against having any kind of commerce or concern with booksellers or printers for at least a century to come; but, fearing to be suspected as a party concerned, I affected an air as easy as possible, and, observing some females who were busy in stitching pamphlets, I asked him if they contained any thing new or entertaining.

Sir, said Wellcot, this is an elaborate performance of the most eminent of our patriot writers; I pay him, at the lowest, five guineas weekly; and could any man write with double his spirit and genius, I could better afford to give that author a hundred, for good writings are like diamonds, that are valued according to their carats; do but double their weight, and they immediately become of twenty times the estimation.

This pamphlet consisted of a sheet, sewed in blue paper. I instantly paid my twopence, and sat down to peruse it. I found that it contained several very free remonstrances against his majesty and the ministers for joining with France in the war against Holland, in opposition to the civil and religious interests of England, together with a few collateral digressions in assertion of Magna Charta, of the freedom of man in general, and of Britons in particular. I perceived that it was written with much more judgment than genius. And what, said I to Wellcot, will you give to that man who shall, confessedly, excel this your most eminent of patriot writers upon his own subject, and in his own way? Give, sir? cried the bookseller; many thanks, and a proportionable increase of profits. Enough, sir, I answered; you shall soon hear from me again—I wish you a good-morrow.

On my return I called at Mr. Goodville's, but he had sailed for France about a fortnight before. I then went

about to a number of pamphlet shops, and bought up all the political papers that had any reference to the matter in hand.

I sat down to my work like a hungry man to his victuals; and I grudged my heart those short indulgences which it enjoyed in the society of the two objects of its fondest affections.

Having finished my first paper in about a fortnight, I entitled it the *Weekly Monitor*, and took it directly to Wellcot's. Here, sir, said I, is my friend's first venture. But has your friend, demanded Wellcot in a discouraging accent, sent the usual indemnity for the first impression of a young author? That shall not be wanting, I answered, if you require it, Mr. Wellcot. Why, said he, I do not take upon me to be a judge in these matters; and yet custom has given me a shrewd sort of a guess. Come, sir, I have a few minutes to throw away, and they are at your service.

He then sat down, and having read about a dozen lines—Ay, ay! said he, they don't always do thus at Newmarket; your friend, I find, has set out at the top of his speed.

Going on something further, he cried—Well supported, by Jupiter! And then, proceeding to the third page—This, says he, must have been stolen from one of the ancients, because there is no modern who could write like it. Well, sir, you need not give yourself further trouble for the present; I will print this first paper at my own suit. Desire your friend to be careful about the second. Call on me in a week, and I think I shall be able to tell you something that will please you.

How diligent is expectation—how elevated is hope! I returned with the feathers of Mercury at my heels. I set about my second paper with double genius and application. My ideas were more expanded—my spirits more sublimed. All the persuasives of Cicero; all the thunder of Demos-

thenes; all that I had read on the topic of liberty, in popular governments or commonwealths, occurred to my remembrance.

I finished my second essay within the week. I went with it to Wellcot, and he presented me at sight with twenty guineas. It is more, said he, than hitherto comes to your share; but I love to encourage, and I trust that in the run I shall not be a loser. I sell this pamphlet for twopence; nearly two-fourths thereof go to printing, paper, &c.; another fourth I reserve as an equivalent for my application and knowledge in this way; and the remainder is a redundance which, on extraordinary tides, ought to flow to the writer. The demand for this paper has been very uncommon; and, by what I can judge, the sale may in time amount to twelve thousand. You need not, sir, be ashamed to acknowledge yourself the author. Preserve but a moiety of the spirit of this Elijah with which you have set out, and my own interests will instruct me to serve you effectually.

I now returned as in a triumphal chariot. I never before received the prize, as I may say, of personal prowess. The fortune of my father—the fortune of all men living who were merely born to fortune—diminished beneath me. O how sweet, said I to myself, how delicious are the fruits of a man's own plantation! Then, like the sagacious and independent spider, his labours will be crowned with personal honour and success, while he spins his subsistence from his proper bowels. It is then, and then only, that a man may be said to be the true proprietor of what he possesses; and the value is endeared, and the enjoyment doubled, thereby.

I hastened to impart my transports to the two loved objects of all my cares and satisfactions. Jenny told me that her mistress was not at home, but that Miss Arabella was above in her closet. I ran up, I tapped at the door, but no one answered. Again I tapped and added the soft voice of affection, requesting to be admitted. At length

she opened, but looked pale, and with swollen and downcast eyes. I perceived she had been in tears, and a sudden frost fell upon all my delights. What is the matter, miss, I cried; my sister, my sweet friend, my dearest Arabella? and I gently took her hand between both of mine. I wish you had not come at this time, Mr. Clement, said she, coolly. But you must permit me to keep my little griefs to myself. Yes, I replied, if it is your pleasure to torture, to kill me outright, refuse me my portion in your interests and concerns. 'O, Mr. Clement, say she, your soul is too generous—I dare not tell you; I feel what you would suffer should you know that you are concerned in the cause of my tears. But we must part, sir—indeed, we must; we must part, Mr. Clement, and that suddenly.

Here her voice failed, and, throwing herself into a chair, she burst out afresh into a gush of affliction, while I stood astonished, and, dropping beside her on one knee, awaited with unspeakable anguish the suspension of her grief.

At length, perceiving my situation—Rise, sir, she cried, I entreat you to rise and take a chair beside me, and I will tell you as fast as I can of this distressful business.

You must know that I was, a while ago, at the Miss Hodgins'. They are very friendly, and good young women, and told me in confidence, though with much concern, of a whisper in the neighbourhood, that my aunt had entertained a young gentleman in the house who was admitted to such familiar and convenient intimacies, as could not, at all times, be without their consequence, especially between persons of our age and sex.

Now, Mr. Clement, I am no way ashamed to confess that I have nothing in heaven but my innocence, nor on earth but my character; and I think you wish me better than to desire that I should forfeit the one or the other. Desire it! O heavens! I suddenly exclaimed, I will forever guard them both to the last drop of my blood, and last

breath of my life! Alas! cried Arabella, you are the man, of all others, whom the world would not admit for my champion in this case; they are absolute judges; they ought to be obeyed; our parting will be painful, but it must be complied with.

But, my sister, my Arabella, most lovely and most beloved of all the human species! tell me, said I, my angel, is there no other way, no expedient to satisfy a misdeeming world, save a remedy that is worse than death itself? No, said she, with an air somewhat resolute and exalted, there is no other expedient; at least, no other to which I can consent. O, Miss Graves! answered I, with a hasty dejection, if that is the case you shall be obeyed; I am indeed very unhappy, but I will not be importunate. Adieu, dearest of creatures, adieu, for ever! I spoke, and suddenly withdrew, and gave her, as I imagined, the last farewell look.

Hold, sir! she cried; pray, stay a moment. I should be wretched beyond expression if you went away in the greatest of all errors. But is it possible you should think that I could mean any slight to you, Mr. Clement? No, sir, no, of all men living; indeed, it was not possible. I spoke through an humble sense of my own demerits; my determination was just; I do not repent me of it. I—I—perhaps, sir, I have not understood you; indeed, I scarce know what I say or mean myself.—Of this, however, be assured, that I can neither do, nor ever did, nor ever can, mean any offence to Mr. Clement.

While she spoke I had kneeled before her. I took her hand and pressed it to my lips and my bosom. My Arabella, said I, I confess that this was no premeditated motion of mine. Nay, this very morning, the world should not have prevailed with me to have accepted this hand for which I now kneel. I was then poor and wretched, without resource; and I could not think of bringing distress

upon her, independent of whose happiness I could have no enjoyment. I was sensible that I loved you with infinite tenderness, with unspeakable ardour; but my passion did not dare to admit of hopē—I could have suffered all things to have heaped blessings upon you; but I would not permit to my soul the distant, though dear wish, of being happy with you. Ah! what posture is this? exclaimed Arabella. Nay, you shall not stir, I cried, nor will I rise till you have heard me a few words. Since morning, I say, I have got room to hope that my Arabella would not be so unhappy as I feared, in being united to me. I will not urge her, however. I leave her free—I leave her mistress of her own will and actions; but here I vow to heaven, that whether she live or die, consent or not consent, I will never marry another. I am, from this moment, her wedded for eternity, the faithful and fond husband of her image and remembrance.

So saying, I rose and seated myself beside her. She looked astonished and affected beyond the power of utterance; but, covering her face with a handkerchief, she gently leaned toward me, and shed a plenteous shower of tears upon my bosom.

When Mrs. Graves returned, I told her of my extraordinary success at the bookseller's. I had before made her the treasurer of my little possessions, and I poured my twenty pieces into her lap.

Arabella, as I conjectured, did not delay to impart to her aunt the late adventure; for I observed that the eyes of that good woman dwelt upon me with a fresh accession of fondness and delight.

Having finished my third paper, I took it to Wellcot, who presented me with twenty guineas; and further, acknowledged himself my debtor. Returning homeward, I cast up, in a pleasing kind of mental arithmetic, how much my weekly twenty guineas would amount to at the year's

end, and found it much beyond my occasions, even in the state of matrimony.

I now looked upon myself as in the certain receipt of a plentiful income, and this encouraged me to press for the completion of my happiness. Decency alone could give difficulty or delay in an affair that was equally the wish of all parties. We were privately married in the presence of the Miss Hodgins' and two or three other neighbours; and I was put in possession of the blushingest, fearfullest, and fondest of all brides.

Job very justly says—"Shall we receive good at the hands of God, and not receive evil?" And yet, I imagine, that the recollection of past happiness rather heightens than alleviates the sense of present distress. My soul, in those days, enjoyed a tide of delight to the fulness of its wishes, and to the stretch of its capacity. I thought that till then no person had ever loved as I loved. But the love of my Arabella was a kind of passion that wanted a new name whereby to express it. It was an absence—a sort of death to all other objects. It was a pleasure too paining; a distressful attention; the avarice of a miser who watches over his hoard, and joins to the rapture with which he beholds it, the terrifying ideas of robbery and loss.

I had now, within the space of five weeks, received about one hundred and twenty guineas on the sale of my Monitor, when, going abroad one evening, I was stopped, within a few doors of my house, by a genteel-looking person, who asked if my name was Clement? It is, sir, I answered. Then, sir, says he, I arrest you in his majesty's name for sedition, and a libel against the government. Then, beckoning to three or four sergeants that attended, he had me directly seized and conveyed toward Newgate.

As I was not of a timorous temper, nor conscious of the smallest tincture of the crimes with which I was charged, I should have made little more than a jest of this business

had I not trembled for the apprehensions of those who I knew would tremble for me.

On the way, this officer informed me that my bookseller had betrayed me, and had confessed to the ministers that I was the author of a famous pamphlet, entitled the *Weekly Monitor*. Being delivered to the keeper, I put a few pieces into his hand, and was conducted to a decent apartment, considering the place.

I immediately sent for Humphrey Cypher, Esq., sergeant-at-law, whom I had once occasionally fee'd in behalf of Mrs. Graves; and I sent, at the same time, for a set of the *Weekly Monitor*. When Mr. Cypher came I put five pieces into his hand, and having told him my case, I requested him to peruse the papers in question, and to give me his opinion thereon. Having read them with due attention—Mr. Clement, says he, I perceive that you are a learned and ingenious young gentleman; but I find that you are better acquainted with the republics of Greece, than with the nature and constitution of our limited monarchy. Hence, alone, hath proceeded some lapses and misapplications that your adversaries would lay hold of. Yet there is nothing grossly scurrilous or malicious throughout, nor what may amount to the incurring of a præmunire, by the most violent constraint or wresting of the sense. If you are inclined, says he, to proceed in the course of these papers, I would advise you to put in bail, and to stand the action. But as I am persuaded that the court have commenced this prosecution as a matter merely *in terrorem*, to deter you from a work that gives them great disgust, if you have any genteel friend who would solicit in your favour, and promise a future conduct more amenable to power, you would undoubtedly be discharged without further cost or trouble.

I returned my warm acknowledgments to the sergeant for his friendly counsel, and told him I would consider of it

before I gave him further trouble. When he was gone I despatched a letter to Mrs. Graves, wherein I gave her an account of my present situation, in a manner as little alarming as possible. I requested her to provide bail for my appearance at bar, but insisted that, till this was done, neither she nor Arabella should come to my prison, and that I had given express orders that they should not be admitted.

Alas! had they complied with my directions, how happy might we have been all together at this day! But the excess of their goodness was the cause of our common ruin. Their affection would not be satisfied with simple bail; and they resolved never to rest till they had procured my full discharge.

They went about to all their customers of any distinction. They solicited, petitioned, and bribed without measure. They borrowed money to the utmost extent of their credit; and pawned or sold all their effects under prime cost. They gave a purse to one to bring them acquainted with another, on whom they bestowed a larger sum to introduce them to a third. Having at length made their way to Lord Stivers, an agent of the minister, he thought he saw an advantage in granting their request, and my discharge was made out without further delay.

On the fifth evening from my imprisonment the door of my chamber opened, and in came my dear aunt with my dearer Arabella—they flew upon me—they clasped me on each side in their arms, and my wife instantly swooned away upon my bosom. She soon revived, however, at the known voice of love; and as every door for my enlargement had been previously opened, we went down, stepped into the coach, and drove home directly.

Here I saw the first subject and cause of alarm—the shop was shut up! I was shocked, and felt a sudden chilness come upon me, but did not venture to inquire, except by my eyes.

The kettle being down, and all seated to tea, I introduced the affair with an affected unconcern, and, by question after question, artfully extracted from my companions the whole history and adventures of the five preceding days, whereby I found that they had expended in my behalf beyond the last penny of their own substance; and that nothing remained save one hundred and fifty pounds, to which the several deposits amounted, which I had made with Mrs. Graves.

I could now no longer contain myself. Cruel woman—inhuman friends! I cried; the bitterness of enmity, the rancour of malice, could never have brought an evil like this upon me. Accursed wretch that I am! ordained to be the instrument of perdition to those whom I would feed with my blood and foster with my vitals! Would to heaven I had not been born! or would I had been cut off by some quick and horrid judgment ere this had happened!

Here Mrs. Graves drew her chair close to mine, and catching me about the neck, and dropping upon me a few tears, that she struggled to suppress—Do not grieve, my child, she cried; do not afflict yourself for nothing. All is as it should be. There is no harm done. Your Arabella and I can always earn genteel and independent bread, without shop or other means than the work of our hands. We can never want, my Hammy. We have done nothing for you. Neither has any thing happened wherewith you ought to reproach yourself. What we did was for ourselves, for the relief of the anguish of our own hearts; to bring you home to us again as soon as possible, my son, since we have found that we could live no longer without you.

Within a few days I perceived that my dear aunt began to decline in her health, perhaps occasioned by her late fatigue and anxiety of spirits. I brought an able physician to her, but he could form no judgment of the nature of her disorder, till some time after, when her complexion began to

change, and the doctor declared her to be in the jaundice. He began to apply to the customary medicines, and no care nor expense was spared for her recovery. Arabella and I sat up with her alternately every night, and all the day we read to her some book of amusement, in order to dissipate the melancholy of her disease. But, alas! all our cares and remedies, our attention and solicitude, our prayers and tears, proved equally unsuccessful, and at the end of five months she expired within our arms.

Arabella then quitted her hold, and crossing her arms upon her bosom, and looking eagerly on the face once so lovely, and always beloved!—You are then at peace, said she, my mother. O death! hadst thou not enough of terrors in thy aspect, without adding to thy agonies those of tearing from us that which we prized above life? O my friend! my only parent! my dearest dearest mother! She could no more, but immediately fainted away upon the body.

I took her up in my arms, and, carrying her into the next room, I laid her on the bed. I ordered Jenny and the two nurse-keepers to take care of her recovery, and charged them not to permit her to see her aunt any more.

I then returned to the chamber wherein the precious ruins of the half of my world was laid. I locked the door within side. I approached the body, and hung over it, and gazed upon it with inexpressible emotion. I repeatedly clapped my hands together. I stooped down, and kissed and rekissed her cold lips in an agony of affection. I gave a free scope to my tears, sobs, and lamentations. Ah! I cried, my parent, my patroness; ah, mother to the son of your unhappy election! Have I lost you, my only prop? Are you for ever departed from me, my support and consolation? I was abandoned by the world, by friends, father, and relations; but you became the world and all relations to me. "I was a stranger and you took me in; I was sick, and in prison, and you ministered unto me." But you are

gone, you are gone from me afar off; and I die a thousand deaths in the anguish of surviving you. Here you lie, my mother, the victim of your goodness to your unlucky guest. Wretch that I am, doomed to bring no portion save that of calamity to those who regard me! Woe of woes, where now shall I ease my soul of its insupportable burden? of the debt with which it labours to this kind creature? She will no more return to take ought at my hands, and I must suffer the oppression through life and through eternity!

Having thus vented the excesses of my passion, my spirits subsided into a kind of gloomy calm. I returned to my wife.——But I see, sir, you are too much affected. I will not dwell on this melancholy scene any longer.

When I had discharged doctor's fees, apothecaries' bills, and funeral expenses, I found that our fortune did not amount to fifty pounds. My wife was now far advanced in her pregnancy; her labour was hastened by her grief and late fatigues; and she was delivered of that boy whom your charity a second time brought into this world.

As I was now all things to my Arabella, the only consolation she had upon earth, I never left her during her illness. By the time she was up and about, what with the charges of child-bearing, and a quarter's rent, &c., our fund was again sunk within the sum of ten pounds; and I was going one evening to look out for some employment, when we heard a rapping of distinction at the door.

Jenny came in a hurry, and brought us word that Lord Stivers was in the parlour, and desired to speak with me. I went down, greatly surprised, and something alarmed at his visit. Mr. Clement, says he, with a familiar air, I have long wished to see you; but I did not think it seasonable to disturb you during the misfortune of your family, and the illness of your wife. Your *Weekly Monitors* have genius and spirit, but they have done some mischief which we wish to have remedied. As how, pray, my lord?

Why, Mr. Clement, I never knew a writing in favour of liberty, or against any measures of government, which the populace did not wrest in favour of licentiousness, and to the casting aside all manner of rule. Now, Mr. Clement, we want you to undertake our cause, which is by much the more reasonable and orderly side of the argument; in short, we want you to refute your own papers.

O, my lord! I answered, I should think it an honour to serve your lordship or the ministry on any other occasion. But in a matter that must bring public infamy upon me, indeed, my lord, you must excuse me. I should be pointed at, as an apostate and prostitute, by all men, and bring my person and writings into such disgrace, as would for ever disable me from serving either myself or your lordship.

Well, sir, replied my lord, I will not then insist on a formal refutation of your own writings. I only ask, if you are willing to engage in our quarrel, as far as is consistent with honour and truth? I am, my lord, I rejoined, as far as is consistent with my own credit and the good of my country.

The good of your country, Mr. Clement! says my lord. I hope you do not think that government is contrary to the good of your country. Pray, in what do you make this LIBERTY consist, of which you are become so eminent a patron?

There are two sorts of LIBERTY, my lord, I answered: the first constitutes the duty and happiness of a man, independent of community; the second constitutes the privilege and happiness of a man, merely as he is a member of any state or commonwealth.

Independent of community, a man is so far free, and no further, than he acts up to the dictates of reason and duty, in despite of inward appetite and outward influence.

As a member of community, a man is so far free, and no further, than as every other member of that community is

legally restrained from injuring his person, or encroaching on his property.

Inimitably well defined! cried his lordship. I have read volumes, in folio, upon the subject; but never knew what LIBERTY was before. Well, Mr. Clement, as this LIBERTY of yours is, in all respects, so opposite to the licentiousness I was talking of, it cannot but make mainly in favour of good government. I therefore request you to write a treatise to the purpose of your definition; and to take us with you, as far as you can. We shall not be ungrateful; we are good paymasters, sir. Why do you hesitate? Did you not tell me you were disposed to serve us?

My lord, I replied, I fear I should fall greatly short of your expectations. I am not studied in the constitution of modern states; and how shall I be able to justify any government with respect to measures that, perhaps, are a secret to all except the ministers? I must further observe to your lordship, that my former field would be greatly contracted on this occasion. It is very easy and obvious to find fault and to call in question; but to vindicate truth itself against popular prejudice, *hoc opus, hic labor est.*

Mr. Clement, says my lord, I am proud that we have got a gentleman of so much honesty and ingenuity to befriend us. It shall be my care to provide you with materials, and I am confident that so great a master of his instrument as you are, will make excellent music on a few fundamental notes. Here are twenty guineas earnest, and ten guineas shall be paid you weekly, till we can fix you in some station of due honour and advantage. I will take a glass or a dish of tea with you in a few days, and I wish you a good-evening.

On the third morning after this interview, my lord returned with a large bundle of *antipatria* pamphlets in his chariot, and some manuscript notes and hints for my

instruction. He breakfasted with us, and was easy, polite, and cheerful.

I now entered on my new province, but not with usual ardour. As I had formerly lashed the insolence, encroachments, and rapaciousness of power, less ambitious of conquest over aliens and enemies, than over the very people it was ordained to protect: I now, on the other hand, rebuked with like acrimony the riotous, factious, and seditious propensities of a turbulent, licentious, and unsatisfied people, ever repugnant to government, and reluctant to the reign of the gentlest ruler. I proved, from many authorities and instances, derived from Greece and Rome, that power is never so dangerous to a populace as when it is taken into their own hands; that the governors and governed, by the violence of collision, are apt to fly to extremes, on either side; that anarchy is the most direct of all roads to tyranny; and that a people, who have no will to be governed, reduce themselves to the necessity of being crushed, insulted, and governed, whether they will or no.

Now, sir, though I thus alternately sided with the people against power, and with power against the people; yet I struck at nothing but faults on either hand, and equally asserted, on both sides of the question, the cause of my country, of liberty, and truth.

I took five times the pains with these latter papers that I did with the former, and yet I confess I had not equal pleasure in the delivery. I am also persuaded that these had more than double the merit of the other; and, in point of sentiment, moral and general instruction, were of twenty times the value to mankind; but how can that instruct which is not attended to? It was intimated to the people that these had been written at the instance of their governors; and they would not have listened to an oracle if uttered from that quarter.

Six months had now elapsed in these lucubrations. I

had delivered to my wife two hundred and sixty guineas, the weekly price of my labours. We had lived with great frugality. Arabella had again taken in as much work as her nursing and attention to the child would admit; and we had some pieces left of our former remnant, when Lord Stivers called in upon me, with pleasure and good news, as it were prologue in his aspect.

Mr. Clement, says he, I want to speak to you apart. I had yesterday some talk with the minister about you, and he has promised me four hundred a-year pension for you till something better can be done; and this is to be wholly clear and over your weekly wages of ten guineas, while we keep you so hard at work. But tell me, Clement, says he, laying his hand with an affectionate familiarity upon my shoulder, are you of a jealous temper? The furthest from it, my lord, of any man breathing. Oh! I am glad of that; but, if you were, I have nothing exceptionable to propose. To be short, half a dozen of noblemen, all my friends, and people of strict probity and virtue, have engaged to spend a share of to-morrow in a party of pleasure upon the Thames; and we have have, each of us, laid a bet of a hundred guineas, that from the number of his relations, his friends, or acquaintance, he will bring the prettiest woman to this field of contention. I had fixed on Lady Fanny Standish, a lovely creature, and a relation of my own, but she unfortunately happened to be pre-engaged to one of my rivals. I am therefore quite at a loss, and must infallibly lose my wager if you do not favour me with the company of Mrs. Clement. With her I can make no question of conquest; and I give you my honour to pour into her lap the whole five huudred guineas, the just prize of her beauty.

Why, my lord, I answered, this is indeed a very pleasant project, and has nothing in it exceptionable that I can perceive, if no one was to know any thing of the

matter. But what will the world say to see your lordship so paired?—Psha, never heed the world, Clement! I am your world man.—Your lordship has a very good right to scorn an inferior world, I rejoined; but the world has an equal right, and would certainly make use of it, in the scorning of my wife.—What, said he, warmly, you will not then confide her to my friendship and honour?—I will not, my lord, confide her honour unnecessarily to any man, from under that guardianship and protection which I vowed to her in marriage.—It is very well, Mr. Clement; you may hear from me to-morrow. And away he went.

He was equal to his word. The very next morning I was arrested at his suit for two hundred and fourscore guineas, the amount of all that I had received from him; and I was hurried to the Fleet prison without being permitted to speak to any one.

As my lord knew that, on issue, I must cast him in his action, and further come upon him for special damage and false duress, it instantly occurred that this was merely a stratagem for the seduction of my Arabella; and her defenceless state gave me inexpressible torture. I immediately wrote her an account of my situation and apprehensions, which unhappily for all parties were too well-founded.

But, sir, I will not afflict you or myself by giving you a detail of these extraordinary events, as I afterwards learned them from the mouth of my wife, and from the testimony of others on trial in the public court For, alas! even now, when all anger should be dead, the remembrance of so much injury and outrage offered to one so pure, so helpless, and so gentle, wakes up the old indignation, and stirs my spirit to its centre.

Sufficient to say that, taking occasion by my absence, my lord paid my wife a visit: that he had the audacity to make base overtures to her, and to proffer her a large purse;

the former she had repulsed with scorn, the latter she had flung after him, as he retreated baffled and enraged. She then at once commenced to make up a sum by the sale of furniture, and other articles which she could spare, and by the afternoon of the following day, with incredible labour she had procured £40, which, with her former deposit of £260, was more than sufficient for my release; and, as she was putting on her bonnet to come to me, her maid was suddenly called into the street, and Lord Stivers entered. Then began the first act of the tragedy which shadowed our life so long; he had bribed her servant, and filled her kitchen with his retainers. At once, and casting aside all disguise, he addressed her in terms loathsome to her pure womanly nature; and, disregarding her pathetic prayers and appeals to his better feelings, he proceeded to such a measure of violence that he stung the lamb into a lioness; and finding no help, from earth or heaven, near, in the agony and the wrath of the minute, she became the justifier of her own purity, and the executioner in the cause of her endangered honour, by slaying her brutal assailant.

When the fatal blow was given, she at once went running to the cradle, where her infant lay crying; she caught him in her arms; and opening the chamber-door softly, and shutting it after her, she stepped down-stairs as upon feathers, and stealing to the street-door, she opened it suddenly, rushed into the street, and hurried on till she came to a stand of coaches, where she hired the first she met, threw herself hastily into it, and desired the man to drive with all speed to the Fleet prison.

On her arrival she discharged the action and fees of arrest with all possible despatch, and then hurried up to my apartment. On the first glimpse I sprung to her, and caught her in my arms with unspeakable transport; but finding the child with her, and observing that her breath was quick and uneven, I withdrew a step or two, and

looked eagerly at her; and perceiving that she was pale, and had a kind of wildness in her eyes and motions—What is the matter, my love, I cried; what has happened to you?—I have not been well, she answered with an affected unconcern before the keeper. But pray come down, my dear; you are much wanted, and the coach is in waiting.

Nothing further passed between us till we got into the coach, and that my wife desired the man to drive to some neighbouring street, and to stop at the first door where he saw a bill for lodgings. For lodgings again, I demanded; for whom does my Arabella desire to take lodgings? For you and me, Mr. Clement—for you and me, she cried, wringing her hands together: Lord Stivers lies weltering in his blood at our house, deprived of life within this half hour by my unhappy hand.

I was suddenly struck dumb with surprise and horror. All the occasions and consequences of this direful event whirled through my imagination in a fearful succession. What must now become of my soul's sole enjoyment! what indignities must have been offered! what outrage might she not, or rather, must she not have suffered, before she could be brought to perpetrate so terrible a deed! I grew instantly sick, and, putting my head through the window, desired the coachman to stop at the first tavern. I ordered the drawer to hasten, with a pint of Spanish white wine, to the door, and I pressed and compelled my wife to swallow a part. Our spirits being in some degree settled thereby, we drove to a private street, on the right-hand of Cheapside, where I took a back-room and closet, up two pair of stairs, at one Mrs. Jennett's, an old maid and a mantua-maker. I immediately ordered a fire to be kindled, and the tea-things to be laid, and, giving the servant a crown, desired her to bring the value in proper ingredients.

The evening was now shut in; and, while the maid was abroad, not a syllable passed between my wife and me. I

dreaded to inquire of what I still more dreaded to understand; and Arabella seemed to labour under some mighty oppression. When retiring to the closet, where our bed stood, she covered her child up warm, and kneeling down by his side, broke forth into a violent torrent of tears, intermingled with heavings and half-strangled sobs.

I sat still without seeming to observe her emotion. I was sensible that nature wanted this kindly relief. The teas and sugars were brought, the kettle was put on the fire, and the maid had again retired; when I gently called to my Arabella to come forth, with a voice of the truest love, and softest endearment, that ever yet breathed from a human bosom.

Her eyes were already wiped, her countenance composed, and her motions and demeanour much more settled than before. She sat down with a rising sigh, which she checked with a half smile. My Arabella, said I, my only joy, my unmeasured blessing! what is it that thus distracts my dearer part of existence? Your mind, your spirit, my angel, is still pure and unpolluted; and bodies are, merely as bodies, incapable of defilement, being doomed from our birth to dissolution and corruption.—Ah, my Hammy! she exclaimed, you are quite beside the mark; I sigh not, I weep not, I grieve not for myself. I fear not, nor regard the consequences, however fatal, of what has happened—— Suppose a sudden and shameful death!—I thank my God for it, death will offer me a victim still pure and unpolluted. But, O the wretched Stivers! what is now become of him, sent, so suddenly and unprovided, to his eternal audit? Unhappy that I am! perhaps an instrument of perdition to an immortal being. Ah, rather that I had not been born! would I had perished in his stead! A death in the cause of virtue had been my advocate for mercy.

How is this, my Arabella? I cried. Is condemnation then to be brought upon the good because they oppose

themselves to evil? Would you have censured any one living, except yourself, for having given you this deliverance by the death of the spoiler? No, surely, in the daily and nightly robberies, massacres, and assassinations, that the violent machinate against the peaceful; is it the fault of those who stand in the defence of righteousness, that villains often perish in the act of transgression? Tell me, my sweet mourner, in the sacking of a city, when the wild and bloody soldiery are loosed to their own delight in burnings, rapines, slaughters, howlings, and violations; is it the perpetrators of all these horrors that you compassionate, when they happen to be crushed in the ruins they have wrought? Meritorious, my Arabella, most meritorious were that hand who should cut a whole host of such infernals from the earth; remaining innocence and virtue would be his debtors for ever. Commiseration to the flagitious is cruelty to the just; and he who spares them becomes the accomplice of all their future crimes.

During tea, my wife gave me an ample narrative of all that happened at our house while I was in confinement. As she spoke, I was first speechless with fearful and panting expectation; I was then kindled into fury and a vehement thirst of vengeance; and lastly, I was elevated into an awful rapture. I looked at my wife with eyes swimming with love and veneration; I rose from my seat; I threw myself on my knees, and worshipped that GODHEAD who inspires and delights in such perfections as I then saw before me.

Our fortune was now reduced to very little more than fifteen guineas. We had no clothes but what we wore; and we did not dare to go or send to our house for others, neither to make ourselves known to any acquaintance.

We went by the name of Stapleton; and on the following night I ventured abroad, and bought for myself a few second-hand shirts, with a common gown, and some changes of linen for my wife.

On the fifth day, at breakfast, while Arabella was casting her eye over a newspaper that she had borrowed from Mrs. Jennett, she turned suddenly pale. What, she cried, before I could question her, accused of robbery as well as murder! that is hard, indeed. But I trust that my lot shall not exceed my resignation. And so saying, she handed me over the paper with a smile, in which heaven appeared to open.

The advertisement ran thus—"WHEREAS Arabella Clement, alias Graves, did, on the 15th day of September instant, most barbarously stab and murder the right Hon. James * * * *, late Lord Stivers, at a house where she formerly had kept a milliner's shop, in Fleet-street: and whereas she did further rob the said right hon. &c. of a large purse of money, his gold repeater, snuff-box, diamond-ring, &c.; and did, lastly, flee for the same, as may be proved, and is evident, from the examination and testimony of three concurring witnesses: Now his majesty, in his gracious abhorrence of such crimes, doth hereby promise a reward of three hundred guineas to any person who shall stop, discover, or arrest the said Arabella, so as that she may be brought to condign and adequate punishment, if any such may be found, for such unequalled offences."

O, said my wife, I perceive that my enemies will swear home indeed! Their plunder of Lord Stivers can no way be assured save by my condemnation. But, be it as it may; that Providence, who overrules the wickedness of this world, may yet give submission a clue to escape its perplexities, and my innocence, I trust, will be an equivalent to all that the world can inflict, and much more than an equivalent to all that it can bestow.

I now had every thing to fear for my Arabella, as well from the interested villainy of the witnesses, as from the power of the ministry, and the resentment of the relations of so great a man; and I looked upon her death to be as

certain as her caption. Had I been the first in remainder to the greatest estate in England, I would have exchanged my whole interest for as much ready cash as would have served to convey us to some region of safety. But this was not practicable with the very small remainder of the wreck of our fortune; and we had taken our lodging certain at fifty shillings per quarter.

We appeared as little as possible, even to the lodgers of the house; and I intimated to my landlady, that it was the fate of many a gentleman to be obliged to abscond till his affairs could be compounded with hard-hearted creditors.

During the space of nine months our principal diet was weak tea and bread; and if we ventured, at odd times, on a small joint of meat, it served us cold, hashed, and minced, from one week to the other.

As my wife did not dare to take in work, nor I to stir abroad to look for employment, our chief entertainment was the reading some old folio books of history and divinity, which I borrowed from Mrs. Jennett, and which had belonged to her father.

How small must be the cravings of simple nature, when a family like ours, accustomed to affluence, could subsist in London, without murmuring, for upward of nine months, on less than eight guineas! But our fund was now exhausted to a few shillings; and my sword, watch, and buckles were also gone, in discharge of our three quarters' rent to the landlady. Ruin stared us in the face. I beheld as it were a gulf, unfathomable and impassable, opening beneath our feet, and heaven and earth joining to push us down the precipice.

We yet lived a month longer, on coarse bread and cold water, with a little milk which we got, now and then, for the child; but I concealed from my wife that we had not a single sixpence now left upon earth.

I looked up to heaven, but without love or confidence.

Dreadful power! I cried out, who thus breakest to powder the poor vessels of thy creation! Thou art said to be a bounteous and benevolent caterer to the spawn of the ocean, and to the worms of the earth. Thou clothest the birds of the air and the beasts of the forest; they hunger, and find a banquet at hand. Thou sheddest the dew of thy comforts even on the unrighteous; thou openest thy hand, and all things living are said to be filled with plenteousness. Are we alone excepted from the immensity of thy works? shall the piety of my wife, shall the innocence of my infant, thus famish, unregarded and unpitied, before thee?

Ah, it is I who am the accursed thing who bring plagues upon all with whom I am connected! Even the labours of my life, the issues of my honest industry, have been changed by thy ordinances into nothing but damage; to the imprisonment of my person; to the ruin of those who had the misfortune to befriend me; and to the death, danger, and desolation of all whom I held dear. I strive in vain with thy omnipotence; it is too mighty for me, and crushes me below the centre. Pour out, then, the vessels of thy wrath upon my head, but, on my head alone, O just Creator! and take these little ones to thy mercy, for they cannot have participated of the guilt thou art pleased to impute to me.

The night was now advanced; but that which fell upon my soul, was a night which would admit no ray of comfort, nor looked ever to behold another morning. I wished for dissolution to myself, to the universe. I wished to see the two proprietors of my soul's late affections now lying pale and breathless before my eyes. I would not have endured my hell another moment. I would have given myself instant death; but I dreaded to leave my desolate widow and helpless orphan, without a friend, as I then conceived, either in heaven or earth.

My wife had lain down with her infant on the bed. A

sudden reflection started. My death, thought I, may yet be useful to those for whom only I could wish to live. I rose, frantically determined. My brain was on fire. I took down an old pistol which hung in a corner; I put it into my breast; down-stairs I went, and issued to the street.

I was bent on something desperate, but knew not what. I had not gone far when I saw a large tavern open beside me. I passed through the entry, and, running up-stairs, boldly entered the dining-room, where a numerous company of gentlemen sat round their bottle. I clapped to the door; and taking out the pistol—Gentlemen, I cried; I starve, I die for want; resolve instantly to relieve, or to perish along with me.

They all fixed their eyes upon me; but the meagre frenzy, as I suppose, which they saw in my countenance, held them silent. The person who was nearest, directly took out his purse and presented it to me. I again returned it to him, and putting up my pistol—No, no, sir, I cried, I will not take your gold, I am no robber. But give me some silver among ye, to keep a while from the grave three creatures who famish amidst a plentiful world.

They all, as by one consent, put their hands to their pockets, and instantly made a heap of upwards of three pounds. I devoured it with my eyes; I beheld it as a mint of money; and panting, and grappling at it like a vulture, I stuffed it into a side-pocket; and, being too full of acknowledgments to thank my benefactors by word or token, I burst forth into tears, and, turning from them, I got once more into the street without any interruption.

I made directly home, and, stepping softly up-stairs, I first restored the pistol to its old station. I then went to the closet, where my wife lay still asleep. I gently waked her by the fondness of my caresses. My Arabella, I cried, I have ventured out for the first time, and heaven has sent us some small relief by a friend that I happened to meet.

Here, my love, I said, putting a crown into her hand; call the maid, and send out for some comfortable sustenance; our fast has been long indeed.

Within a few days our strength and our spirits began to recruit, though we still continued to live much within the bounds of temperance. My soul again settled into a kind of sullen calm, and looked forth, though at a distance, to some future dawning.

One day, as my landlady's Bible lay shut before me, a sudden thought occurred. I breathed up to God a short and silent ejaculation, beseeching him to instruct me in what I ought to do, by the passage upon which my thumb should happen to rest on opening the book. I instantly made the venture, and found the following words: "I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against thee, and before heaven, and am no more worthy to be called thy son."

Alas! I was far from imagining at that time that it was no other than my Father in heaven who called me, and who would thereby have directed and conducted me to himself.

I puzzled and racked my memory to discover in what I had given just offence to my earthly progenitor, but resolved, at all events, to observe the admonition.

In the dusk of the evening, I tied my handkerchief sailor-like about my neck, I pulled my wig forward, and, slouching my hat, I slid out of doors; and, stooping half double, I limped with a counterfeited gait toward my father's. I was duly apprised that, if I knocked at the door, or directly inquired for him, I should not be admitted. I therefore walked to and again, now near, now aloof, for near an hour, before his door, in patient expectation of his appearance.

I had repeated this exercise for five successive evenings, when the door at length opened, and a servant in livery

came up and accosted me. Is your name Clement, sir? Suppose it were, says I. Supposing so, replied he, I am ordered to tell you that my master is well informed of all your wicked designs; and that, if ever you appear again in sight of his windows, he will send you to Newgate without bail or mainprize, and prosecute you to the last of the laws of the land.

We parted without another word, and I crossed over the way to a chandler's shop. The good woman of the house also happened to sell some small ale in her back apartments. I called for a mug, and requested her company for a few minutes. After some introductory chat, I addressed her in a manner that I judged most engaging for one in her sphere. She very freely told me the history of my father and his present family; and further, that it was his custom on every Monday and Friday to repair to the Tradesman's Club, at the Golden-anchor in Temple-lane, about eight of the clock at night, and not to return till about eleven.

I went home something satisfied with this intelligence, as I now knew where to find my unnatural parent, though his last barbarous and insulting message had rendered me hopeless, and quite averse to any kind of application to him.

We had now lived three months longer on the last booty or charity, I know not which to call it. We were again reduced to the last shilling, and, what was still worse, our landlady became importunate for her quarter's rent. My wife had lately requested her to look out for some sempstry-work among the neighbours. This she promised to do, but purposely declined, as she and her family got the benefit of her labour gratis.

I began again to return to my former evil thoughts. I resolved to make war upon the whole race of man, rather than my wife and infant should perish in my sight: but I reflected that it was more equitable to begin with a father,

on whom nature had given me a right of dependence, than to prey upon strangers, on whom necessity alone could give me any claim.

It was Monday night. The clock struck ten. I took down the old pistol, and marched toward the Anchor. I patrolled near the place of expectation above an hour. The night was excessive dark, and no lamps in that part. At length I listened to the sound of distant steps, and soon after heard a voice cry Murder, murder! Robbery! Watch, watch!

I ran to the cry, and perceived one man on the ground, and another stooping, in act to rifle his pockets. I instantly drew my pistol, and striking at the robber's head with my full force, I laid him senseless on the pavement. I then gently raised the other, who was bleeding and stunned by the stroke he had received. I supported him step by step toward a distant lamp, where at length we arrived, and found a tavern open. I entered, and ordered a room with fire and lights; and desired that a surgeon should be immediately called. The gentleman, whose face was nearly covered with blood and dirt, began now to recover his strength and senses. I got him to swallow a small dram of spirits, and he stepped with me up-stairs, scarcely leaning on my shoulder.

While we sat by the fire, and a napkin and warm water were getting ready, the stranger grew passionate in his acknowledgments for the life which he said he owed me, and which service he promised to recompense to the stretch of his power and fortunes. But when he had washed and wiped away the blood and dirt from his face; heaven! what was my emotion at the sight of an aspect once so loved and so revered! All my injuries and resentments vanished instantly from my memory. I fell at his knees with a great cry—Is it you, then, my father? my once dear, my ever dear and lamented father! Is it the face of

a father that I at last behold? I burst into tears: I wept aloud. I interruptedly demanded—Will you not know me? will you not own me? will not nature speak in you? will you not acknowledge your son, your once beloved Hammel, so long the comfort of your age, and the pride of your expectations?

While I spoke, my father looked wild and eager upon me. He at length recollected me through all my leanness and poor apparel; and, hesitating, replied—I—I—I believe indeed you are my child Hammel, and straight fainted away.

CHAPTER VIII.

DURING his fit, the surgeon came with his instruments and dressings; and having in vain attempted to restore him, by sprinkling water in his face, and by the application of hartshorn to his nose and temples, he took some blood from him, whereon he opened his eyes, and began to breathe with freedom. He then examined his wound, which was a little above his forehead, and declared it so slight as scarce to be an excuse for keeping his chamber. The surgeon, having dressed it, received his fee and retired; and my father ringing for the drawer, ordered up a flask of Burgundy, with a cold fowl, oil, and vinegar.

When the table was laid, and the waiter desired to withdraw, my father again looked earnestly and compassionately upon me—I believe, says he, my child may be hungry; and straight his countenance falling, and the muscles of his lips beginning to work, he broke into tears. Barbarous wretch! he exclaimed; unnatural ostrich! who could thus leave the first-begotten of thy bowels to the nakedness of the sands, and to the blasting of the elements.

No, no, my father, I cried, again throwing myself on my knees before him; kill me not with your tears, crush me not with this your unmerited concern! All is well, all is happy and blessed as I can bear it to be. This moment overpays my years of anguish; it is like heaven after passing the vale of death and mortal sufferings.

After supper, of which my father scarce tasted, he got up, and, as I rose at the same time, he stepped to me, and catching me passionately in his arms, and putting his neck across mine—My child, he cried; my beloved child, my life's blessed preserver! come once more to my bosom, enter thy forsaken mansion! Too long has it been desert and desolate without thee! But here I vow to the Almighty, that no stepdames, nor viperous instruments, shall ever hereafter insinuate between us; accursed be they who shall attempt to divide us; and may they come to an evil end who shall desire to deprive me of thee, the light of mine eyes, till I am cold and insensible to every other joy.

While we sat over our bottle, my father called for ink and paper, and first presenting me with a purse of fifty guineas, he again gave me a bill at sight on his banker for five hundred pounds. I started up, but stopping me, he cried—Hold, hold, my Hammy, I see myself overpaid in the acknowledgments of that dear though meagre countenance; and then as I kneeled before him, with both hands held over me, and eyes raised to heaven, he blessed me in an ejaculation of the tenderest ardour.

The reckoning being discharged, and two chairs ordered to the door, my father desired me to meet him at the same tavern the following evening; and said that, in the mean time, he would think of settling some certain income upon me; and thus we parted, as though our souls had accompanied each other.

It was now near two o'clock, and the morning bitter cold. My Arabella had, long since, put her child to rest; and I

found her in tears by a fire, scarce alive. She started up on my entering; her face gleamed with a sickly joy; and she uttered some soft reproaches, of love and apprehension, for my absence at those hours.

Before I ventured to let in the full tide of our returning happiness on her weak and alarmed spirits, I took out some confections and a pint of sack, which I had purposely brought in my pocket. I broke some Naples biscuit into a cup, and pouring some of the wine upon it, I set her the example, and prevailed on her to eat.

Meanwhile she gazed earnestly and inquisitively in my face. My Hammy, she tenderly cried, what is the meaning of this? What eyes are these, Hammy? what new kind of a countenance is this you have brought home to me? Ah, forbid it, my God! that the darling of my soul should have done any thing criminal. First, perish your Arabella, perish also her infant, rather than, on our account, or on any account, the least of the virtues of my Hammy should be lost.

No, no, my angel, I cried, daughter of highest heaven! God has been wonderfully gracious to me; he blesses me for your sake, my Arabella. I have seen my father; we are happily reconciled, and famine and affliction shall come near us no more.

I then took the bellows and lighted up a good fire, and while we were emptying our pint, of which I compelled my wife to take the larger share, I gave her a transporting detail of what had passed, and poured my purse of guineas into her lap. So we went to bed in peace, regardless of futurity, the happiest of all the pairs on whom the succeeding sun arose.

We lay in bed till the day was far advanced. I then ordered some comforting white-wine caudle for breakfast, and, calling up the landlady, I discharged our quarter's rent.

When she was dismissed, I consulted with my wife whether she would choose to retire to France or Holland; or rather to York, or some other remote place within the kingdom. But, reflecting again on the present excess of my father's tenderness for me, she joined in thinking it advisable to act with his concurrence; and I determined that very evening to reveal to him, in confidence, the whole pathetic history of our marriage and adventures.

Meanwhile I thought it best, in all events, to secure the means of moderately compassing our purpose, by taking up the £500 from my father's banker. I found, by experience, that I had now little to fear from being known to any one. My shabby apparel, and emaciated face and limbs, that had prevented the knowledge and remembrance of a father, appeared a double security against all other eyes. I therefore adventured, though not without circumspection, to Mr. Giles's in Lombard-street, and, presenting my bill, demanded payment.

My friend, said Mr. Giles, it is not two hours since a stop was put to the payment of that draught; and I was desired, at the same time, to put this paper into the hands of the party who should call. So saying he gave me a note, which I opened with a trepidation that was turned into agony on reading the following words:—

"To Hammel Clement.

"Most subtle, and most accursed of all cruel contrivers! thou didst thyself, then, set that villain on thy foolish and fond father; by whom his blood was shed, and his life nearly lost. I renounce thee, I abjure thee from henceforth, and for ever. And as I continue to disclaim all sorts of ties with thee, either here or hereafter; so may heaven continue to prosper,

"Bartholomew Clement."

On reading this dreadful paper, I retired from the counter without speaking a word. I got home, I know not how; for I neither knew what I did, nor considered what I was about. I walked up-stairs without perceiving that I was followed. But I had scarce got into my room, when five or six men entered almost along with me; and one of them stepping directly up to my wife, cried—Mistress, I arrest you in his majesty's name.

Hereat I turned, and was stunned, and roused again in an instant. I caught up the poker, and aiming at a well-dressed man whose face was not wholly unknown, and who appeared the most active and joyous of the crew, I missed the crown of his head, but tore off one ear, and cut him through his clothes and shoulder to the bone; I then flew upon the rest. I dealt my blows with inconceivable fury and quickness. I cleared my room in a few seconds; and though several shots were fired at me from the stairs, I chased them all to the entry, and, returning to my Arabella, I barricadoed the door.

It was then that she interposed, and, dropping on her knees before me—What is my Hammy about, she cried? what madness has possessed my love? Would you be guilty of actual and instant murders, through a rash and vain attempt of rescuing from our laws a person whom neither God nor man hath yet condemned? This, indeed, were to ensure the ruin you apprehend. Ah, no, my heart's master, let us neither commit nor fear iniquity! Join with me, my Hammy, let us trust in our God, and nothing but good can happen unto us.

While she spoke, the late terrors of her countenance disappeared, and her aspect was gradually overspread with a serenity, to be imagined, in some measure, from the face of an evening heaven in autumn, when the songs of harvest are heard through the villages all about.

I gazed on her with a speechless and complacent reve-

rence. She gently took the weapon from my unresisting hand; and, leading me back, she seated me in the furthest chair. She then removed every bar and obstacle to their entrance. The stairs were now filled with people who had been called to the assistance of the king's officers, but they still appeared apprehensive, and fearful of advancing.

Gentlemen, said Arabella, be pleased to walk in; I deliver myself peaceably into your hands; ye shall find no further opposition to his majesty or the laws. The officers accordingly entered, but bowing, and with a timid kind of respect; neither did any of them offer to lay a hand upon her. Good God, madam! exclaimed the foremost, is it possible you should be guilty of the crimes laid to your charge by that rascal, whom your husband has half killed? He is carried off to the doctor's; but I think, in my conscience, that he has got his deserts; and, as for the few hurts that we have received, we excuse your husband, madam, for your sake; and we think him the braver and the better man for what he did. For, in truth, sweet madam, you are well worth defending.

I thank ye, gentleman, said my wife, gracefully smiling and curtsying; pray, be pleased to sit while I prepare to attend you. I am guilty, indeed, of the death of a man, and yet guilty of nothing that I would not repeat in the defence of virtue. But, gentlemen, says she, again smiling, you are likely to be troubled with more prisoners than you look for. One of them, indeed, is young, and as little meaning of harm to any one as his mother. I must, therefore, beg your indulgence in sending for a coach; and pray, do me the favour to accept this trifle, as the means of washing away animosity between you and my husband. So saying, she presented their chief with a guinea; who, rising and awfully bowing, ordered one of the others to step for a coach.

Had the harp of Orpheus been tuned like the voice of

my Arabella at this season, it is not to be wondered that tigers should grow tame, and bears crouch down before him and lick his feet; since wretches like these, hardened in hourly acts of insolence and inhumanity, were now awed to downcast reverence, and, on her return from the closet with her infant in her arms, dropped a tear of still compassion, as though they had not wholly forgotten that they were born of women.

In the mean time, my fury having subsided at the instance of my wife, I should certainly have fainted if I had not been relieved by a gush of tears; which I endeavoured to conceal by turning aside and putting my handkerchief to my face. A cloud of thick darkness again overspread my soul; and every internal idea grew pregnant, and laboured with apprehension and horror. I cursed my meeting with my father, and his treacherous appearance of bounty, which had served to bring this decisive ruin upon us; and I looked upon fortune as solicitous and industrious to bring evil and destruction out of every presentment and promise of advantage.

Being conducted to Newgate, I agreed with the keeper for a tolerable apartment at two guineas per week; and, putting on the best cheer I could affect before my wife, I sent out for a nourishing dinner; for I judged it late to be frugal when death was at our door, and I had determined not to survive my Arabella a moment.

The day following, I procured copies of the depositions of the three witnesses, the first of whom was our own servant-maid. These I laid before two of the most learned in the law, but received no consolation from their report. They told me that, had my wife been actually guilty of the robbery as alleged, she might have had some prospect of being acquitted of the murder, by being enabled to bribe off the evidence. But that, if she was really innocent of the robbery, as I affirmed, it then became the very cause as

well as interest of the guilty evidence to have her condemned on both articles of accusation.

As the fearful day approached, I bought at second-hand two decent suits of mourning, with the requisite appendages for my wife and myself. Whenever I could get apart, I was drowned in my tears, and half-suffocated by my sobs; and I did every thing but pray for my Arabella; for I could not think of lifting my heart to heaven, where I had lost all dependence.

In the mean time my beloved daily recovered flesh and health. Her eyes grew more brilliant, her complexion more clear, her countenance was as the surface of a depth of peace; and I gathered, I knew not why, a kind of reflected confidence by beholding her aspect.

Early on the fatal morning, when I had left her within at her prayers, and had pulled my hat over my eyes, and sat down in a corner to vent the throbbings of my heart, I cast my eye on a paper that appeared from under the door. I took it up with precipitation, and in it found the following lines:—

I.

Though mountains threat thy naked head,
Though circling gulfs around thee close,
Though help is distant, hope is dead,
Though earth and hell are sworn thy foes.

II.

Yet, Heav'n their malice shall defy;
And, strong in last extremes, to save,
Shall stand with guardian seraphs nigh,
And with thy sland'rers glut the grave.

I had no sooner read this paper, than I dropped down involuntarily on my knees. My hands clenched together; and I breathed up a most ardent petition, that some over-ruling power would take my Arabella under his protection.

Soon after she came forth, adorned like the moon when girt about with clouds, through whose blackness her beauty breaks forth with improved lustre.

While we sat at breakfast I presented her with the verses. She read them over and over with deep attention; and then returning them with a smile—This, says she, has been the stratagem of some very charitable person, who judged that hope was wanting to support me at such a trial.

As the dreadful hour was at hand, and as I had considered before now that at last it must come, I had prepared a small bottle of salts and a cordial, to support myself as well as my wife from an unseemly dejection of spirits in court.

Ah, sir! can you tell me how one thing should come to pass? can you account for this most extraordinary of all the workings in human nature? that a man at some times should more feelingly live, or die in others, than in himself. Had I been called to my last audit, had the decision of my own existence been at stake, my apprehensions, as I think, could not have equalled what I felt at that period.

At length the keeper appeared, and warned my Arabella that she must speedily set out. I turned instantly cold and pale; and it was long before I recovered strength to rise from my chair. In the mean time my wife returned to our bed-chamber, and, bringing out her infant, gave him in charge to a nurse-keeper; she then held her hands over him, and raised her eyes to heaven in blessing for some time. Again she fixed them on his face, and gazing upon him, as it were, for a last farewell look, tear dropped after tear in a pathetic and affectionate silence.

Being conducted to the Old Bailey, my wife on entering the court turned suddenly pale; and her countenance was downcast with a diffidence that she could not for some time overcome. The concourse was excessively great, and chiefly consisting of the nobility and gentry of both sexes. The great man himself was there, with a crowd of his dependants, and all the male and female relations and friends of the deceased.

I gave my Arabella the salts to smell to; and, as she weakly and bashfully advanced to the bar, a confused and jarring murmur was held on all sides, and the words impudence and innocence resounded throughout.

When, according to order, she had held up her hand and heard her indictment, the judge, with a countenance and voice equally stern, demanded guilty, or not guilty? She answered, Guilty, my lord, I confess, of the death of Lord Stivers; but never guilty of any kind of robbery or malice. Woman, said the judge, you confess yourself guilty, and I should proceed to your sentence. But I ask you, for the last time, guilty, or not guilty? Not guilty, my lord, she then rejoined; if to do what I approve, and shall never repent of, is not to be guilty.

Again the murmur was repeated; but continued much longer, and with more virulence on the one part, and more concern on the other.

I shall not detain you, sir, with an account of the examination of the two first witnesses, one of whom had been our own servant-girl, and the other the principal footman of Lord Stivers. They had all manner of encouragement and countenance from the court, and concurred in every circumstance that could serve for condemnation. The sound of triumph was heard through all the gentry, and the populace sighingly gave my Arabella for lost.

The third witness was then called. He was a very genteel and modest-looking young man, and was now out of livery.

My lord, says he, with a respectful but resolute voice, before I give my testimony in this case, I request that the two first witnesses should be taken into custody. Into custody! cried the judge; do you know what you say? I do know what I say, my lord, and I repeat my request, that they should be taken into custody. Why, friend, said the judge, they are as you are; they are witnesses for the

crown against a criminal, and no man has a right to order them into custody. I say, rejoined the youth, with an air still more determined, that they are witnesses against innocence, against his majesty, and against the laws; that they alone are criminal; that I am evidence against them; and I again require it of your lordship, of the jury, and of all present, that they should not be permitted to make their escape.

I see, exclaimed the judge, you are a prevaricating villain; but I shall trounce you before we part. Where is this fellow's examination?

My lord, my lord, said the young man, with somewhat of a severe and sarcastical tone, you were not placed there to prejudicate in any matter, no more than I was called here to be browbeat and sentenced without trial. If you find that I prevaricate—if you desire to sift me as wheat, and find any chaff in me—I refuse not the bitterest punishment that our laws can inflict. But your lordship observes I am an evidence for the crown; and his majesty, God be praised! will not fix his tribunal in any unrighteousness. I therefore demand to be heard in the cause to which I am cited; and all present shall be assured that I speak nothing but the truth. And you, gentlemen of the jury, I petition you to intercede in favour of equity with his lordship, and to prevail that these criminals, for such I affirm them to be, should not be suffered to get away: and further, that they should be instantly searched, and all that is found about them reserved for the inspection of yourselves and his lordship.

My lord, said the foreman, I humbly conceive that no ill consequence can ensue from searching and setting a watch over those people; their testimony is already given, and cannot be invalidated thereby.

Well, added the judge, I would willingly hear what this fellow, this turncoat, has to say for himself.

My lord, replied the youth, provided I approve my truth before God, I shall be the less afflicted for having fallen under your lordship's displeasure. My name is Edward Longfield, I was born to happier prospects. My father was a gentleman; and about eighteen months ago I took the degree of bachelor at Queen's College in Oxford. But misfortunes and misunderstandings happening in our family, I was left to be the former of my own fortunes, and, arriving at London, I was taken into service by my late Lord Stivers. He grew fond of me beyond my merits; and I began to partake of his friendship and confidence, at the time that I was deprived of the most generous of masters by the most unhappy of all events.

He then deposed to his lord having communicated to him his designs against Mrs. Clement, and that, upon his daring to remonstrate with him on the illegality of his plans, Lord Stivers had become angry, and threatened him with the loss of his favour for ever. He then, continued Mr. Longfield, told me how he had gained over her maid by a large bribe to his interest. I felt sad and unwilling to participate in my lord's doings, but I was a dependent on his bounty, and really attached to him from many of his very engaging qualities. We adjourned to Mrs. Clement's house on some intimation from the confederate there: Lord Stivers went up-stairs, while we followed the maid, Mrs. Deborah, to the kitchen.

I soon observed that my companion, Mr. Robert there, was intent on making up his acquaintance with Mrs. Deborah; and, as I found myself extremely uneasy, I gave them the slip without being observed, and, stealing up-stairs, I put my ear to the door where I heard the voice of my master. Blessed heaven! to what surpassing sentiments was I then an amazed witness! to what proofs of an innocence of the most exalted nature! If I should not be tedious I would deliver to the court—to you, my lord, in

particular—and to you, gentlemen of the jury, the best acccount I can of those wonderful passages.

Hear him—hear him—hear him! was then almost the universal cry, till he was permitted by the bench, and desired by the jury, to speak with freedom.

He then repeated, in a more ample and pathetic manner, all that passed, as I have told you, between Lord Stivers and my wife. But stopping, as he drew near to the fatal catastrophe—I could no longer bear, he said, the piercing cries, the agonizing shrieks of one in such extremity. Had I any kind of weapon I thought I should have done my lord good service by preventing his wickedness. But I trembled and grew exceeding sick, and, hastening down to the kitchen, I threw myself into a chair, and swooned away.

While I was in my fit, and Robert and Deborah were busy about me, the fatal stroke, as I imagine, was given, and the prisoner made her escape with her infant in her arms. When I was somewhat recovered, and had taken a dram of Mrs. Deborah's bottle, she put down the kettle, and invited us to a dish of tea. I requested my companions, from time to time, to step out and listen; but they reported that all was quiet above stairs.

At length it grew darkish, and being all of us surprised that no candles were called for, we went in a body up-stairs, and Deborah ventured gently to tap at the door; but hearing no voice nor stirring in the chamber, she turned the bolt softly, and peeping in, she gave a loud shriek, and drew suddenly back again. We then entered together, and as I was prepared, by my knowledge of the lady's virtue, for some dreadful catastrophe, I was the less shocked and concerned at what I beheld.

The floor was half covered with blood. My master lay in the midst, already stiff and cold; and part of the fatal scissors was still within the wound. We all stood for some time in silent astonishment; and then, with joint tears,

lamented his fate. At length, says Deborah, I would gladly see if my bloody mistress has taken care to provide for her journey. So saying, she stooped, and, taking his lordship's purse from his pocket, she counted down two hundred and ninety-seven guineas. She then took out his fine gold repeater, and next his gold snuff-box, and last, took his large diamond ring from his finger.

Come, my lads, says Deborah, my lord's silence gives consent, and we can no more be said to rob this piece of earth, than the people in the mines who gather gold from clay. If my mistress is ever taken she must suffer death for the murder; and they can do no more to her for the robbery, and twenty such matters together. If you will therefore be of my council, we will comfort ourselves as we ought for this melancholy business; and share a prize between us that no one else had a right to, and that nobody will want.

Robert did not hesitate long. In a little time he appeared more sanguine than Deborah herself; and they urged me to join them by a number of interesting and cajoling instances. I was dispirited—I was affrighted; I saw a scene of blood and slaughter before me; and I doubted not that, if I refused them, I should be made the second victim to their resentment and avarice. I pretended to value the watch at an unmeasurable rate, and that I should be greatly the gainer if I got it for my dividend. Mrs. Deborah then went to her mistress's drawers, and taking out half a dozen silver spoons, a tea-equipage, and several articles in lace and cambrics, she fairly laid them before us; and observed at the same time that her mistress would not call in a hurry to demand them, and that the landlord would take all if we did not come in for snacks. She then made a new division; she compelled me further to accept of the snuff-box. She gave the purse of gold entire to Robert, and contented herself with the diamond ring, some gold medals, my lord's handkerchief, and the plunder of her mistress.

While Mr. Longfield was in this part of his testimony, the foreman of the jury cried out—Stay, sir! Good people, pray stop those witnesses there—I see they are making off. And now do us the favour to search their pockets, and to put what ye find into two hats, severally, and to hand them up to us.

This being accordingly done, Mr. Longfield, says the foreman, be pleased now to proceed.

I have little further to say, replied Mr. Longfield. Here is my noble master's watch, and here is his snuff-box. They are undoubtedly known to many honourable persons at present in court; and I bless my God that I have been enabled to preserve them, for the vindication of innocence, and the illustration of virtue, at this day.

Here Mr. Longfield paused; and the judge cried out—Clerk, hand me up the examination of this prevaricator. This his lordship perused with a countenance and scrutiny apparently inveterate; but finding that the deponent had not touched upon the robbery, and that neither the words *feloniously* nor of *malice* were inserted in that part that referred to the death of Lord Stivers, he tore the examination into twenty pieces. Come, come, he cried again, I have not yet done with this same Longfield. I perceive perfectly well how he came by the watch and snuff-box. The transference was not difficult from the prisoner who stole them to this her confederate. But tell us, my wonderfully honest friend, how came you to keep these things from their lawful owners for the very long space of twelve months and upwards? Why did you not immediately, or long before now, give informations against those whom you so suddenly take it into your head to accuse? And why would you suffer that so exceeding chaste and innocent lady to labour, all this time, under the infamy with which her character, in my judgment, is still justly loaded?

To all these questions Mr. Longfield barely smiled; but

bowing with his head, and making a motion with his hand to two gentlemen who sat on one side in the bench, Mr. Archibald, an eminent merchant and an alderman of the city, got up and spoke to the following effect:—

I wish, my lord, that I could as well content your lordship, as I can satisfy the jury and all others present on the articles you require. The day immediately succeeding this fatal accident, Mr. Longfield came to me, and, in presence of Mr. Truelove here, my worthy and substantial neighbour, gave a detail, almost word for word, of all that he has this hour deposed in court; he then deposited the watch and snuff-box with us, and did not reclaim them till early this morning. As I am of his majesty's peace, he also gave in this examination before me, which however I must not venture to hand over to your lordship, till I have your previous engagement that you will not tear it. I thereupon offered to issue warrants for apprehending the delinquents; but Mr. Longfield most sensibly and judiciously observed, that such a step must unquestionably shut the door against justice and all knowledge of the truth; that the criminals were two to one against their accuser; that, on the slightest alarm, they would infallibly abscond or make away with the effects, of which they now held themselves the peaceable and unquestioned possessors, or contrive some further plot to invalidate his evidence; or, probably, make him away by pistol or poison, and so deprive that unhappy gentlewoman of the only witness of her innocence. But, says he, if they are permitted to enter the court under the confidence of my confederacy, they will have no reserve upon them, no foreformed evasions or contrivances for escape. My unexpected testimony will suddenly confound their guilt, and they may happen to carry some articles about them which might serve for their conviction beyond ten witnesses.

In the mean time, Mr. Longfield, Mr. Truelove, and I,

were solicitous and unwearied in our inquiries after the unfortunate prisoner, that we might persuade her to stand her trial, and to deliver herself up to justice. But all our search proved fruitless till the day on which she was discovered and taken.

Here Mr. Archibald ended, and the judge exclaimed—Crier! call the two first witnesses into court, that we may hear what they say to this fair-weather speech. The crier accordingly vociferated several Oyez's for Deborah Skinner and Robert Callan to come into court. But, had they been within call, they did not choose to hear. During the attention of the court and jury to alderman Archibald, they had imperceptibly slipped behind their next neighbours; and proceeding in like manner from one to another, they at length confounded themselves with the crowd, and got clear off.

My lord then began to sum his charge to the jury, and dwelled with much emphasis on some articles. Here, says he, we have lost a nobleman—a minister—one of the first ornaments of our country and stays of our land. And what, I pray ye, have we got in recompense of this great damage? Why, my friends, we have got a new thing upon the earth; we have got a saving of the honour of a milliner. But if this woman is inviolate, as still is pretended, how came she to be guilty of this most horrid of all murders, before she knew to what extremity his lordship would have proceeded? How did she dare capitally to execute a peer of the realm, on that for which our laws would not have confined a common porter? This woman must, certainly, have been a trader in blood; and her felonious intents and malice are fully expressed, in the very peculiar use and inhumanity of the weapon with which she perpetrated this most desperate deed. You need not therefore, gentlemen, go out of your box to bring her in guilty of the murder. I will not affirm with equal certainty touching the robbery;

and yet to me it is apparent, that she could not have enterprised so barbarous a fact, if she had not done it in prospect of plundering the deceased. But, as she is capitally punishable in the first instance, I leave ye, gentlemen, to determine of the second at pleasure.—First permit us, my lord, replied the foreman, to examine what we have got in these hats. He then drew a long purse from among the relics of Robert; and, having counted out seventy guineas, Mr. Longfield, says he, would you know my lord's purse?—If it is my master's purse, said Longfield, it is of green silk, and has, toward the top, a coronet and the letter S. wrought under it in silver twist.—The very same, sir, indeed, rejoined the foreman. And now let us see what Mrs. Deborah might have got in her honest keeping? So saying, he took from the second hat a small wooden box neatly stuffed with cotton, in which he found my lord's diamond ring, three gold medals, and the ends of the handles of several silver spoons. Mrs. Clements, says he, I imagine we may have got some of your property among us. Pray, had you any mark to your silver spoons?—Yes, sir, said she, scarce audibly; a G at top for Graves, and a D and A below for Dorothy and Arabella.—I wish, madam, replied this gentleman, that we were equally enabled to find an equivalent for your merits, as to restore to you this trifling remnant of your rights.

Come, gentlemen, cried the judge, the day wears space. It is time for you to retire, and consult on the verdict ye are to bring in.

My lord, answered the foreman, you truly observed that we need not leave our box for the purpose you require. We are already agreed and unanimous in our verdict. And I would to heaven that we were not confined, on this occasion, to literal precedents and forms of law, that we might give a verdict some way adequate to the merits of the prisoner, who, however depressed by fortune, is superior

in all excellencies; whom we judge to be an honour to human nature, and the first grace and ornament of her own sex. But since we are limited by custom in these matters, we do say, with one voice, and a conscience that compels us to utterance, Not guilty, my lord—not guilty!

The words were scarce pronounced when the court-house was almost split by a sudden peal. Hats, caps, and wigs, universally filled the air, and jostled against each other. The triumph was caught and echoed by the crowds without; and the sound was repeated, and floated from street to street, till it seemed to die away in distant parts of the city.

My wife then turned, gracefully curtsying to the foreman —I thank you, sir, says she; I thank ye, gentlemen, says she, again curtsying to the rest of the jury. And then, glancing modestly round, she saluted the assembly, and sat down. But I could not contain my gratitude, my transport overpowered me; and falling on my knees, and lifting my hands towards the jury—God alone can reward ye, gentlemen! I cried. May he for ever preserve the properties, honours, and families, of the worthy citizens of London from violation and insult!

I then rose hastily. I slipped out of the bar; and, rushing up to Mr. Longfield, I catched him eagerly about the neck. I could not speak. I hid my face in his bosom, and broke into tears. He attempted to disengage himself; but I held him fast. I believe, said he, you must be Mr. Clement. I congratulate you, sir, with all my soul. But you owe me nothing; I barely did my duty.

O, my friend—my brother—my preserver! I cried; I owe you more than life. Existence had been my greatest of curses without you. That I am not, at this moment, the deepest damned of the creation; that I find myself the most blessed of all beings; to you alone it is owing, my Longfield, my deliverer! Nay, hope not to escape me;

we never more must part. You are my captive for life. And I, and all that I am, or have, is yours to eternity.

As the people within and without were still in great commotion, the court appeared much alarmed; and the judge and most of the gentry made homeward, through a private door that opened into a back alley. But their fears were groundless; for the crowd was wholly intent on another object, and impatiently waited for a sight of my Arabella.

As she walked forward, attended by Mr. Longfield and myself, they made way for her on either hand, and the atmosphere again rung with shouts and acclamations. So sincere is the respect that the populace pay to virtue; and such is their exultation when innocence rises superior to oppression! But when innocence and virtue are accompanied by beauty, their reverence grows almost criminal, and approaches to adoration.

Thus we returned to Newgate, amidst the blessings, prayers, and praises, of a yielding multitude, who still respectfully opened as Arabella advanced. The windows on all sides poured forth congratulations; and those through whom we had passed pressed forward for another sight, as though their eyes could not be satisfied with beholding.

Before we entered her late prison, my wife turned about and curtsied three or four times to her numerous attendants, with an acknowledging grace and humility that seemed oppressed by their favours. She then entered hastily, and running up-stairs, she caught her child from the nurse-keeper. She held him some time in her arms; her bosom gently heaved; and the tears rolled in silence down her placid countenance. But on our approach, she turned suddenly into the bed-chamber, shut to the door, and continued there in private for near an hour.

In the mean time I sent out for a warm dinner and a bottle of wine. Mr. Longfield now told me that he had often been tempted to introduce himself to us during my

wife's confinement; but he feared that the discovery of any acquaintance or correspondence between us might prejudice Arabella upon her trial; and that, therefore, he had made use of the little stratagem of the verses, which he had thrust under our door, in order to preserve us from a total depression of spirits.

When the cloth was laid, I whispered gently through the keyhole to my Arabella; and soon after she came forth, with a harmony and beatitude of motion and aspect, as though she had instantly dropped from that heaven which had wholly possessed her during her absence.

At table, Mr. Longfield gave us some heads of his history. He further told us, that since the death of his late lord he had entered into another service; but that he had been out of place for about a month past.

After some further discourse, I called up the keeper, discharged the reckoning and fees, and returned thanks for his civility to my Arabella. I then sent for a coach, and we drove home together.

Mrs. Jennet received us with warm congratulations; we immediately invited her to a dish of tea, over which she agreed with our friend for the street-room on the same floor at three shillings per week. Arabella was now at liberty to revisit her old acquaintance. She was more caressed than ever, and took in so much work that she was obliged to hire a girl to attend to the child.

I was now at the very pinnacle of human happiness. Affliction was no more. The remembrance of distress and poverty had vanished as a dream. Our days moved up and down, and joy and peace nightly prepared our pillows.

Mr. Longfield was very lovely in his person and manners. We had contracted a friendship which I imagined too strict for time to untie; and I loved him the better for his attention to my Arabella, whose entertainment seemed to form the chief delight of his life. I gave him my story in parts

from time to time, and he had plentifully watered the several passages with his tears. He introduced me to Mr. Marfelt, his late master, to whom he had recommended me as private tutor to his son; and we agreed at fifty pounds per annum, to commence as soon as the young gentleman should descend from the nursery.

Mr. Longfield, as I told you, was very lovely in his person, and he became daily more amiable and engaging in my eyes. I was pleased that he appeared in the same light to my wife. I thought that we could never love him enough; and I daily importuned my Arabella to affect him with a tenderness equal to my own.

At length I became uneasy, I knew not why nor wherefore. When I could form a pretence for retiring or going abroad, I took a solitary walk, or withdrew to some recess, where I lightened my oppression by giving a loose to my tears. Ah! are not the real evils of life sufficient? Yet man adds to the heap by his tendency to realize what is merely imaginary.

The source of my malady was now no longer a secret to me. Mr. Longfield, I cried to myself, my Arabella, my angel! You are still faithful, my Longfield! You are still chaste, my Arabella! But you are both of you too amiable; you are fitted for each other. Your friend loves you too well to be a bar to your happiness. He will have no bliss but yours; your happiness shall be his; and he will die to accomplish it, since his life is an interruption. I was pleased that I daily declined; but the affectation of cheerfulness became painful to me. One night as we sat together, my wife looked at me with an affectionate disturbance. What is the matter, Hammy? she cried; what is come over my love? You look not, you speak not, like the once fond, the delighting and delighted consort of your Arabella.

Ah! I cried; it is enough. I die, and I die contented,

since I leave the only two happy for whom I could wish to live. What is this I hear, Hammy? replied my Arabella; you die, you say, and you say also you die contented. Ah! you love me no longer. What business have I then any longer to—live, she would have said, but she instantly swooned away.

At length she opened her eyes, and looking about with a languid kind of displeasure—Mr. Longfield, says she, your services have been great; but at present I am not under any necessity for your assistance, whereupon he silently bowed and withdrew to his apartment.

I then dropped on my knees before her. My Arabella, I cried, loveliest of womankind! But here, with a forbidding hand, and a countenance averted—No, Hammy, no, says she (in a voice interrupted by tears), after what has passed your lips I cannot be deceived, and I will not be comforted. You would leave me, you say, Hammy; and would you leave me forlorn? But I will not be forsaken. I will prevent your unkindness. I will go where I shall not be altogether friendless. Ah, my aunt! my all relations in one—why did you abandon me?

Here her words were suffocated by sobs and a burst of affliction. But still continuing my posture—I am guilty, my love, I cried; I am guilty past pardon. But I will live if you desire it, my Arabella; will live to repent my follies, and to repair my defaults. But I cannot a minute longer survive your displeasure. She then beckoned me to rise and sit beside her, which I did; when, reaching one arm about my neck, and gently leaning over, she joined her face to mine, and silently shed her tears into my bosom.

Soon after I perceived that she was seized with a kind of shivering, and, calling to the girl, I ordered her in all haste to warm the bed, and I assisted my wife to undress.

As soon as she lay down and was somewhat composed, I stepped to my friend's apartment. I found him leaning on

a table with his eyes downcast, like the figure of discomfort stooping over a monument. What is the matter? I said; what ails my dear Longfield? I hope I have not offended him past forgiveness. Indeed I am not well, says he. I beseech you to leave me to my own thoughts till morning. I understand you, Mr. Longfield, I cried; I confess myself no longer worthy of your friendship, and I shall no more demand it of you till you condescend to make the tender; and, so saying, I suddenly quitted his chamber.

All night my Arabella was cold and hot by turns, and her sleep was discomposed by starts and moanings. In the morning I observed that her breath was short and feverish, and I got up in haste and went for a physician. As soon as he had written his prescription, I went eagerly to wish Mr. Longfield a good-morning, and to apologise for the abruptness of last night's behaviour; but Mr. Longfield had taken a long adieu, and this letter was all that I had left to console me for his loss:—

"To Mr. H. Clement.

"I leave you, dearest of friends, and I leave you for ever. Wretch that I am! to have brought affliction on the only two for whom I would have lived, for whom I would have died. Heavens, what a fate is mine! I voluntarily depart, and I go where I must be miserable, since I leave those whose sight and converse made the whole of my enjoyment. That which doubles my unhappiness is, partly to suspect that I have been guilty.

"Your Arabella, my Hammy!—I begin to fear that I loved your Arabella. Alas! I feel that I still love her, and that I must love her during life.

"Ah, fond and foolish passion! that could neither hope, nor wish, nor even accept of any kind of gratification, save the sight and society of the object of its ardour. No, most amiable of men, were it possible for your Arabella to stray

but in thought from her truth, from her duty, from her tenderness for you, I could have loved her no longer.

"I am jealous for you, my friend—I am jealous of myself in your dearer behalf; and I will amply avenge you on the injurious and hapless Longfield.

"Ah! let no man henceforth confide in his own strength. I daily beheld your Arabella; I daily conversed with, but I saw not my danger. The gracefulness of her motions, the sound of her voice, and the loveliness of her aspect, hourly sunk into my soul with an intoxicating delight; and I wished, and was solicitous to become pleasing in her eyes, at the time that I would have taken the life of any man who had attempted to deprive you of your full right in her affections.

"My confession reaches the utmost of my faults; but from what a dream of delight has it suddenly awaked me! Enchanting sensations! you are departed for ever; and all the future portion that you leave me is bitterness.

"P. S.—In the drawer of my table, on the left hand, you will find another paper, carefully sealed and addressed to you. It contains a poor legacy, though all that could be bequeathed by—your departed

"EDWARD LONGFIELD."

I wept as I read this pathetic epistle. My breast heaved, and I was agitated by emotions of self-reproach, and with a tide of returning tenderness to poor Longfield.

Ah, unjust though most generous of men! I exclaimed, I alone am guilty, and thou assumest to thyself a burden that thy virtues disclaim. Would to heaven that men and angels might love my Arabella with a purity like thine.

I found seventeen guineas in the fore-mentioned paper, a most seasonable, and yet a most unacceptable supply, as I feared, from the generosity of Longfield's temper, that it contained very nearly the whole of his possessions.

My wife's distemper turned out a tertian ague; and at length settled into a certain rheumatism, that principally affected her arms and hands, and thereby prevented her earning any subsistence for herself or her infant.

It was now upwards of four months since Mr. Longfield had left us. Our finances were again reduced to about two guineas. I was, however, confident of a supply in the tutorship promised me by Mr. Marfelt; and I dressed in the best I could, and waited upon him. I was concerned to find the family in black. But when Mr. Marfelt himself appeared, and told me, with a voice interrupted with sighs, that his only son, my pupil in expectance, had been lately carried off by a malignant smallpox, my mourning passed all shows of sorrow.

I took my leave with a dejection and absence of mind that forgot there was any road left for me upon earth. I went, I knew not where, a way that led from home. I saw nothing but the labyrinth within my own soul; and from thence I could perceive neither outlet nor escape.

My eyes at last were opened, and I perceived that I was now much further from my lodgings than when I set out from Mr. Marfelt's. I turned homeward as well as I could, fatigued in body, and with more than a mountain's weight upon my mind. On the way, I lifted up my eyes and rung my hands together in a kind of agony. Bread! Bread! I cried inwardly. Merciful heaven, a little, but a very little bread! My helpless wife! my helpless infant! a little pittance for them; I crave it in mercy! and, O save me from beholding them famished, and gasping for a morsel of sustenance before my face!

As soon as I had crawled home, another weight was added to the burden I already bore. A bailiff was in waiting, and my landlady, with an aspect as inexorable as iron, ordered me directly into custody for the last quarter's rent. I was on this occasion obliged to disburse my last two

guineas, and further to deposit my wife's gown as a security for the small remainder of rent and fees. I had not now wherewithal to purchase a pennyworth of bread, that, like the widow of Sarepta, my wife, my child, and I, for this last time might sit down together and eat before we died.

I pretended to have forgotten somewhat, and again hastened out of doors. The night had just fallen, and was still and gloomy. Rage, anguish, and despair gave me new strength and spirits; and I turned fiercely down an unfrequented street, without any arms save my fury and natural fangs, with which I determined, like the maternal lioness, to rend subsistence for my young from the first I should encounter.

I perceived a man advancing at some distance. I hastened to meet him; and, coming within a few paces—Stand! I cried; pass no further! Why, said he, with a fearless and benevolent voice, is there any thing wherein you desire I should serve you? O save me! I replied; you must, you shall save me from the terrible damnation of seeing my wife and infant perish before me.—God, said he, sends you this by my hands. He sees your distress, but disapproves your conduct. But, Clement, beware the third time; another offence like this would prove fatal to you.

He spoke, and putting five guineas into my hand he instantly slipped away; for such was my sudden astonishment and confusion that I neither remarked nor saw what became of him. At length I awaked as from a trance. I stepped up to a single lamp that glimmered before me, and opening my hand I perceived that the money which I held was gold. I hurried it into my pocket, and turning back I began slow and pensive to move toward home.

Ah! I cried; I am then known. The darkness of the night hath not been able to conceal me. My guilt is laid open before God and his angels; and my present and past transgressions are entered into his book. He yet pities, he

yet relieves me. He snatches me from the gulf wherein I had already plunged and saw no bottom; to show me that no extremity can pass his power, and that on this side of existence it is always too early to despair of his bounty. As soon as I got to my lodgings, I redeemed my wife's gown, and sent out for a frugal supper. I then stepped up stairs, and, taking a chair just opposite to my wife, I sat down and continued silent, but dared not to look up. She eyed me through and through. My Hammy, says she, you are apt to meet with strange adventures. I know you not for the same person; you are not what you were a few minutes ago. I found myself under the necessity of avowing to her all that had happened. But, gracious heaven! through time and through eternity never shall I forget the reply she made.

Hammy, says she, with the face, air, and accent of heaven's mildest minister, it ill becomes me to reprove a respected husband for the excess of his goodness to me and my child; and yet I have suffered more from the consideration of this excess, than from all our other calamities put together. I love you entirely, my Hammy; but I love that part of you the most which you appear to regard the least. It is a part that must survive the dissolution of all the rest—their short joys, their idle anxieties, their fierce desires, and empty possessions—and it must thereafter be yourself to all eternity. I once thought, my love, that learning was the principal promoter of piety. But I have long since discovered that to know is not to feel, and that argument and inclination are often as opposite as adversaries that refuse all means of reconcilement.

I will suppose you, for instance, in the depth of your knowledge, the wisest discoverer of the attributes of infinity. But what will this do for you, my Hammy? You may contemplate these great objects as matters with which you are no way connected.

God, with all his omnipotence, can no otherwise make us happy than by connecting himself with us; and this connection can no way be formed but by our dependence upon him. And this dependence can no way be made but by our confidence in him; by feeling that in ourselves, or the world around us, there is neither footing nor hold to save us from sinking for ever; and by catching at God alone for the support of that existence which his bounty bestowed.

It is this confidence, my dear husband, that is called by the name of FAITH; of which we ought to have such a portion at least as might enable us to say to the worst that can befall, what the three Jewish captives said to the king of Babylon, "Our God is able to deliver us," and he will in due time deliver us from all these afflictions. But, though he should not deliver us, we will not forsake our confidence in him, neither bow to any temptation that guilt can set up.

Since God, therefore, cannot communicate happiness to one who refuses to trust in his goodness, or to repose upon his power; where he is peculiarly favourable, he blesses him with all sorts of crosses and disappointments. He breaks under him all the props of worldly confidence. He snatches from him the helps on which his hopes had laid hold; that in the instant of sinking he may catch at his Creator, and throw himself on the bosom of that infinite benevolence.

I am your loving wife, my husband, and this is your dear and promising infant. But, what are we further to you? You neither made us, nor can you preserve us; nor are you obliged to provide for us beyond your weak and finite endeavours. Commit us, then, to Him in whom we have our existence; and know that should he permit this innocent to suffer, and my confidence in his mercy to fail of support, the retribution is instantly and infinitely in his hands.

Here ended my Arabella; but the sweetness of her voice continued to vibrate in my ear.

She laid hold of the season for making the impression she desired, as my mind was still affected and softened by the late adventure. I did not, indeed, yet behold the world or its Author in the light by which they are represented in the Christian system; but, even in the eye of philosophy, all that my wife had said appeared reasonable, and conformable to the nature of a Being infinitely powerful, benevolent, and wise.

In these sentiments I eagerly applied for farther instruction to those writings that had brought life and immortality to light. I began at the creation, and proceeded with the deepest attention and delight. Another system of matter and morals, another world, and another God, presented themselves before me. But I shall not here detain you with an account of my new faith, as I may justly call it; for though I always had held myself, vulgarly speaking, a Christian, I found on examination that I had been wholly a stranger to the necessity, as well as the beauty, of the Christian dispensation; neither had I felt a single ray of its comforting influence.

My wife began now to recover of her rheumatism, and hoped soon to be able to take in work. I determined, however, to be beforehand with her, if possible; for at this time I regarded not how mean my occupation would be, provided I might earn any kind of honest bread.

Accordingly, as I rambled in search of employment, I observed a porter attending before the door of a tavern, clad in an ordinary frock, with a belt about his waist, and an apron before him. I thereupon went to Monmouth-street, and purchased an uniform for the like purpose. I then passed through several streets, till I came to a splendid tavern where no porter was in waiting. I stepped over the way, where I deposited my former coat with a poor huckster-woman, to whom I promised some small matter for the trouble I gave her. I then dressed in my porterly robes,

and, applying to the chief drawer, I promised him part of my earnings provided he put me in speedy employment.

I had not stayed long till I was despatched to a considerable distance with a letter. I was afterwards sent on a variety of errands and messages; and by the close of the day I had accumulated three shillings, sixpence whereof I gave to the drawer. I then stepped in high triumph to my friend the huckster-woman. I gave her twopence, reassumed my former garb, and left my weeds in her custody. I returned home with a satisfaction to which I had been a stranger for a long time; and I that night ate heartily, talked cheerfully, and slept in peace.

I continued this occupation during five successive days, in one of which I earned to the amount of five shillings. I was now engaged in one of the lowest, and least lucrative, employments of life; but a Divine friend was at hand, of whose favour I was confident. I was content; I was cheerful; and I felt a peace within that passed all the understanding I should otherwise have had of happiness, though I had been in possession of the crown revenues.

Late on the fifth night of my occupation, as I was on my return, and within a few doors of my lodging, I was seized and assaulted by four men, who were porters, as I found by the sequel. I struggled the best I could, and got one of them under me; but the rest fell upon me, and kicked, cuffed, and bruised me in a miserable manner. Oh! they cried—you are a gentleman! and yet, thief as you are, you must steal into our business, and glean away the few pence by which we get our daily bread; but we will cure you for carrying of burdens, we warrant you.

They would undoubtedly have murdered me had I not feigned myself already dead; but, observing that I lay without any signs of life, they made off in haste.

I rose as well as I was able, and, holding by the rails

and wall, got with difficulty home, where, crawling upstairs, my wife helped to undress me, and I went to bed.

She then sent for our old physician, who ordered me some potions, with outward fomentations to assuage the contusions. I was however seized that night with a violent fever, which continued upwards of three weeks, but without any delirium; and within another week I was able to sit up, though still very weak and greatly emaciated.

The last of our stock, with the fruits of my late employment, were now nearly expended on doctor, drugs, and so forth. Wherefore I found it necessary to abridge our domestic charge as close as possible; and having sent our girl with a token for my porter's habiliments, I gave them to her in lieu of what remained of her wages, and with the help of an additional shilling discharged her.

I was now able to bear the light, and the windows were half opened; but how was I shocked on observing that my Arabella and my little Tommy were as pale and as much fallen away as myself! For Arabella had half-starved her infant, and almost wholly starved herself, in order to save sufficient for my sustenance during my illness; yet she bore up with a sweet and smiling semblance, and in her alone was realized all that ever I have seen of the boasted patience of stoicism, or of the power of Christianity in effecting a new nature.

Within a little time I was once more able to walk about the room; when, on the day preceding that wherein our quarter's rent was to become due, Mrs. Jennet entered with a face wherein was prefaced whatever insolence, hardness of heart, or contempt of our wretched situation could dictate.—Mr. Clement, says she, if so be your name be Clement, I suppose I am not to tell you that tomorrow is quarter-day. And yet, if some people, Mr. Clement, can't afford to eat, I can't see how they can afford to pay rent, Mr. Clement; and so, you know, 'tis

every bit as comfortable to starve in jail as in lodgings. But this is nothing to the purpose. I am myself but a poor woman, and no better than richer folks. Yet, poor as I am, comparisons may be odious between some people and some people; and then I don't come for charity, I come for nothing but my own, and that, you know, is the least that will satisfy any body. If you had any one else to befriend you but myself, you might a' been put up on the parish before this. But, as I was saying, I can't be an only friend and all friends at once. And I must tell you that I hate objects; for I have so much pity in my nature, that it pains me to look at 'em; and, above all, I can't abide 'em in my own house. And so, as I told you, Mr. Constable will be here in the morning, and he will shew you to lodgings that will fit you much better; and so, Mr. Clement and Mrs. Clement, if so be that your names be Clement, I wish you both a mighty good-morning. And so away she went without waiting an answer.

As soon as she was gone—Hammy, says Arabella, our kind landlady puts me in mind of the wife of honest Socrates, whom he took for the trial and exercise of his patience. Ah, how cringing was this woman! how insolent is servility when it attains any power! But what, I wonder, is become of our friends the Miss Hodgins? I would have sent to inquire after them, but I was petted at their neglect of us during our long illness. I will step there this minute, and borrow as much, at least, as will snatch my Hammy from the fangs of this fury.

So saying, weak as she was, she dressed herself with a cheerful air, and going, pleasantly repeated—Your servant, Mr. Clement, if so be that your name be Clement, I wish you a mighty good-morning.

She was not long abroad, and on her return I observed a kind of heavenly radiance that seemed to beam throughout her countenance, from whence I prophesied all manner

of happy success. But continuing silent for some time, and, looking eagerly at me, she suddenly threw herself into my bosom and burst into tears.

Ah, Hammy! she cried, I had hopes I was very stout; but frail nature, in spite of grace, confesses me a coward. I thought I could have seen you perish with patience, with delight, provided I saw a happy immortality before you. But now that your sufferings are at hand, I find them insupportable. I tremble also for your faith, lest it should not support you under the impending trial. Yes, Hammy, all is over. All is finished, my love, and the hand of our God is in it. Our dear Miss Hodginses were not to blame; the eldest died suddenly since we saw them, and the youngest is with a distant relation in the country. We have nothing further to hope, neither to fear, from this world. Our God has shut us out by every door; and will neither permit the friendship, the humanity, or charity of others, neither our own industry or ingenuity, to yield us a morsel of bread; to convince us that we are his, and that all things are his; that when he openeth his hand there is plenty on every side, but when he pleaseth to shut there is no resource. What say you, then, my husband? Are you willing to run this last short course? The prize is glorious, unspeakable, and lies within a very few paces of your grasp. You must run it, my husband, and your repugnance would but serve to make it insufferable. But patience and courage would give you strength to endure; and a little further conformity to the will of our Disposer would turn all the bitterness into delight. Our time is done, our task is finished; we are already brought to nothing, that our all may be in God.

Yes, I answered, it is evident from a chain of successive proofs. I see the hand of God in all that concerns us; and I am pleased with any instances of his notice and attention, whatever his final purpose may be. I will no longer

struggle with his omnipotence; nor make my ignorance a sounding-line for his unbottomed wisdom. If to see you and our little innocent thus famishing by the hour; if, in contemplating your wants and imagining your pains, I feel an anguish above what death can give; why, let it be; rend, heart, into a thousand pieces! A period must at length be put to our sufferings: and all beyond shall be peace, or what God pleases. But do you, Arabella, do you lead the way, my patroness, my director! I will endeavour to keep the brightness of your example in view; that neither here, nor hereafter, I may lose sight of her, without whom, here or hereafter, I think I cannot be happy.

About nine the next morning our landlady entered, followed by two constables and two appraisers. Thus authorized, as she imagined, the first thing she did was to search our pockets for money, but without effect; as we had expended our last penny the day before for bread. She, however, found my wife's case of scissors, and other implements for her business; and gathering up our boxes, linen, handkerchiefs, and a variety of articles which we never had a notion of converting into money, she laid them all before the appraisers; who, on frequent consultation, valued the same to four pounds nine shillings, my wife's gown included, being nine-and-thirty shillings more than we owed. But this, our honest landlady very prudently observed, was scarce sufficient for costs and other damages which she had suffered, or might have suffered, or might yet suffer on our accounts.

Thus we were turned out, almost naked, to the mercy of the elements. O, how deeply degraded below the birds of the air, the beasts of the forest, or even the worms of the sod, who rightfully claim sustenance from the earth whereof they were bred, and have some hole apart whereto they may creep for shelter!

The world, indeed, lay before us. It was wide and all-

sufficient; and yet nothing to our purpose. We had neither art or part, concern or interest, therein. It was to us as a harbour to tempest-beaten mariners, who are shut out and driven thence on suspicion of the plague.

All hopeless, weak, and faint, we took our way, we knew not whither; without home whereto we might travel, or point whereto we might steer. We could think of no one living who would receive or acknowledge us; and we seemed to have no way save that of hastening as fast as we could from the presence of mankind.

Slow and tottering as we went, my wife and I carried our little Tommy by turns; and in the smoother places he walked with the help of our hands. Thus, with much toil and fatigue, we got out of London, and reposed ourselves on a bank that lay a little off the causeway. Here we found ourselves greatly distressed with thirst; and, getting up again, we made towards a small hut that stood beside the road, where they had the charity to treat us with a draught of cold water. With this we were wonderfully refreshed and recruited; and, putting on again—Hammy, says my Arabella, no conqueror on his triumphal entry into Rome, ever exulted as I do in your fortitude this day. And what signifies it now that, it comes to the test? It is but to travel, my love, till we can travel no further; and then we drop, fit and ready, and ripe for eternity. O how sweet it is to perish with a patience that is pleased; how fearful, how horrible, to die struggling and kicking against the Almighty!

As we went gently along, still mutually supporting and exhorting each other, I applied for alms from time to time to a number of passengers; but my voice and address were so feebly importunate, or their attention was so engaged on distant and different matters, that my oratory returned as empty as it set out.

At length I met a poor beggar-man, with a wife and

seven children following in a train. I looked at him wistfully, and, having civilly saluted him, I entreated some little matter from his bag or his can, to keep my infant from perishing on the highway. God's mercy, master! says the charitable mendicant, I am very sorry to see any body poorer than myself; but the truth is, that I have travelled a great way, and have eat and drank all except this last twopence-halfpenny. Here it is, master; God's blessing go along with it! I grieve, and shall grieve, that it is not two pounds for your sake.

In expectation of the refreshment we should derive from this supply, we kept on at a creeping pace till we came to a little ale-house that stands about half a mile from this town. There we entered, and called for a pennyworth of bread and a pint of drink, with some milk for the child. While we sat to repose ourselves, the poor man of the house having eyed me with a kind of earnest compassion—You look, said he, to be in much trouble; but if your trouble is of a kind that may be cured, there is one Mr. Fenton at hand, whom God has placed in this country, as the sun in heaven, to give comfort to all within his reach.

My heart revived within me at these tidings, and was further prophetic of some happy revolution. Having finished our pint, and laid up the remainder of our bread in store, we discharged our reckoning, and set out on our last stage.

The prospect of speedy relief, and the possibility that it might not arrive too late, gave us spirits beyond our powers, and we pushed on till we came nearly opposite to this house, though we did not then know to whom it belonged. Here, slackening our pace, we found ourselves growing extremely sick; whether it was that we were overpowered by the late nourishment we had taken, or by a toil and fatigue that supassed our abilities.

Hammy, said my Arabella, God be praised!—it is done;

it is finished. I die, my Hammy; but I would not die within the gaze of public passengers. Help me into the field, if you are able, my love! I have no further use for charity now, save that of laying my limbs with decency in the ground.

She spoke—nor had I the power to answer. But, overcome as I was by sickness and anguish, I exerted myself to help her through the turnstile; and, sitting down on the sod, I laid her head in my lap, where she fainted away. And there we remained in the situation in which your charity found us.

Friend. Your story of Clement, my friend, is truly interesting, and in some passages may be edifying also. I have only to observe that it is too long for an episode, and that the character of your heroine-milliner is constrained and unnatural; it is elevated above the fortitude and virtues of man himself, but quite out of the sight and soaring of any of her weak and silly sex. Had she been a princess—an empress—she could not have figured in your history with greater dignity.

Author. There lay my error, sir; unhappily I did not reflect, that royalty or station was necessary to Christian resignation and lowliness of temper.

Friend. Your drollery is more provoking than argumentative, I must tell you, sir. I was not speaking of the lowliness, but of the fortitude of your Arabella; indeed it exceeds every thing that I have met in romance. Such an exaltation of female character is of evil influence among the sex; each woman will be apt to arrogate some of the merit to herself; their vanity will be inflated, and they will rise, on the stilts of Arabella, to a presumptuous level with their natural lords and masters. Women unquestionably have their becoming qualities: in the bed-chamber, kitchen, and nursery, they are useful to man; but beyond these,

my friend, they are quite out of the element of nature and common-sense.

Author. I have sadly mistaken this whole affair, it seems; I actually apprehended that woman might be admitted as a companion to man, and was intended occasionally to soften his temper and polish his manners. They have at times formed governors, legislators, and heroes. The great Pericles derived all the powers of his oratory, and the elegance of his taste, from the example and instructions of the lovely Aspasia; and the Gracchi also caught the spirit of their eloquence, and the fire of their patriotism, from their mother Cornelia.

Friend. Pshaw! the women you have mentioned were but as single luminaries, perhaps one in many centuries, who shot away and shone out of their appointed spheres.

Author. Mayhap I can produce still better authority to prove to you, my friend, that woman was not merely intended to form and instruct us, to soften and polish the rudeness of our mass; she was also appointed to native empire and dominion over man.

Friend. By all means, my dear sir; I am quite impatient to be instructed in the policies and constitution of this your petticoat-government.

Author. Whenever you shall be pleased to turn over to the third chapter of the first book of the prophet Esdras, you will there find it written to the following purpose:—

In the reign of Darius Hystaspes, successor to the grand Cyrus (whom you may have read of in romance), Darius made a great feast to all his princes and nobles, chief captains and governors of his hundred and twenty-seven provinces.

And at the feast, three young and princely geniuses arose, and offered to dispute for pre-eminence before the great assembly. And the question turned on, What was STRONGEST? And the first said, WINE is strongest; and

the second said, the KING is strongest; and the third said, WOMAN is strongest: and then the advocate for the bottle thus began:—

O ye princes! bear me testimony that wine gives and takes away according to its mightiness. It takes away the strength and capacities of nature; and gives powers, virtues, and talents of its own acquiring.

It trips up the wrestler, and lays a giant low; and bears the feeble and the fearful into the midst of the battle.

Wine is an opener of hearts and a revealer of secrets. It raises hopes into certainty, and gives jollity and enjoyment in exchange for care.

It unfolds the purse of the usurer and enriches the needy; and frees the prisoner from his chain and the debtor from his obligation.

It levels the rich and the poor, the high and the low, the king and the clown, to one temper and condition. It can set companions, friends, and brothers at variance; and cause rivals, competitors, and enemies, to embrace.

Wine enlarges the narrow heart and thaws the frozen understanding: it instructs the ignorant in arts, and to the silent and illiterate gives phrase and elocution.

It can elevate the peasant from a cottage to a throne; for he who is drunk is as great as an emperor.

O ye princes! what in nature can be stronger than that by which all the powers of nature are inverted or surpassed?

And having so spoken, he held his peace.

Then arose the advocate for kingly dominion, and, waving his hand, thus addressed the assembly:—

O princes! how short and sickly is the influence of wine! it passes away as a vapour at the dawning; we recollect it with disgust, or remember nothing thereof. But all power that is stable or durable subsists in majesty.

The king is but one man among a hundred and twenty-seven nations of men; yet he overseeth, connects, and

governs the whole. His are the honours, counsels, and strength of all his people.

The sun, who from on high looketh down on the wide world, beholdeth not at once the extent of our king's dominion. He must travel for the prospect through the blue expanse of heaven, and leave the western nations involved in night, when his beam begins to rise on their fellow-subjects in the orient.

For the king they plough, they sow, and they reap and plant vineyards. For him the stars shine and shed influences upon earth, and the seasons change to yield our monarch variety of production. For him the fruits ripen, the shrubs drop their balm, and the blossoms breathe their odours; all winds blow incense to him; and the four quarters of the world pay him tribute day by day.

If he bids to build, they build; and if he bids to lay waste, the nations are made desolate. Bliss and bane, life and death, ruin and restoration, are in the breath of his lips.

If he cries War! it is war; the banners of blood are let loose to the wind, and the sound of the clarion kindles all men to battle. His hosts clothe themselves in harness, and range in terrible array; and his horses begin to neigh and tear up the ground, and his chariots to roll as distant thunders. They move and cover the earth wide as the eye can reach. The forests are laid flat, the mountains shake beneath them, and neither the rocks nor rivers impede the march of his armies. They trample into dust the fruits of the field, and the labours of the industrious; houses, vineyards, and standing corn; the villages and towns smoke and flame on every side.

Yet none ask the king, Wherefore is peace, or wherefore is war? for he stands exalted in ruin, and is glorified in destruction; his word is the bolt of irresistible power, and his will makes the appointment and sanctitude of law.

And having so said, he sat down amid the applauses of the whole assembly.

Lastly, slow and bashful, arose the young advocate for the FAIR; and, bowing thrice around, he let his words go forth as the breathing of soft music:—

Great, O princes! great is the strength of WINE, and much greater is the strength and glory of MAJESTY. But yet there is a power that tempers and moderates, to which rulers themselves pay delightful obedience.

Man is as the rough and crude element of earth, unmollified by the fluidity of water and light. Heaven therefore sent WOMAN—gentle, bright, and beauteous woman—to soothe, form, and illumine the rudeness of his mass.

She comes upon man in the meekness of water, and in the brightness of the morning beam; she imperceptibly infuses love and delight into him, and bids his affections go forth upon kindred and country.

The planter who planted the vineyard, and the vintner who pressed the grape, were born of woman; and by woman alone the subject and the sovereign receive existence, with all that can make existence advantageous or desirable.

She brings man forth in his weakness, and she brings him up to his strength; he is fostered in her bosom, he is nourished with her substance, and he imbibes into his being the sweetness of humanity with the milk of his mother.

Without woman, where would be father, or where would be child? where the relations, endearments, and connections of kindred, the charities that bind the wide world together into one inclusive family, the great BROTHERHOOD OF MAN?

She comes not against you in the hostility of weapons, or fearfulness of power. She comes in the comfort and mild light of beauty; she looks abashed, and takes you captive; she trembles, and you obey. Yet hers is the surest of all

signiories on earth; for her dominion is sweet, and our subjection is voluntary, and a freedom from her yoke is what no man could bear.

There are no forms of human government that can exempt us from her sway; no system of laws that can exclude her authority. Do we not study, toil, and sweat, and go forth in the darkness, and put our face to every danger, to win and bring home treasure and ornaments to our love? Even the robbers and savage spoilers of mankind grow tame to the civilizing prerogative of beauty.

If men seek peace, it is to live in kindly society with woman; and, if they seek war, it is to please her with the report and renown of their valour.

Even the highest and mightiest—the lord of lords and king of kings—is caught in the fascinating net of his Apame. I saw her seated by his side; she took the crown from his head, and gave it new lustre by the beauty of her brow and the brightness of her tresses. I saw her chide him in her playfulness, and strike him in her petulance, yet he pressed the hand of her pleasing presumption to his lips; he gazed fondly and fixedly on her: if she laughed, he laughed also; but if she affected displeasure, he spoke and looked submission, and was fain to plead and sue for reconcilement.

Here ended the blooming orator. The monarch rose from his throne and gave loud applause, and the roofs resounded with the shouts and acclamations of the assembly.

Wherefore it was decreed, by the laws of the "Medes and Persians," that female beauty ought to govern the world in meekness, and that men owed thereunto a voluntary obedience.

Friend. Pray, my good sir, this same Esdras, is it among the canonical books?

Author. I cannot affirm that it is; but it is held as authentic, and very sacred, I assure you.

Friend. It is a pity that your system of female government should be apocryphal; but, since you have not proved their dominion to be *jure divino*, permit me to retain my faith, and to go on with my story.

CHAPTER IX.

Mr. Clement, said Mr. Fenton, I am singularly obliged and instructed by your story. The incidents of your life have been very extraordinary, and have been evidently accompanied by the attention and control of a peculiar providence. The same providence is undoubtedly with, and over all, his works; though we are not willing to admit him in what we call common occurrences, and which, we think, we can account for without his interposition. But in the passages of your story we see Omnipotence walking along with you, step for step; by sudden successes, by calamities as sudden, compelling you to attend to him; wrenching every other prop and support from your dependence; shutting every other prospect and resource from your sight; and never forsaking you, in weal or in woe, till he had fully convinced you of his fellowship and regard, and had reconciled you to the bitterest of the dispensations of your Creator.

Your story, my dear friend, has been generally conversant in middle or low life; and I observed that there is scarce a circumstance in it which might not have happened to any body on any day of the year. And yet, on the whole, I find a chain of more surprising and affecting events than I ever met with in history, or even romance.

God, I see, has made use of very severe methods to call you, and, as I may say, to compel you to come in. But do you think, Mr. Clement, that any methods less severe would have been equally effectual? You must admit they would not. And this demonstrates to me the difficulty, and almost the impossibility, of diverting any man from that habit of thinking and acting which he contracts from the people with whom he is daily conversant. In a world of saints, a sinner must be a devil; but in a world of sinners, the man who has grace to deviate must be a saint indeed.

Had I been in your situation on the day in which you say my charity relieved you, I should have thought myself very little beholden to that person who would have plucked me back from my opening paradise, into a world of whose woes I had been so justly weary. No, no, my friend; I did you and your Arabella the worst office, as I think, that ye will ever receive. It was not to you that God intended any benefit by restoring you to life; it was to those, and I hope they are many in number, who are to have the advantage of your example and instructions. It is an advantage of which I also propose to avail myself; and I request you, in behalf of my little Harry in particular, to accept your first retainer from our hands.

So saying, Mr. Fenton carelessly slid a purse of a hundred guineas into Clement's coat-pocket, and, hastily calling to know if supper was ready, left the room without ceremony.

In about an hour the cloth was laid, and Mr. Fenton ordered his family to be called together. He had seldom seen Arabella, and never had noticed her, for fear of adding to that confusion with which he saw her oppressed at their first meeting. But now his senses were all open and alive for observation; and, on her entrance, he saluted her as he would have received and saluted a descending seraph.

She had not yet recovered her flesh or her complexion;

and Mr. Fenton for some time looked at her in vain, to discover those striking and irresistible beauties to which a whole people had borne joint testimony, by a voucher of public prostration and applause. But of all that Mr. Fenton had previously thought necessary for producing such extraordinary and astonishing effects, he saw nothing but a sentiment of lowliness throughout; a something in face, in voice, and in motion, that was lovely, for no other reason that he could find but for its being quite impossible that it should not be beloved.

Awe, gratitude, veneration, and a depth of self-debasement, united to oppress the heart and spirits of Arabella; and in the course of conversation she frequently hesitated and blushed exceedingly.

Mr. Fenton, with his wonted delicacy, made haste to divest her of the weight under which she apparently laboured. Madam, said he, with a diffident voice and downcast look on his own part, why this constraint, why all this blushing, my dear Mrs. Clement? indeed it is a compliment that we cannot deserve.

Ah, sir! cried Mrs. Clement, it is a compliment which I would very gladly spare, if I could help it. But I must be a very guilty body, to be sure; and my faults I find must be very much my enemies, when they are ready to fly in my face every moment.

Why, Mrs. Clement, said Mr. Fenton, do you hold blushing to be any evidence of guilt?—Certainly, sir, said Arabella; it can be nothing but a consciousness of somewhat amiss that ought to give shame, to any sensible person. —Mr. Sergeant Clement, cried Mr. Fenton, pray, what is your judgment on the case in hand?

In truth, sir, said Clement, it is a case to which I am not prepared to plead. I have, indeed, heard many and various opinions on the subject, though generally coinciding with that of my Arabella. And more particularly

in conversations of ribald *entendre*, I have heard it affirmed that the blushing of a woman is a sure proof of her understanding much more than became her.

Hold there, cried Mr. Fenton, the mere understanding of good or evil can no more be a fault in the creature than in the Creator; the offence of guilt bears no reference to knowledge, but consists in the approbation of evil alone. A woman therefore, who blushes at what she disapproves, blushes not for herself, but for the faults of her rude and ill-mannered company, who have not the grace to blush for themselves.

When I speak here of blushing, I would not be understood, by any means, to include the flushing of vanity, or the reddenings of anger, or any such like turbulent and irregular motions. I mean no other than that ready expression of shame, which, as our Arabella sweetly hinted just now, arises from an apprehension of something being amiss in ourselves, or others. But who or what is it that apprehends in this case? Is it guilt that is afraid or ashamed of guilt? No, surely. It is virtue alone that can fear or be ashamed of the neighbourhood of its adversary.

I will take an instance from a person who is actually guilty of something very enormous; and who blushes on his being questioned or suspected of the transgression. His blushing here demonstrates his sensibility; and his sensibility demonstrates some principle within him, that disapproved and reproached him for what he had committed. And so long as this spark or principle remains unquenched in the bosom; so long as the wicked themselves can feel compunction, and be ashamed of wickededness; so long their recovery is not to be despaired of.

It is, therefore, from the fountain of virtue alone, that this flush of shamefacedness can possibly flow; and a delicacy of compunction, on such occasions, is a sensitive

plant of virtue in the soul, that feels, shrinks, and is alarmed on the slightest apprehension of approaching evil.

Well, sir, said Arabella, allowing all that you have advanced in behalf of blushers (and that is doing them more favour than I fear they deserve), can it amount to more than this; that however faulty they may be, they still have goodness enough to acknowledge their guilt; or, in other words, that they have the justice to be ashamed of themselves?

Yes, madam, said Mr. Fenton, it amounts to much more, and you know that it does. But you are a wicked little sophister, and deserve to be punished, by our yielding to you the cause that you have undertaken against yourself.

When I observed that nothing but virtue could undesignedly express a disapprobation of vice, I ought further to have observed, that the greater and the purer, the more excellent and more vivid that this virtue is, the more apt it will be to take alarm at the bare apprehension of having said or done, or of being suspected to have said, or done, or thought of any thing amiss, or contrary to its own nature.

As far as a guilty person loves and is reconciled to guilt, it becomes a part of himself, and he cannot blush at it. But goodness will blush in a closet, in a desert, in darkness, on fearing it was in danger to have said or done any thing unbecoming or disgustful to its own sensibilities.

But again, where such a delicate virtue is accompanied by lowliness, there needs not any thing amiss, nor the slightest apprehension of any thing amiss, to excite this sweet confusion in the soul and in the countenance. Humility will blush to be found in the presence of those whom it reveres; it will blush to be thought of either too meanly or too highly by those whose favourable opinion it wishes to merit.

This graceful effusion of a virtuous and humble heart is,

as I once hinted, the highest, and generally the most grateful compliment that the person can pay to the company; as it is an expression of deference, and a comparative acknowledgment of superior merit. But it is more peculiarly amiable in your sex, Mrs. Clement; it is that shamefacedness so grateful to God and man, and which in scripture is called the most becoming clothing, and best ornament of a woman.

However, my dear child, as this emotion is generally attended with some little matter of pain, the present company are too much your friends to receive any kind of pleasure from a compliment as unmerited as it is wholly unnecessary. And, in truth, there is but one thing that I can think of for which Mrs. Clement ought to blush.

Pray, sir, don't hold me in pain; what is it, I beseech you?—It is for being a reproach almost to her whole sex.

Ah, sir! cried Arabella rising, smiling and blushing, and curtsying down to the ground, excuse me if I don't stay to hear myself so abused; and, turning away, she swam and disappeared in an instant.

As soon as she was gone, Clement took out his purse of a hundred guineas. And pray, sir, said he, what shall I do with all this money?—Oh! as for that matter, said Mr. Fenton, I know people not half so ingenious as you are, who could quickly contrive to get rid of a much larger sum. Lay it out in decent clothing for yourself and your Arabella, and I will find some way to have you reimbursed. In short, Hammel, I cannot think of parting with you, if my fortune may serve for a sufficient cement. I will pay you two hundred guineas yearly while you stay with me; and I will settle on you one thousand pounds in case of my mortality, to put you into some little station of independence.

Sir, sir! cried Clement hesitatingly, you oppress me, you —Hush, hush! said Mr. Fenton, putting his hand to his

mouth; no compliments, my dear friend. It is not your thanks, but your services that I want; and you may readily make them more than an equivalent to such matters. I value the instilling of a single principle of goodness or honour into the mind of my dear Harry, beyond all the wealth that the Indies can remit. Ah, Hammel! why was not that brat of yours a girl instead of a boy? She might one day have been the wife of my precious Harry; and I might then have had some of the breed of this wonderful Arabella.

But, Hammy, continued Mr. Fenton, I would not have you, through any zeal or attachment to me, think of pushing my boy into learning of the languages beyond his own pleasure. Neither would I have you oppress or perplex his infant mind with the deep or mysterious parts of our holy religion. First, be it your care to instruct him in morality; and let the law precede the gospel, for such was the education that God appointed for the world. Give him, by familiar and historical instances, an early impression of the shortness of human life, and of the nature of the world in which he is placed. Let him learn, from this day forward, to distinguish between natural and imaginary wants; and that nothing is estimable, or ought to be desirable, but so far as it is necessary or useful to man. Instruct my darling, daily and hourly, if possible, in a preference of manners and things that bear an intrinsic value, to those that receive their value and currency from the arbitrary and fickle stamp of fashion. Shew him also, my Hammel, that the same toils and sufferings, the same poverty and pain, from which people now fly as they would from a plague, were once the desire of heroes and the fashion of nations; and that thousands of patriots, of captains, and philosophers, through a love of their country or of glory, of applause during life or distinction after death, have rejected wealth and pleasure, embraced want and hardship, and suffered

more from a voluntary mortification and self-denial, than our church seems to require in these days for the conquest of a sensual world into which we are fallen, and for entitling us to a crown in the kingdom of eternity.

So saying, Mr. Fenton got up from table, and, observing that it was late, wished Clement a good-night.

Our hero was now eight years of age, and weekly and daily continued to be exercised in feats of bodily prowess and agility, and in acts of mental benevolence and service to mankind.

Mr. Fenton had already provided his favourite with a dancing-master, the most approved for skill in his profession; as also with a noted fencing-master, who further taught him the noble science of the cudgel and quarter-staff. He was now on the search for the most distinguished champion of the Bear-garden, in order to accomplish our hero in the mysteries of bruising, of wrestling, and of tripping; and having in a short time procured the person desired, he purchased for his Harry a small but beautiful Spanish jennett, that was perfectly dressed as they called it, or rid to the manége, and once in every week or fortnight he accompanied his darling to the riding-house in Islington, where he saw him instructed in all the arts and elegancies of horsemanship.

Thus Harry had his little hands as full of business as they could hold. But he was naturally of an active and vivid disposition; and time, unemployed, lay upon him as the heaviest and most irksome of all burdens. He therefore proceeded from his book to his exercises, and from one exercise to another, as an epicure does among a number of dishes, where the variety of the seasoning excites in him a new appetite to each.

Within a few weeks after the late dissertation upon blushing, the same company being present, and dinner removed—Harry, says Mr. Fenton, tell me which of the two

is the richest, the man who wants least, or the man who hath most?—Let me think, father, says Harry. Why, sure they are the same thing; are not they, dada?—By no means, my darling, cried Mr. Fenton.

There lived two famous men at the same time, the one was called Diogenes, and the other Alexander. Diogenes refused to accept of any worldly goods, save one wooden cup to carry water to his mouth; but when he found that he could drink by lying down and putting his mouth to the stream, he threw his cup away, as a thing that he did not want.

Alexander, on the other side, was a great conqueror; and when he had conquered and got possession of all the world, he fell a crying because there were not a hundred more such worlds for him to conquer. Now, which of these two was the richest, do you think?

O, exclaimed Harry, Diogenes, to be sure—Diogenes to be sure! He who wants nothing is the richest man in the world. Diogenes was richer than Alexander by a hundred worlds.

Very true, my love, rejoined Mr. Fenton. Alexander had a whole world more than Diogenes wanted, and yet desired a hundred worlds more than he had. Now, as no man will allow that he wants what he does not desire, and all affirm that they want whatsoever they do desire, desires and wants are generally accounted as one and the same thing; and yet, my Harry, there is a thing of which it may be said, that the more we desire it the less we want it, and that the less we desire of it the greater is our want.

What in the world can that be, father?—It is goodness, my love.—Well, says Harry, I will not puzzle my brains about nice matters. All I know is, that no man has more goodness than he wants, except it be yourself. I do not talk of women, for I believe Mrs. Clement here is very good; pray, look in her face, father—do not you think she is very good?

I see, Harry, said Mr. Fenton, that young as you are you are a perfect physiognomist.—Why, pray, sir, said Arabella, is it in earnest your opinion, that the character of mind or manners may in any measure be gathered from the form of the countenance? Is not the world filled with stories of deceit and treachery of such false appearances? You remember how Horace says, that a prudent mariner puts no trust in the gildings or paintings of a ship; such superficial glossings, as one might think, ought rather to be suspected of an intention to conceal the rottenness of the timber. And then the passage of the famous physiognomists at Athens, so often quoted as a proof of capacity and knowledge in this way, proves wholly the reverse as I take it. Their judgment of Socrates is opposite to truth in every instance; they pronounced him the most debauched, irascible, and malicious of men; and it is a very poor apology that Socrates makes for their ignorance, when he affirms that he was by birth the very person they deemed him, but that philosophy had given him a new nature; for, if education can change the heart without changing the countenance, how can we form any conjecture of the one by the other?

Though I insist, Mrs. Clement, that you are wrong in your thesis, replied Mr. Fenton, I admit that you are perfectly just in your inference. For if a change of mind or manners can make no change in the aspect, the whole science of physiognomy must fall to the ground. I therefore take this passage relating to Socrates to be a mere fiction; and I affirm that neither philosophy nor Christianity can make a new heart or a new nature in man, without making a suitable alteration in his visage.

As the heavens are made expressive of the glory of God, though frequently overcast with clouds and tempests, and sometimes breaking forth in thunders that terrify, and lightnings that blast; so the general tenor of a human

countenance is made expressive of the nature of the soul that lives within, and to which it is ordained an involuntary interpreter.

Many persons have made it the study of great part of their lives to counteract Providence in this honest appointment; to shut this window, by which an impertinent world is so apt to peep in, and spy what they are about; and, as far as possible, to make the expressions of their countenance to belie every sentiment and emotion of the heart.

I have known hypocrisy, treachery, pride, malice, and lust, assume the opposite semblance of saintship, fidelity, lowliness, benevolence, and chastity. But it is painful to keep the bow of nature long bent; its elasticity will still struggle to have it restored; and a skilful discerner, at the time of such delusion, will often detect the difference between a real character and the acting of a part. For when nature dictates, the whole man speaks; all is uniform and consenting in voice, mien, motion, the turn of each feature, and the cast of the eyes. But when art is the spokesman, and that nature is not altogether suppressed, the turn of the eye may contradict the tongue, and the muscles of the face may counteract each other in their several workings. And thus I have known an expression of resentment remain on the brow, while the face laboured to invest itself with a smile of complacence; and I have known the eye to burn with ill-governed concupiscence, while voice, action, and address, united in the avowal of chaste and honourable regards.

I perceive, sir, said Mr. Clement, by your own account, that he must be a very learned proficient in the study of physiognomy who can decide, with any kind of certainty, on an art that requires such attention and penetration.

I beg leave to differ, answered Mr. Fenton. The science is much more obvious than you may imagine; and I fancy

there are very few persons who do not trust, without reflecting, to their own skill in this way; and who do not inadvertently form a character to themselves of almost all the people with whom they are conversant.

I am persuaded that there is not a single sentiment, whether tending to good or evil, in the human soul, that has not its distinct and respective interpreter in the glance of the eye, and in the muscling of the countenance. When nature is permitted to express herself with freedom by this language of the face, she is understood by all people; and those who never were taught a letter, can instantly read her signatures and impressions; whether they be of wrath, hatred, envy, pride, jealousy, vexation, contempt, pain, fear, horror, and dismay; or of attention, respect, wonder, surprise, pleasure, transport, complacence, affection, desire, peace, lowliness, and love.

Now, all persons are born with propensities (whether they be mental or constitutional) to some passions and affections, rather than to others. I will take two instances; the one of a male infant, who is born with a propensity to pride and arrogance; the other of a female infant, who is born with a propensity to bashfulness and lowliness. In either case, it is evident that, from the first occasion that may serve to excite these several affections in these several infants, the sentiments of their souls will be suitably and intelligibly expressed in their aspects; and every further occasion of renewing the same impressions will render them more obvious and legible to every eye. Insomuch that, if no future influence, arising from accident or education, shall check the pride of the one, or divert the lowliness of the other, the male will be seen to look on those about him with an habitual self-sufficiency and contempt of his species; and the female will be seen to regard human kind with an amiable diffidence and a complacent respect.

Let us see, however, how far education may be able to

change these sentiments; and how far a change of sentiments may produce a change of face.

If the scorner should be so happy as to meet with worthy tutors, wise and diligent to inculcate the insufficiency of all creatures, and more particularly the wants, weaknesses, and vileness of our lapsed natures, and that no honour can belong to man in this state of depravity; but, above all, should this scorner prove so happy as to be educated in the never-failing school of Christian meekness—even the school of adversity, of pain, sickness, depressing poverty and mortification—his lofty crest by degrees will be effectually unplumed; his sufficiency and high-mindedness will sink to an humble prayer and look-out for relief; and he will respect even the wretched, because he will acquire a social sense and fellow-feeling of their wretchedness.

Here, then, is another man, as new made and as different from his former self as he can possibly be supposed from any other of the human species. But will this total change of sentiment produce no change of aspect, think ye? Will this benevolent and lowly man retain the same front of haughtiness, the same brow of overbearance, the same eye of elevation, the same lip of ridicule, and the same glance of contempt? It cannot be said, it cannot be imagined.

When God, by his inspired penmen, expresses his detestation of a lofty look, was he quarrelling, do you think, with the natural and unavoidable cast of an unhappy countenance? No, no, my dear friends. In condemning a proud aspect, he condemned a proud heart; forasmuch as he knew that a loftiness of look and a sauciness of soul could not be divided.

But to clear up this question from any remaining doubt, let us suppose that the female infant, with bashful and lowly propensities, is just brought down, blushing and trembling, from the nursery. Let us suppose her education to be taken in hand by a mama of figure and fashion, and

by other dames of quality, whose estimate of happiness is measured merely by the mode. She now becomes instructed in more instances of self-denial than such as, dictated and tuned by Christianity, would have sainted her for eternity. She is taught to suppress her natural feelings and inclinations, and to bridle the impulses of an affectionate and an humble heart. She is taught to prize what she dislikes, and to praise what she disapproves; to affect coldness and distance to inferiors whom she regarded, and to proportion her appearance of inclination and respect to the station of the party.

As I have been ear-witness to several of these quality-lectures, I might give you many familiar instances of their nature and tendency.—Fie, Harriet, says my lady, what does the girl blush at? You are handsome and well-shaped, my dear, and have nothing to be ashamed of that I know. No one blushes nowadays except silly country girls who are ignorant of the world. But do not let your face be a town-crier, Harriet, to let every body know what you have in your mind. To be ashamed, my girl, is the greatest of all shames.

Again, my dear, I warn you that you must not be so fond of the Miss Colosses, who used to visit you in the nursery. For, though they are good sort of girls, their parents are people in but middling life, and we never admit them when there's company in the house. And then there's the Miss Sinclairs, how low you curtsied to them yesterday, and what a rout you made about welcoming and entertaining them; but let me have no more of that, for though they are rich, they are cits and people of business; and a nod of your head, or inclination towards a curtsy, with some Yeses and Noes, when they ask you a question, will be matter enough of salute and discourse from you to them.

I must further advise you, Harriet, not to heap such mountains of sugar, nor to pour such a deluge of cream into

your tea; people will certainly take you for the daughter of a dairymaid. There is young Jenny Quirp, who is a lady by birth, and she has brought herself to the perfection of never suffering the tincture of her tea to be spoiled by whitening, nor the flavour to be adulterated by a grain of sweet. And then you say you cannot like coffee, and I could not but laugh, though I was quite ashamed at the wry faces you made the other day, when you mistook the olives for sweetmeats. But these things, my child, are relished by persons of taste, and you must force yourself to swallow and relish them also.

I was talking a while ago of young Lady Jane Quirp. There's a pattern for you, Harriet; one who never likes or dislikes, or says or does any thing a hair's-breadth beyond the pink of the mode. She is ugly, it is true, and very ill-natured; but then she is finely bred, and has all the becoming airs of a miss of distinction. Her you must love, my child, and to her you must pay your court; for you must learn to love and prefer such matters and persons alone, as will serve, in the *beau monde*, to render you noted and respected for the accomplishments in vogue.

These lessons and efforts, in time, have their influence. Miss comes to accommodate her taste and relish of things to the taste and relish of those whom she is proud to resemble. She now is ashamed of nothing, but in proportion as it is below the top of the mode; and she blushes at no indecency that fashion is pleased to adopt. Her whole soul and essence is futilized and extracted into show and superficials. She learns that friendship in high life is nothing but compliment, and visits, intimacies, and connections, the polite grimace of people of distinction; that to talk elegantly upon nothing is the sum of conversation; that beauty and dress are the constituents of female perfection; and that the more we depreciate and detract from others, the more eminently we ourselves shall shine forth,

and be exalted. She is followed by fops, she is worshipped by fortune-hunters. She is mounted aloft upon the wings of flattery, and is hardened against public opinion by self-conceit. While she beholds a circling group of the tailor's creation, admiring the harmony of her motions, the fineness of her complexion, and the lustre of her ornaments, the same vanity that bids her to be desirous of conquest, bids her also to despise them: but, for the vulgar world, she regards it as the dust beneath her steps, created to no end, save to be looked down upon, and trodden under foot.

Will ye now affirm, or can ye conceive, that any trace of native bashfulness and lowliness should remain in the frontlet of this piece of court-petrifaction? No such trace can remain.

As I observed to ye before, that every affection of the human soul has its distinct and respective interpreter in the countenance; I am further to take notice, that each of those many interpreters hath its respective set of tubes and fibres leading thereto, through which the blood and spirits flow on their respective emotion. Thus, whatever the general tenor of a person's temper may be, such as joyous or melancholy, irascible or placid, and so forth; the vessels relative to these affections are kept open and full by an almost constant flow of the blood and animal spirits, and impress such evident characters of that person's disposition as are not to be suppressed except for a time, and that too by some powerful and opposite passion. For the muscles, so employed, grow stronger and more conspicuous by exercise; as we see the legs of a chairman, and the shoulders of a porter, derive bulk and distinction from the peculiarity of their occupation.

Now I will take the argument in the strongest light against myself. I will suppose a man to be naturally of a melancholy cast of countenance; that he has the additional unhappiness of a bilious constitution; and that he is con-

firmed in this look and habit of despondence by a train of distressful circumstances, till he arrives at his twentieth or thirtieth year. I will then suppose that his habit of body and temper of mind are totally changed by medicine, a flow of success, a happy turn of reason and resignation, or perhaps of complacence in the divine dispensations. He now grows sociable, benevolent, cheerful, always joyous when in company, and placid when alone. I ask, on this occasion, will ye continue to see the same cast and habit of melancholy in this man's countenance? No more than ye can see the gloom of last winter in the smiling serene of a summer's evening. For some time I admit it will be difficult for the set of joyous muscles and glances to overpower their adversaries who have so long kept the field; but, in the end, they must prevail; they will receive constant supplies from within, and the passages for their reinforcement will be opened more and more, while their opponents daily subside, give place, and disappear.

What I have observed with respect to melancholy, may be equally affirmed of any other affection whose opposite gets an habitual empire in the mind. I say habitual, because there are some persons of such variable and fluctuating tempers, now furious, now complacent; now churlish, now generous; now mopingly melancholy, now merry to madness; now pious, now profane; now cruelly hard-hearted, now meltingly humane—that a man can no more judge of what nature or disposition such people are, than he can determine what wind shall predominate next April; and yet, when the wind blows, he can tell by every cloud and weathercock from what point it comes, and may as easily decipher the present temper by the aspect.

But, sir, said Arabella, might not nature impress, as in the case of Socrates, such conspicuous characters of vice (in his peculiar cast of countenance and strong turn of muscling) as no internal virtues should be able to retract?

By no means, madam, answered Mr. Fenton. For if such characters are impressed by nature on a countenance, independent of any such characters in the mind, this would first overthrow the whole system of the physiognomists, who judged of the mind by the countenance alone; and secondly, it would overthrow the opinion of Socrates himself, who allowed that his countenance had received such impressions from the natural bent and disposition of his mind. But again, if the mind has really a power to impress her own character or likeness on the countenance, what should take away this power? why does not she retain it? Why should not a total change of character in the soul, make some suitable change of character in the aspect? It does, madam, it does make a total change. And there are thousands of faces in yonder sanctified city, that once expressed all the sweetness of bashful modesty, and yet are now as much hardened and bronzed over with impudence as the face of the statue at Charing-cross.

In the soft and pliable features of infancy and youth, the mind can express itself with much more force and perspicuity, than in the features of people more advanced in years. The nerves and fibres, in our early age, are all open, active, and animated; they reach to the outward surface of the skin; and the soul looks forth, and is seen through them, as a Spanish beauty is seen through a veil of gauze. But time destroys many of these intelligible fibres; it also obstructs others, and it renders the remainder less susceptible of those offices and mental impressions for which they were ordained, till the surface of the countenance grows so callous and rigid, that the beauties of the soul can no more be discovered through it, than the luminaries of heaven through an atmosphere of clouds. Scarce any thing, save sudden passion, can then be discernible, like the flashes of lightning that break through the gloom.

For this very reason, my dear Mrs. Clement, were it

possible for you to advance in virtues as you advance in years, you will however grow less amiable in the eyes of mortals, as your beauties will be more and more shut in from their observation.

This brings me to my last and most important remark on the nature and power of beauty itself. And here we must note, that, though nothing can be affectingly lovely and detestable that does not arise from some sentiment of the soul, there is yet, in many faces, such a natural symmetry or disproportion as is generally called by the name of beauty and ugliness. Thus, in some countenances, you perceive a due relation and agreement between the parts; while in others the forehead may overwhelm the nether face; or the mouth threaten to devour the other features; or the nose may appear as a huge steeple that hides a small church; or as a mountain that is the whole of a man's estate; insomuch that as some may be said to want a nose to their face, in the present case they may be said to want a face to their nose. But this species of beauty and ugliness excites no other kind of pleasure or disgust, save such as we receive from two pieces of architecture, where one is executed with propriety, and the other is obviously out of all rule. And, to continue the simile, if people should be seen looking out of the windows of those two buildings, we may come to detest and avoid the first, and to love and frequent the latter, for the sake of those who live therein. And just so it is with regular faces that express a deformity of soul, and with disproportioned features that may however be pregnant with the beauty of sentiment.

By beauty, therefore, I do not mean the beauty of lines or angles; of motion or music; of form or colour; of numerical agreements or geometrical proportions; nor that which excites the passion of some pragmatical inamoratos for a shell, a tulip, or a butterfly. All these have, undoubtedly, their peculiar beauty; but then that beauty has no

relation to the power or perception of that which contains it; it is derived from something that is altogether foreign, and owes the whole of its merit to the superior art and influence of God or man.

In the designings of sculptors, of painters, and statuaries, we however see very great and truly-affecting beauty. I have, at times, been melted into tears thereby; and have felt within my bosom the actual emotions of distress and compassion, of friendship and of love. I ask, then, what it was that excited these sensations? Could any lines, colourings, or mere symmetry of inanimate parts, inspire affections, of which in themselves they were incapable? No; they could only serve as the vehicles of something intended to inspire such sensibilities, nothing further. We must therefore look higher for a cause more adequate to such extraordinary effects; and the first that presents itself is the designer, who must have conceived amiable sentiments within himself, before he could impress their beauty on these his interpreters, in order to excite suitable affections in others.

Here then it is evident, that whatever we affect or love in the design, is no other than the sentiment or soul of the designer, though we neither see nor know any thing further concerning him. And thus a sculptor, a painter, a statuary, or amiable author, by conveying their sentiments in lasting and intelligible characters to mankind, may make the world admirers and lovers of their beauty, when their features shall be rigid and incapable of expression, and when they themselves shall no longer exist among men.

From hence it should seem, as indeed I am fully persuaded, that mind can affectingly love nothing but mind; and that universal nature can exhibit no single grace or beauty that does not arise from sentiment alone.

The power of this sentimental beauty, as I may say, is in many cases great, amazing, and has not yet been accounted

for, that I know of, by any philosopher, poet, or author, though several have made it their peculiar study and subject. We have seen and read of many instances where it carries people, as it were, quite out of themselves, and gives them to live and to be interested in the object of their affections alone. They will run to fight, bleed, suffer, and even to die in its defence; and in its absence they will pine and despair, and attempt to destroy themselves, rather than bear to be divided from what they love in a manner above their own existence.

This is wonderful, perhaps mysterious, and may possibly be involved in impenetrable darkness. Let us try, however, if we can throw any probable lights upon it.

We have already seen that human artificers can impress the beauty of their own sentiments on their inanimate works. Suppose, then, that God should be barely the same to universal nature that a finite designer is to the piece he has in hand. He finds that the stuff or material which he is to form and to inform, is in itself utterly incapable of any thing that is desirable. He therefore finds himself under the necessity of imparting to his works some faint manifestation or similitude of himself; for otherwise they cannot be amiable, neither can he see his shadow in them with any delight. On matter, therefore, he first impresses such distant characters of his own beauty as the subject will bear; in the glory of the heavens, in the movement of the planets, in the symmetry of form, in the harmony of sounds, in the elegance of colours, in the elaborate texture of the smallest leaf, and in the infinitely-fine mechanism of such insects and minims of nature as are scarce visible to eyes of the clearest discernment.

But when God comes towards home, if the phrase may be allowed; when he impresses on intelligent spirits a nearer resemblance of himself, and imparts to them also a perception and relish of the beauty with which he has

formed them—he then delights to behold, and will eternally delight to behold his image, so fairly reflected by such a living mirror. Yet still they are no other than his own beauties that he beholds in his works; for his omnipotence can impress, but cannot possibly detach, a single grace from himself.

I am not quite singular in this opinion. I have somewhere read the following stanza:

'Tis goodness forms the beauty of the face,
The line of virtue is the line of grace.

Here is also a little poem, lately published on a lady, who was beholden to the graces of her mind alone for all the attractions of her person and countenance:

What is beauty? is it form,
Proportion, colours pale or warm?
Or is it, as by some defined,
A creature of the lover's mind?

No——It is internal grace,
Pregnant in the form and face;
The sentiment that's heard and seen
In act and manners, voice and mien;
It is the soul's celestial ray
Breaking through the veil of clay:
'Tis the Godhead in the heart,
Touching each external part;
Wrapt in matter, else too bright
For our sense, and for our sight.
BEAUTY (envy be thou dumb)
Is DIVINITY in——

Here we reach at the nature of that enchantment or magnetism, with which some persons are so powerfully endued as to engage the liking of all who barely behold them; an enchantment often attractive of friendship, affection, passion, to tenderness, languishment, pain, sickness, and death.

Here also we discover why the bliss which we reach after eludes our grasp; why it vanishes, as it were, in the moment of enjoyment, yet still continues to fascinate and attract as before; forasmuch as the BEAUTY after which we

sigh, is not essentially in the mirror where we behold its similitude. Thus, Ixion is said to have clasped a cloud, without reflecting that it was but a bare resemblance of the real divinity who had excited his passion.

This will at once account for all the wonderful effects of beauty. For, if nothing but God is lovely, if nothing else can be beloved, he is himself the universal and irresistible magnet, that draws all intelligent and affectionate beings, through the medium of creatures, to the graces of their Creator; till the veil shall finally be taken away, and that he himself shall appear, in his eternal, unclouded, and unspeakable beauty, infinitely lovely and infinitely beloved.

But I have out-talked my time, says Mr. Fenton, rising and looking at his watch. I am engaged for an hour or two above street, and wish ye a good-evening.

On a day while Mr. Fenton was abroad, Ned, who would not willingly have changed his unluckiness for the heirship of an estate, happened to take a little ramble through the town. He held a stick, to the end of which he had a long ferule of hollow tin, which he could take off at pleasure; and from the extremity of the ferule, there arose a small collateral pipe, in an angle of about forty-five degrees. He had filled this ferule with puddle water; which by sudden pressure of the stick, he could squirt out to double the height of his own stature.

On his return he saw an elderly gentleman advancing, whose shadow, being lengthened by the declining sun, attended with a slow and stately motion. As Ned approached, he exclaimed with a well-counterfeited fear—Look, look! what's that behind you? Take care of yourself, sir; for Heaven's sake, take care.

The gentleman, alarmed hereat, instantly started, turned pale, and looked terrified behind him, and on either side, when Ned, recovering his countenance, said—O sir, I beg pardon, I believe it is nothing but your shadow. What,

sirrah, cried the gentleman in a tone highly exasperated, have you learned no better manners than to banter your superiors? and then, lifting a cane switch, he gave our merry companion a few smart strokes across the shoulders.

Friend. This, I presume, must be some very respectable personage, some extraordinary favourite of yours; since, within a few lines, you style him three or four times by your "most venerable of all titles, the title of a gentleman."

Author. Sir, I would not hold three words of conversation with any man who did not deserve the appellation of gentleman by many degrees better than this man does.

Friend. Why, then, do you write or speak with such acknowledged impropriety?

Author. I think for myself, but I speak for the people. I may think as I please, for I understand my own thoughts; but, would I be understood when I speak to others also, I must speak with the people; I must speak in common terms, according to their common or general acceptation.

There is no term in our language more common than that of gentleman; and, whenever it is heard, all agree in the general idea of a man some way elevated above the vulgar. Yet, perhaps, no two living are precisely agreed respecting the qualities they think requisite for constituting this character. When we hear the epithets of a "fine gentleman, a pretty gentleman, much of a gentleman, gentleman-like, something of a gentleman, nothing of a gentleman," and so forth; all these different appellations must intend a peculiarity annexed to the ideas of those who express them; though no two of them, as I said, may agree in the constituent qualities of the character they have formed in their own mind.

There have been ladies who deemed a bag-wig, a tasselled waistcoat, new-fashioned snuff-box, and sword-knot, very capital ingredients in the composition of—a gentleman.

A certain easy impudence acquired by low people, by being casually conversant in high life, has passed a man through many companies for—a gentleman.

In the country a laced hat and long whip make—a gentleman.

With heralds, every esquire is indisputably—a gentleman.

And the highwayman, in his manner of taking your purse, may, however, be allowed to have much—of the gentleman.

Friend. As you say, my friend, our ideas of this matter are very various and adverse. In our own minds, perhaps, they are also undetermined; and I question if any man has formed to himself a conception of this character with sufficient precision. Pray—was there any such character among the philosophers?

Author. Plato, among the philosophers, was "the most of a man of fashion;" and therefore allowed at the court of Syracuse to be—the most of a gentleman.

But, seriously, I apprehend that this character is pretty much upon the modern. In all ancient or dead languages we have no term any way adequate whereby we may express it. In the habits, manners, and characters of old Sparta and old Rome, we find an antipathy to all the elements of modern gentility. Among those rude and unpolished people, you read of philosophers, of orators, patriots, heroes, and demigods; but you never hear of any character so elegant as that of—a pretty gentleman.

When those nations, however, became refined into what their ancestors would have called corruption; when luxury introduced, and fashion gave a sanction to certain sciences, which cynics would have branded with the ill-mannered appellations of debauchery, drunkenness, gambling, cheating, lying, &c., the practitioners assumed the new title of gentlemen, till such gentlemen became as plenteous as stars

in the milky way, and lost distinction merely by the confluence of their lustre.

Wherefore, as the said qualities were found to be of ready acquisition, and of easy descent to the populace from their betters, ambition judged it necessary to add further marks and criterions for severing the general herd from the nobler species—of gentlemen.

Accordingly, if the commonalty were observed to have a propensity to religion, their superiors affected a disdain of such vulgar prejudices, and a freedom that cast off the restraints of morality, and a courage that spurned at the fear of God, were accounted the distinguishing characteristics of—a gentleman.

If the populace, as in China, were industrious and ingenious, the grandees, by the length of their nails and the cramping of their limbs, gave evidence that true dignity was above labour or utility, and that to be born to no end was the prerogative of—a gentleman.

If the common sort by their conduct declare a respect for the institutions of civil society and good government, their betters despise such pusillanimous conformity, and the magistrates pay becoming regard to the distinction, and allow of the superior liberties and privileges of—a gentleman.

If the lower set shew a sense of common honesty and common order, those who would figure in the world think it incumbent to demonstrate, that complaisance to inferiors, common manners, common equity, or any thing common, is quite beneath the attention or sphere of—a gentleman.

Now, as underlings are ever ambitious of imitating and usurping the manners of their superiors, and as this state of mortality is incident to perpetual change and revolution; it may happen, that when the populace, by encroaching on the province of gentility, have arrived to their *ne plus ultra* of insolence, debauchery, irreligion, &c., the gentry, in order

to be again distinguished, may assume the station that their inferiors had forsaken, and, however ridiculous the supposition may appear at present, humanity, equity, utility, complaisance and piety, may in time come to be the distinguishing characteristics of—a gentleman.

Friend. From what you have said, it appears that the most general idea which people have formed of a gentleman is that of a person of fortune, above the vulgar, and embellished by manners that are fashionable in high life. In this case, fortune and fashion are the two constituent ingredients in the composition of modern gentlemen; for, whatever the fashion may be, whether moral or immoral, for or against reason, right or wrong, it is equally the duty of a gentleman to conform.

Author. And yet I apprehend that true gentility is altogether independent of fortune or fashion, of time, customs, or opinions of any kind. The very same qualities that constituted a gentleman in the first age of the world, are permanently, invariably, and indispensably necessary to the constitution of the same character to the end of time.

Friend. By what you say, I perceive that we have not yet touched on your most reverable of all characters. I am quite impatient to hear your definition, or rather description, of your favourite gentleman.

Author. The very first time you tire, I will indulge you, if you desire it.

CHAPTER X.

NED was not of a temper to endure much without attempting at retaliation; and, directing the pipe of his ferule to the front of his adversary, he suddenly discharged the full contents in his eyes and face, and upon his clothing;

and straight taking to his heels, he hoped to get in at the door before the stranger could clear his sight to take notice where he sheltered.

Ned however happened, at this time, to be somewhat over-sanguine in his expectations. Mr. Snarle, for that was the name of the party bespattered, had just cleared one eye in season to remark where his enemy had entered; and hastening home, he washed, undressed, and shifted his linen and clothes, with less passion and fewer curses by the half, than he conceived to be due to so outrageous an insult.

Mr. Snarle had himself been a humourist in his time, and had acquired a pretty competence by very fashionable means; such as gambling, bearing testimony for a friend in distress, procuring intelligence for the ministry, &c. &c. He had, some years ago, been bullied into marriage by the relations of a young termagant. She was neither gentle by nature, nor polished by education; she liked nothing of her husband except his fortune; and they lived together in a state of perpetual altercation and mutual disgust.

Old age, and a quarrelsome companion for life, seldom happen to be sweeteners of the human temper; and Mr. Snarle had now acquired such a quantum of the infirmities both of body and mind, as might justly apologise for a peevish disposition. He had lately taken a handsome house on the hill for the benefit of air. As soon as he had reclaimed himself from the pickle into which Ned had put him, he sent to inquire the name and character of the owner of that house where he had taken refuge; and, being sufficiently apprised of what he wanted to know, he walked toward Mr. Fenton's, hastening his pace with the spirit and expectation of revenge.

Mr. Fenton had arrived but a little before, and, desiring to know Mr. Snarle's commands, he was informed, in terms the most aggravating and inveterate, of the whole course

and history of Ned's misbehaviour. The delinquent thereupon was called up to instant trial. He honestly confessed the facts, but pleaded, in mitigation, the beating that Mr. Snarle had already given him: but as Mr. Fenton did not judge this sufficient to reform the natural petulance of a disposition that otherwise was not void of merit, a rod was immediately brought, and Andrew was ordered to horse, and Frank to flog the criminal in presence of the party aggrieved.

During this operation, Mr. Snarle observed that Frank's hand did not altogether answer to the benevolence of his own heart; whereupon he furiously snatched the rod from him, and began to lay at Ned with might and main. Hereat Mr. Fenton ordered Andrew to let the boy down, and, observing that he would no further interfere in a cause where the appellant assumed judgment and execution to himself, he carelessly turned his back upon Mr. Snarle, and left him to cool his passions by his evening's walk homeward.

Poor Ned was more afraid of Mr. Fenton's displeasure than he would have been of a full brother to the whipping he had got. But Mr. Fenton was too generous to add the severity of his own countenance to the weight of Frank's hand, and Ned was quickly reinstated in the good graces of the family.

His genius, however, returned with an involuntary bent toward obtaining satisfaction for the injuries he had received from Mr. Snarle, provided he might retaliate without fear of detection; and he was not slow in contriving very adequate means.

There was a villager in Hampstead, about ten years of age, who had conceived an uncommon kindness for Ned on account of his sprightliness, his wit, and good-humour. To this condoling friend he had imparted his grievances; and on him alone he depended for execution of the project proposed for redress.

On a certain moonless night they mustered four tame cats, and having bound some fuse round three or four inches of the extremity of each of their tails, they lodged them together in a bag; and somewhat after supper-time, when all the town was silent, they marched softly and cautiously to the house of Mr. Snarle. There Ned's friend, with his knife, dexterously picked away the putty from a pane of the window of a side-chamber, where no light appeared; and having put fire to the fuse of each tail successively, they slipped their cats one by one in at the window, and again having pegged the pane into its place, they withdrew to a little distance to watch the issue.

The poor cats remained silent, and universally inoffensive, while they felt no damage. But as soon as the fire had seized on their tails, they began to speak to you in a language wholly peculiar, as one would think, to sentiments and sounds of diabolical intention.

Mr. and Mrs. Snarle had been jangling over the fire in an opposite parlour, when their dispute was suddenly settled by this outcry, as they imagined, of a legion of infernals. They instantly started up, and cast a countenance of pale and contagious panic at each other. But George, the footman, a strong and bold fellow, having just before entered on some business to his master, turned and run to the chamber from whence the peal came. He threw open the door with his wonted intrepidity; but this was as far as mortal courage could go; for the cats spying a passage whereby, as they conceived, they might fly from their pain, rushed suddenly and jointly on the face and breast of George, and back he fell with a cry of terror and desperation. On however went the cats, and, flying into the parlour, one fastened a claw in each cheek of Mr. Snarle; and as his lady screamed out and clapped her hands before her face, another fastened with four fangs on her best Brussels head, and rent and tore away after a lamentable manner.

The chambermaid and cook, hearing the uproar from the kitchen, were afraid to ascend, and still more afraid to stay below alone; they therefore crept softly and trembling up-stairs. The torture the cats were in did not permit them to be attached to any single object. They had quitted Mr. and Mrs. Snarle, and now flew about the parlour, smashing, dashing, and overturning piers, glasses, and china, and whatever came in their way, as though it had been the very palace of Pandemonium itself.

George was again on his legs; his master and mistress had eloped from the parlour, and met the two maids in the middle of the entry. They concluded, *nem. con.*, to get as speedily as they might from the ministers of darkness, and would willingly have escaped by the street-door; but, alas! this was not possible; one of the cats guarded the pass, and, clinging to the great lock with all his talons, growled and yelled in the dialect of twenty fiends. The stairs, however, remained open, and up they would have rushed, but were so enfeebled by their fright that it could not be done in the way of a race.

Having scaled as far as the dining-room, they all entered and bolted the door, and Mr. Snarle, opening a window, saw a large posse of neighbours who had gathered below. What is the matter, sir, cried one of them? what is the meaning of this horrible uproar and din? one would think that hell was empty, and that all its inhabitants were come to keep carnival in your house.

O, a ladder, a ladder! cries Mr. Snarle; deliver us, good people, good Christian people; a ladder, we beseech ye; a ladder, a ladder!—That, indeed, cries a wag, is the last good turn an honest fellow has occasion for.

The ladder was soon brought, and this panic-stricken family were helped down, and charitably conducted to the great inn of St. George and the Dragon; where, with the help of sack-whey, warm beds, and their remaining

terrors, they got a hearty sweat, and were somewhat composed by ten o'clock next morning. They then got up, and, having breakfasted on a pot of milled chocolate, they hurried to London without adventuring to send to the haunted mansion for any change of clothes or linen; for they would rather have put on garments that had been dipped in the blood of Nessus, than have touched any thing in a house in which, with the furniture, plate, bedding, and other appurtenances, the devil, as they conceived, had taken legal and full possession.

In truth, there was scarce an inhabitant of the whole town of Hampstead who differed in opinion on this head; insomuch that, as day after day began gradually to shut in, all people who had occasion to pass by the dwelling of the late ejected Mr. Snarle, kept more and more aloof to the opposite side of the way, in proportion as their apprehensions increased with the darkness. And all things in the house remained as safe from depredation, as though they had been guarded by a regiment of dragoons.

The cats, in the mean time, lived plentifully and at free cost on the cold meats which they found in the kitchen and larder; and, as the anguish of their tails was now no more remembered, they kept undisturbed possession of their new acquisition; so that, during their residence, not even a mouse was stirring.

As Mr. Fenton could not but be frequently apprised of these prodigies and alarms that kept all Hampstead waking, and nightly grouped every family into a single room; he compared, in his own mind, the discomfiture and banishment of the unfortunate Snarle, with the circumstances of the provocation which Ned had received. He found that all answered, as well in point of time, as to Ned's natural unluckiness and talents of invention; yet he could scarce conceive how a child, little more than eight years of age, should be capable of contriving mischiefs so formidable in their execution,

and so extensive in their consequences. Now Ned was so happy, on this singular occasion, that nothing transpired; wherefore, as Mr. Fenton could produce no manner of proof, he was too delicate to ask any questions on the case; lest, on one hand, he should tempt the boy into a lie, or, on the other, be obliged to chastise or check him for faults that his generosity might induce him to confess.

Matters, therefore, with respect to Ned, preserved their state of tranquillity; though Mr. Fenton would often view him with an eye of wonder and suspicion, and could hardly bring himself to believe that a boy of his extraordinary genius should be no other by birth than a beggar's brat. But here pardon me, Mr. Fenton, if I dissent from your opinion. With humble deference to your judgment in other matters, I conceive that an infant begot on a dunghill, brought forth in a pigsty, and swathed with the rotten remnant of the covering of an ass, may have talents and capacity above the son of an emperor.

Friend. The singularity of your sentiments often strikes me with astonishment. Do you really think in a way apart from all other people? or is it a distinction that you affect? Here you set yourself at fisticuffs with universal persuasion, with historical facts, and with the experience as well as opinion of all ages. You seem wholly to have forgot the circumstances that attended the birth and discovery of Cyrus, of Œdipus, of Romulus and Remus, with a thousand other instances; whereby it is evident that the beauty, prowess, and virtues of great and glorious ancestors naturally devolve upon their offspring.

Author. The great Teutonic theosopher, Jacob Behmen, affirms, that a father begets the soul as well as body of his child; and this strongly coincides with your judgment of the matter. All animal nature also concurs in the same position; and the offspring of a lion, an eagle,

and an ass, invariably partake of the qualities of their progenitors.

In the very early ages of mankind, when honour and empire, precedence and station, were assigned to superior merit alone, to prowess in the field, or wisdom in the council; it is but natural to suppose that the more immediate descendants of such heroes or patriots inherited in a great measure the beauty, strength, genius, and disposition of those from whom they sprung. But some thousands of years are now passed, my good sir, since all this matter has been totally reversed, and the world affords but very rare instances where washerwomen or shepherds, where a Catherine of Russia, or Kouli-Kan of Persia, or Theodore of Corsica, by the mere force of genius, have raised themselves from obscurity to dominion. These instances also are very far from making any thing in favour of your argument; though, unquestionably, were you to write their romance, you would, agreeable to your thesis, derive their respective pedigree from the queens of Utopia, or some emperors in *terra australis incognita.*

When time was young, when men were respected and advanced (as I said) according to their personal distinctions and accomplishments, uncommon beauty, strength, and agility of body, informed by superior genius and talents, were accounted genuine proofs of a royal or noble descent; but in process of years, when art had introduced luxury, and luxury had introduced corruption among the great, a feeble distempered frame, informed by a perverse, pusillanimous, and impatient temper, became an indication by no means improbable of the genuine descent of a child of quality.

Friend. My dear friend, be cautious; to speak lightly or degradingly of dignity and station, does not become people of a certain sphere.

Author. With all deference and due submission to those who sit in the seat of Moses, or in the throne of Cæsar,

when we speak as philosophers we should speak independent of vulgar prejudice.

I am not insensible of that internal respect which the world is pleased to pay to external lustre. If one man acquires a crown, another a red hat, and another a coronet, by means that deserved the gibbet of Haman, they instantly become the presumptive proprietors of I know not what catalogue of fine qualities and accomplishments. Wherefore, as I am so singular, so perverse, or so unhappy, as to differ from the judgment of so wise a world in this matter, it is the more incumbent upon me to bring proofs that are self-evident, at the same time that I treat so reverable a subject with all possible delicacy.

In the first ages of ACORNS, when all that sustained the simple nature of man lay open and in common, like light and air, as people knew of nothing further that was to be had, they thought there was nothing further to be desired. As they had no wishes, they felt no wants; and neither pride, envy, covetousness, nor debauchery, could commence, before they contrived the distinctions of property and materials of intemperance, and thereby contrived the causes of quarrel and corruption.

But, as Horace says, "*quum oppida cœperunt munire,*" when they began to build and set out landmarks, to plough and to sow, to spin and to weave, to handle the file and hammer; in proportion to the advancement of invention and arts, on necessity convenience arose, upon convenience elegance, upon elegance luxury; new desires increased and multiplied with the means of gratification; real wishes became the offspring of imaginary wants; as those wishes waxed warm, the passions were enkindled; and the vices, lastly, grew in mathematical proportion to the growth of the passions.

All histories, as well profane as sacred, in every age, in every nation, and in every instance, bear unquestionable

testimony to the above state of facts; and hence ensues the necessity of our growing worse and worse, till the pinnacle of art shall put a limit to desire, till invention shall be exhausted, and no longer prolific of new wants and additional wishes in man.

But so long as untried allurements, so long as untasted pleasures, so long as new objects can be set up to our imagination in our eager pursuit after happiness on earth, our wishes will inflame our impatience to reach the prize; in proportion to that impatience our endeavours will be exerted; in proportion to such exertion, the fences of law and morals will be broke through or trampled down; and in proportion to the insufficiency of moral restraints, all sorts of fraud and violence, of licentiousness and corruption, of debauchery and profligacy, must prevail throughout the world.

Friend. From what you say, I should conclude that people of wealth, of station, and power, are the least impassioned and the most virtuous of all living; forasmuch as they are already in possession of what their inferiors so earnestly continue to thirst, and to chase, and to labour after. The great are above temptation; the world has nothing further to exhibit for their seduction; and in this light also they are become the most respectable of all people.

Author. Whenever you can make it evident that, to humble the spirit of man, you ought to place him in authority; that, to convince him of personal defaults and infirmities, you ought to enclose him with sycophants and servile dependents; that, to make him temperate, you should seat him at the table of Lucullus; and that, to humanize his disposition, you should remove him as far as possible from a sense of the miseries of his fellow-creatures; when, to cure a man of distempers incident to his nature, you would place him in the midst of adventitious contagion—then, and not till then, will wealth, station, and power, be productive of reformation and virtue in man.

Your error lay in supposing that sensual appetite and spiritual ambition would cease and abate on gratification or indulgence. But this is not possible. The spirit of man is a deathless desire; its cravings cannot be satiated till it is possessed of some object that is adequate to its nature; and, as this world has no such object to exhibit, gratifications only serve to provoke to further desire, or finally to sink us into utter despondence. And this makes the moral that was intended by the philosophers, when they fabled that the son of Philip broke into a passion of tears on finding that no more worlds remained for him to conquer.

Your pardon yet, I pray——With respect to your opinion, that the descendants of the mighty and the exalted inherit the qualities and excellences of their progenitors, you speak as though this earth, and all that was thereon, were invariably permanent; whereas the knowing-ones will tell you that the one and the other are subject to annual, and even diurnal, revolutions.

Perhaps there is not a beggar or slave upon earth whose some time progenitor was not a prince or an emperor: perhaps there is not a prince or emperor upon earth whose some time progenitor was not a slave or a beggar. Have you, then, the discernment to perceive in the beggar the lineaments of the prince, or in the prince to retrace the lineaments of the beggar? You have not, sage sir. I will tell you a story.

The cardinal Campejus, or some such great cardinal, happened to have a dispute with the Duke of Modena. Altercation rose high. Do you know, says the prince in passion, that your father was no better than my father's hog-herd? I know it full well, coolly answered the cardinal; and I am persuaded that, had your highness been the son of my father, you would have continued of the same profession to this day.

In such a world as this, all things are in perpetual change,

rotation, and revolution; it is nature's process. As the summer and winter gradually succeed and encroach upon each other; or as the sun dawns and arises from darkness till he reaches the mid-day fervour of his culminating beam, and thence declines till he sets in utter gloom; even so mighty nations, as well as families, have their commencement, ascent, and summit, their declension, decay, and period. The virtue of all nations and families begins in poverty, thence arises to industry, genius, honour, perhaps to conquest and empire—there's their zenith; but then comes on the load of ponderous wealth, that gradually weighs them down from this meridian, to indulgence, sensuality, guilt, corruption, prostitution, slavery, perdition.

Let us now, with the eye of philosophy, consider two men in the most contrasted state that this world can admit—suppose a king and a beggar. Here the king is more highly fed and more gaily clothed than the beggar; but if these are advantages deserving estimation, we behold both this luxury and lustre surpassed by the bee in the garden, and the lily in the valley. Further, whatever the native qualities of the king or beggar may be, independent of the said external or personal distinction, we may, however, be assured that an education in the midst of sensuality and deception, of the exhibition of temptations and gratification of lusts, of parasites and panders, obeisance and prostration, of corporal indulgence and mental imposition, can be no very good friend to the virtues.

If we carry the comparison further than this, we find the body of the king to be as frail, as obnoxious to pains, disease, and inclemencies, even as naked, poor, and perishable, as that of a beggar.

But if we take the eye of faith to see further than with that of philosophy, we behold their souls alike immortal, of equal dignity and extent; we see creatures resembling the Creator himself—breathed from his own spirit—formed in

his own image—and ordained to his own beatitude and eternity. Here all other distinctions fall away and lose their respect—as an instant would do in comparison of ages, or a molehill in comparison of yon boundless expanse; and here we find a beggar, whom the king himself is bound to reverence as being the unquestioned heir of a KING, in comparison of whom all other kings are but as beggars. How utterly vile and contemptible is all dignity and dominion to such an heirship as this! an heirship hourly approaching, perhaps just at hand, when the magnificent ruin of man shall be rebuilt, when his weakness shall put on power, his corruption put on glory, and his mortal be wholly swallowed up of immortality!

Friend. I confess that, for once, you have convinced me. Give me leave to proceed.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME time after this, Mr. Fenton privately took Ned into his closet, and calling him a good boy, and giving him a few shillings to buy playthings, desired him to give the best history he could remember of himself and his adventures before he met with Harry.

Sir, said Ned, the first thing that I remember of myself, is my going from house to house a-begging with my mammy. I dreamed indeed that I was once in a fine house, and among fine people, but I don't know where nor when; and so I believe, as I say, it was only a dream.

Do you remember your father, Ned?—No, sir, I never had a father that I know of. My mammy was very cross to me, and used to take from me all the money and victuals that I begged, and that was a great deal, for I never let

people rest till they gave me something. And so, sir, as I was saying, my mammy was very cross to me, and used to half-starve me, and gave me a beating for every hour in the day.

Did she teach you your prayers, Ned?—No, sir, I believe she had no prayers to teach me; for she used to swear and scold sadly. And so, sir, as I was telling you, we begged from house to house, sometimes in a town and sometimes in the country, till the day she ran away from me.

How came your mammy to run away from you, Ned?—Why, sir, we were begging in your town, and had got some halfpence, and filled our bag. And so we heard a man shouting behind us, and my mammy turned and saw him running after her very fast, and so she threw down her great bag on the ground, and made the best of her way to the next hedge, and got through it, sir; and so I never saw any more of her. Then, sir, I fell a-crying and roaring terribly to be left alone, and to have nobody in the world who would have any thing to say to me; and I wished for my mammy again, bad as she was to me; and I strove to follow her through the hedge, but was not able. And so I saw a great house on one side, and I was very sad when I went to it: and there it was that I met my own young master, and he put clothes upon me with his own dear hands, and he took me to himself, and he is ever since so kind to me that it troubles me very much; for I can do nothing at all for him, you know, sir, and that grieves me more than all the world.

Well, Neddy, says Mr. Fenton, do not cry, my child. Be a good boy and mind your book, and be sure you tell no lies, nor do mischief to any body; and I will take care of you, and be a father to you myself. But tell me, Ned, would you know the woman you call your mammy, if you should see her again?—Yes, yes, sir! cried Ned. There was not a day of my life but she gave me reason to remem-

ber her; I should know her from all the world, if I was not to see the face of her for a hundred years to come.

I find, Ned, you are not over fond of your mammy. —No, indeed, sir, answered Ned. I love Master Harry's little finger, and I would love yourself if I dared, sir, better than a thousand such mammies as mine was; and that, I suppose, is very naughty; for all good children, they say, love their fathers and mothers.—Well, Ned, says Mr. Fenton, if you happen at any time to see her among the great numbers of beggars that come to our door, don't you speak to her, or show that you take the least notice of her; but come and tell me, or honest James in my absence, that we may take care of her, and force her to confess whether she is in reality your mother or not.

While Mr. Fenton was speaking, Andrew entered with tidings that a chariot was overturned not twenty yards from the door, and that he feared the people in it were much hurt. Mr. Fenton's humanity was much alarmed at the news; he ordered the servants to follow him, and instantly hurried out to give all the assistance he could to the strangers.

The chariot happened to be overturned by the slipping out of one of the linch-pins that kept the wheel on the axle-tree. The company had already got out. They were an agreeable young couple, Mr. Fielding and his wife, who had come from London on purpose to take an airing on the hill. Mrs. Fielding had suffered nothing except from her fears; but Mr. Fielding's right arm was something bruised, by his endeavouring to preserve his lady in the fall.

Mr. Fenton appeared the greatest sufferer of the three, and addressed the strangers with a countenance that convinced them how feelingly he was interested in their safety. He left Andrew to have the chariot set to rights; and, having conducted his new guests to his own house, he ordered up a bottle of sack and some Naples cakes to the parlour.

When they were all seated, and the glass had gone round—I find, sir, said Mr. Fielding, that people are apt to be disgusted with what they call accidents, and which may afterward turn out to their greatest advantage.—Perhaps I should never have known what true humanity was, if our carriage had not been overturned this day.—If you knew all, said Mr. Fenton, with a tender bluntness, you would be far from laying any humanity at my door; since I rejoice at an accident where the damage is all yours, and the advantage that arises from it is all my own.

I would hold fifty to one, cried Mrs. Fielding, that this is the very Mr. Fenton we have heard so much about.—Indeed, madam, said Mr. Fenton, you surprise me much; if I had the pleasure of ever knowing you, there is something in that face I should not have readily forgot.

No, sir, said Mrs. Fielding. I speak from information. I never had the happiness of being known to you till now. We have a fosterer in this village, Rose Jenkins, a poor widow, one of those many persons you have down in your list. She was nurse to our only child; while he lived and was with us, she was a constant visitant, but as soon—as soon as—— Here Mrs. Fielding hesitated, her lip trembled, and her eye glistened with a filling tear. I say, sir, as soon as a very sad affair happened, the poor woman came near us no more. One day, as we were taking the air through this town, I thought I saw a face that was familiar to me. I called to the coachman to stop. It was my old nurse. She had a family of small children, and had fallen sadly to decay before you came, Mr. Fenton, to settle in the town. I chid her for becoming a stranger to us. Ah, madam! said the kind creature—the tears bursting from her eyes—how could I go near a place where every thing would put me in mind of my dear lost child? She still continued to weep—and I—wept for company——I put a guinea in her hand, and insisted on her coming to see us. She did

so. It was then, Mr. Fenton, that we learned your name and character; and you must expect the mortification, now and then, of hearing a little of those many things that are spoken to your advantage. I am sorry, madam, said Mr. Fenton, that my nothings should be talked of, lest it should intimate that other people are less ostentatious.

Mrs. Fielding was still affected by what she had been saying; and though Mr. Fenton wished to know what the sad affair was at which she had hinted, he declined asking any questions, for fear of renewing her affliction.

Mr. and Mrs. Clement had walked abroad, upon a visit, with their pupil Harry; so that Mr. Fenton and his friend Ned, with Mr. and Mrs. Fielding, made the whole of the present company.

You are happily situated, sir, says Mr. Fielding. I blame myself, and all others who have any independence, and yet live in the city. Health, pleasure, and spirits are all for the country. Did any poets or philosophers ever place their golden eras, or golden scenes amidst such a town as London? A man can scarce be himself; he is confused and dissipated by the variety of objects and bustle that surrounds him. In short, sir, I am like many others, the reverse in persuasion of what I am in practice; I live in a city, although I detest it. It is true that I am fond of society and neighbourhood; but experience has shewn me that London is not the place in which I can enjoy it.

No, sir, said Mr. Fenton; if I was a lover of solitude, if I wished to be the most recluse of all anchorites that bid adieu to the commerce of mankind, I would choose London for my cell. It is in such a city alone that a man may keep wholly unknown and unnoticed. He is there as a hail-stone amidst a great shower; he jumps and bustles about a while, then lies snug among his fellows, without being any more observed than if he were not upon earth, till he melts away and vanishes with the rest of his fraternity.

I am not for a cell, sir, replied Mr. Fielding. I love society, but yet a society that is founded on friendship; and people in great cities are so divided and dissipated by the multitude of soliciting objects and acquaintance, that they are rendered incapable of a particular attachment. I imagine, however, that in a well-peopled and civilized part of the country, a man might make an election of persons deserving his esteem, such as he would wish to live with in a happy interchange of kind offices and affections. This, indeed, is my plan for my remainder of life; but the law-suits, in which I am at present involved, will not permit me to go in search of my Utopia.

At law! exclaimed Mr. Fenton; then, sir, you are much to be blamed, or much to be pitied.

I hope rather to be pitied than blamed, rejoined Mr. Fielding. Four suits descended to me on the part of my own father, and three on the part of the father of my wife; and my adversaries, on all sides, are such cocks of the game, that no overtures can induce them to listen to any terms of compromise or accommodation.

If matters of wealth or property, said Mr. Fenton, are really matters of valuable estimation in life, it is much to be lamented that there is no place on earth wherein property can be said to be fixed or ascertained. Throughout the regions of Mahomet and Asiatic despotism, life and property are alike tenures at the will of the ruler. Again, throughout the European continent, no man, indeed no nation, can be assured of their possessions, exposed as they are to the ambition and avarice of their almost perpetually invading neighbours. Lastly, in these northern islands, whose defence nature herself appears to have undertaken by a guardianship of circling rocks and seas; this does not however defend us from intestine convulsions and changes. Think what a general change of property has been made in Great Britain during the two very late revolutions; I am

told that, in a neighbouring country, the alienation has been nearly universal; perhaps a third revolution is also at hand.

It is affirmed that the civil constitution of England is the best calculated for the security of liberty and property of any that ever was framed by the policy of man; and originally, perhaps, it might have been so, when twelve simple and impartial men were appointed for the speedy trial and determination of life and property.

Our ancestors, unquestionably, were at that time unblessed by the liberal and learned profession of the long robe; they would not otherwise have committed the disposition of property (a matter held so much more valuable than that of life) to a few men, who could have no virtue under heaven to recommend them, save the two illiterate qualities of common sense and common honesty.

Those were ages of mental darkness, and no way illumined, as we are, by those immense and immaculate volumes of refined and legal metaphysics that now press the shelves of the learned, and are read with such delight. A man in those times had no play for his money; he was either stripped or enriched of a sudden. Whereas now, in the worst cause, hope is left during life; and hope is said to be the greatest cordial in this vale of human controversy.

It is greatly to be lamented that the learned in our laws are not as immortal as the suits for which they are retained. It were therefore to be wished that an act of parliament might be especially passed for that purpose; a matter no way impracticable, considering the great interest those gentlemen have in the House. In truth, it seems highly expedient that an infinity of years should be assigned to each student of the *belles lettres* of our laws, to enable them to read over that infinity of volumes which have already been published; to say nothing of the infinity that are yet to come, which will be held equally necessary for under-

standing the profession, of critically distinguishing and oratorically expatiating on law against law, case against case, authority against authority, precedent against precedent, statute against statute, and argument against reason.

In matters of no greater moment than life and death, juries, as at the beginning, are still permitted to enter directly on the hearing and decision; but in matters so sacred as that of property, our courts are extremely cautious of too early an error in judgment. In order, therefore, to sift and boult them to the very bran, they are delivered over to the lawyers, who are equally the affirmers and disputers, the pleaders and impleaders, representers and misrepresenters, explainers and confounders of our laws; our lawyers, therefore, maintain their right of being paid for their ingenuity in putting and holding all properties in debate. Debated properties consequently become the properties of the lawyers, as long as answers can be given to bills, or replies to answers, or rejoinders to replies, or rebutters to rejoinders; as long as the battledores can strike and bandy, and till the shuttlecock falls of itself to the ground.

Soberly and seriously speaking, English property, when once debated, is merely a carcase of contention, upon which interposing lawyers fall as customary prize and prey during the combat of the claimants. While any flesh remains on a bone, it continues a bone of contention; but so soon as the learned practitioners have picked it quite clean, the battle is over, and all again is peace and settled neighbourhood.

It is worthy of much pleasantry and shaking of sides to observe that, in intricate, knotty, and extremely perplexing cases, where the sages of the gown and coif are so puzzled as not to know what to make of the matter, they then bequeath it to the arbitration and award of two or three plain men; or, by record, to the judgment of twelve simple

honest fellows, who, casting aside all regard to the form of writs and declarations, to the lapse of monosyllables, verbal mistakes and misnomers, enter at once upon the pith and marrow of the business, and in three hours determine, according to equity and truth, what had been suspending in the dubious scales of ratiocination, quotation, altercation, and pecuniary consideration, for three-and-twenty years.

Neither do I see any period to the progress of this evil; the avenue still opens, and leads on to further mischiefs; for the distinctions in law are, like the Newtonian particles of matter, *divisible ad infinitum.* They have been dividing and subdividing for some centuries past, and the subdivisions are as likely to be subdividing for ever; insomuch that law, thus divisible, debateable, and delayable, is become a greater grievance than all that it was intended to redress.

I lately asked a pleasant gentleman of the coif if he thought it possible for a poor man to obtain a decree, in matter of property, against a rich man. He smiled, and answered according to scripture, that "with man it was impossible, but that all things were possible to God." I suppose he meant that the decrees of the courts of Westminster were hereafter to be reversed.

Perhaps, sir, said Mr. Fielding, neither our laws nor our lawyers are so much to blame, as the people who apply to them for protection, for justice, satisfaction, or revenge. Might not the parties, who adventure on the course of litigation, begin where they are most likely to end their career, in the award of a few persons, or a verdict of twelve neighbours?

But the nature of man is prone to contention and quarrel. There is a certain portion of yeast or fermentation in his mass, that will have vent in some way; and our courts of law are the most obvious receptacles for the ebullitions of pride, avarice, envy, resentment, and wrathfulness, the insolence of temper, and overflowings of fortune.

Mr. Scruple, an attorney, a very singular man in his way, was lately recommended to me as a person equally qualified for alluring or compelling my litigating opponents to an accommodation; and he told me an exceeding pleasant story, as well respecting the process and forms of our courts of law, as respecting the contentious disposition of our neighbours.

Some time since, Walter Warmhouse, a substantial farmer in Essex, was advised by Sergeant Craw, that he had an unquestionable right to a certain tenement in the possession of Barnaby Boniface, his next neighbour and gossip, who fattened by the dint of good ale and good humour.

Barnaby, who equally hated debate and dry bowels, offered to leave the matter in question to any honest neighbours of Walter's own choosing; but Walter, proud of a weighty opinion and as weighty a purse, rejected the proffered compromise with scorn, and took a mortal aversion to honest Barnaby, because he refused to surrender his possessions on demand.

Walter Warmhouse accordingly began the attack in form; but Mr. Scruple, who had the uncommon conscience to remember that Barnaby had once recovered his purse from a highwayman, determined as far as possible to preserve the property of his old friend. For this purpose he kept warily and cheaply on the defensive; and, while he held a watchful eye over the motions of the adversary, he followed him close through a thirteen years' labyrinth of law-forms; and, what with exceptions to bills and replies, expensive commissions for examination of witnesses, demurrer, imparlance, and essoign, with hearings and rehearings, defer of issue thereon, costs of suit and costs of office, he pretty nearly exhausted both the purse and the patience of the valorous plaintiff, Walter Warmhouse. Whereupon his prudent patron, the good Sergeant Craw, deemed it high time to consent to a motion for referring

the case to the arbitration and award of certain umpires, though not of his client's choosing, as at first proposed.

Soon after this order, Sergeant Craw had occasion to travel to the farther parts of Essex, and his road led to the concerns of his old client, Walter Warmhouse. Here Walter happened to meet him, and warned him of the manifold dangers of the way, and of the numbers of thieves and highwaymen that infested the passages that lay just before him. And pray, then, very smoothly says the sergeant, is there no way through your fields, Mr. Warmhouse? —There is, sir, said Warmhouse, as good as any in England. —And may I not be permitted to pass?—Most safely, and a thousand welcomes.

Hereupon client Warmhouse opened the gate that led from the road into the fields, and in issued the equipage of his learned advocate and kind patron.

Goodman Warmhouse was mounted on a round, ambling nag, and rode much at his ease by the chariot of his malefactor. They chatted, as they went, about the prices of cattle and improvement of lands, the fall and rise of grain, the necessity of industry, and, above all, of the advantage of good enclosures, which, as the sergeant observed, were emblems of the English laws, and secured every man's property from question or encroachment.

While thus they beguiled the way, Walter led his respectable patron through this field and that field; and through yon gate and the other gate, and now went ahead like a fox, and now doubled like a hare; till, having mazed it and circled it for the space of three hours, he finally conducted the sergeant to the very gate at which he had first entered.

How, how! exclaims the sergeant, methinks we are just where we set out; we have not gained an inch of ground by the many miles we have travelled!

Quite as much, replied Walter, in a journey of three hours, as your honour gained for me in a journey of thir-

teen years; and I leave you as you left me—just where you found me.

Your story, cried Mr. Fenton, is as pleasant as it is apt; and reminds me of an observation made by Henry IV. of France, that is equally pertinent to the subject.

A certain judge of a court of law in that kingdom had grown aged on the bench, and honoured by the innumerable sentences which he had passed, and which were all deemed conformable to the most perfect measure and dispensation of equity. The gainers of the several suits applauded his discernment and justice to the skies, and even the losers allowed that they had no right to complain. The fame of his wisdom and integrity reached the throne. The monarch was curious to see and judge of so peculiar a cast and character, and he sent for him under colour of thanking him for the great honours which he had done to his regency.

After a most gracious reception, and some compliments at the levee, the prince took him apart, and in confidence said:—

"My lord judge, the infinite complaints that come before me from all parts of the kingdom, respecting the erroneous or iniquitous sentences daily passed by your fraternity, cast the highest lustre on the singularity of your conduct, and give me an eager curiosity to know by what measures you have been enabled to content all parties. I adjure you, then, by all that you reverence, to disguise nothing from me on this head. You have not any thing to fear from my censure of means that have proved so very successful, and you have all things to hope from my approbation."

The judge thereupon cast himself at the feet of his prince, and rising, addressed him thus:—

"To you, my sovereign, as to heaven, I will open my whole soul. In the first place, in order to enable myself to give a guess whether the judgments to be pronounced might

be right or wrong, I gave all possible attention to the merits of each case during the process; I daily took minutes of the pleadings on either side; I enlarged and commented on those minutes while matters were fresh in my memory; and I never interrupted any cause till it had run itself out of breath through the circuit of forms and due course of law.

"In the next place, may it please your majesty, I never took bribe or present of any kind, or from any hand, lest favour or inclination should insensibly tempt me to cog, or give a partial turn to the final cast.

"Thus prepared, as soon as matters were ripe for a decree —that is to say, as soon as the respective lawyers had agreed among themselves that nothing more was to be said, or any thing more to be got, on either side of the question —I summoned up the repugnant merits so equally and impartially, with respect to circumstance, evidence, and ordinance of law, as induced both parties, now wearied and wishing for rest, to think that the decree must inevitably be given against themselves; and, having appointed a certain hour for uttering the fatal sentence, I got up under visible concern and retired.

"From the bench, so please your graciousness, I withdrew to my closet; and, having locked myself up, I called upon my tutelary and never-erring directors in the solution of all knots and unwinding of all intricacies. In short, I went to a little drawer and took out—my box and dice."

"Box and dice!" exclaimed the monarch, half starting from his seat.

"Yes, sire," replied the judge; "I repeat it, box and dice. And if your majesty will be pleased to attend for a few moments, I trust to convince you of the propriety of this proceeding.

"*Humanum est errare.* This, my liege, is a maxim that has never yet been controverted by precept or by

practice; and it is as much as to say that life is a mere labyrinth of errors, in which all men are appointed to travel and to stray.

"Nothing save number and measure is yet determined upon earth—nothing is certain, save that two and two make four, and that lines are equal, or differ according to their dimensions.

"All men, further than this, depend upon reason as their enlightener and director in the search of truth; and yet reason itself has nothing whereon it may rest or depend. It first doubts, and then proceeds to examine; it calls in evidence and arguments on this side and on that side, *pro* and *con;* it compares, canvasses, and discusses; sifts and boults matters, suppose to the very bran; it endeavours to poise the scales of its own uncertainty, and now recovers some lapsed circumstance and casts it into this scale, and again throws some new proof or discovery into that scale, and so changes its opinion from day to day; while prejudice and partiality stand invisibly at its elbow, and at length determine the long-suspended balance by casting their own weights into one scale or other, according as interest or pleasure would wish to preponderate.

"Truth, so please your supremacy, has been sunk in so very deep a well as to mock the five-inched fathom of mere human ratiocination, whether it be a dealer or retailer of physics or metaphysics; of the distinctions in law, or the distinctions in philisophy; and I flatter myself that I alone, the least and most unlikely of all your majesty's subjects, have hit upon a method for fishing up truth, by a line which I acknowledge is not of my own twisting.

"Within my memory, and nearly within that of your majesty, particular laws have been in force for trial by combat, and trial by ordeal; and though at present those laws are held to have been iniquitous and wholly absurd, they could not have been instituted without just and pon-

derous reasons. They related, my liege, as my sentences do, to the interposition of Providence in the Jewish lots, whereby all doubts, however general, could be speedily ascertained; where the nation drew lots according to tribes, the tribes according to families, and the families by individuals, till the criminal was detected.

"Thus, in trial by combat, I have known and read manifold instances, wherein guilty courage and prowess have been foiled by the weak and fearful: and, in trial by ordeal, heaven never failed to guide the steps of the hoodwinked innocent between the narrow intervals of the burning ploughshares. And thus, conscious of my own infirmity and blindness, I have referred all my decrees to a power of better discernment; and he never failed to determine according to truth."

"Indeed, said the monarch, I cannot wholly disapprove your method, when I reflect on your motive. And, according to your account, when I think on the plague and anxiety, loss of time and loss of fortune, to which my subjects are put by these professors of the law, you have clearly convinced me, my good lord judge, that it would be infinitely better to cast dice at the beginning, than to give the most righteous judgment at the end of any lawsuit."

While the gentlemen were thus plunged in the bottomless gulf of the law, Mrs. Fielding beckoned Ned to a remote part of the room, and was greatly taken with his lively and innocent chat.

Pray, Mr. Fenton, said she, is this your son?—No, madam, said Mr. Fenton, we know not to whom he belongs, poor fellow; and I am persuaded, from many circumstances, that he was stolen in his infancy from his true parents.

Mrs. Fielding instantly coloured like scarlet; and casting at her husband an eager and animated look—Gracious heaven! she exclaimed, who knows, my dear, but this may

be our precious, our lost and long-lamented boy, to whom Providence this day has so wonderfully conducted us?

Madam, said Mr. Fenton, it is thought that hundreds of children are yearly spirited away from their parents, by gipsies, by beggars to excite charity, and by kidnappers to carry to the plantations; but I hear of very few that ever have been restored, except in romance. Pray, had you any particular memorandum or mark whereby you would know him to be your child, on the presumption of his being found?

Alas! no, sir, said Mrs. Fielding; he was scarce two years old when his nurse got leave to go and see a relation, the only visit, poor woman, that she made from the time she took my child to the breast. She left him in the care of the housemaid, who used to caress him with particular tenderness. He stood with her at the door; some one called her in suddenly, but, quickly returning, my child was gone!

Ah! could the wretches who took him have guessed at the heart-rending anguish which that loss cost me, it were not in the nature of barbarians, of brutes, of fiends themselves, to have imagined a deed of such deadliness. For three days and three nights life hovered like a flame that was just departing, and was only retained by my frequent and long swoonings, that for a time shut up all sense and recollection. Neither do I think that my dear husband suffered much less than myself, however he might constrain and exert his spirits to keep up, as it were, some appearance of manliness

We despatched criers throughout the city, and through all the neighbouring towns, with offers of vast recompense to any who should discover and restore our child to us; and we continued for years to advertise him in all the public papers. But, alas! he must have been taken by some very illiterate wretches who could not read, and who never

heard of the rewards that were offered; their own interest must otherwise have engaged them to return him. Pray, Mr. Fenton, how did you come by this pretty boy?

Here Ned assisted Mr. Fenton to give a detail respecting himself of the circumstances already recited; and Mr. Fenton mentioned the precaution he had taken for seizing his former mammy if ever she should make her appearance.

If heaven should ever bless me with more children, said Mr. Fielding, I have determined to fix some indelible mark upon them, such as that of the Jerusalem letters, that, in case of accident, I may be able to discover and ascertain my own offspring from all others. Such a precaution, said Mr. Fenton, is more especially incumbent on those who send their children abroad to be nursed, where it is practicable for fosterers to impose a living infant in the place of one who has died; or, by an exchange, to prefer a child of their own to an inheritance: for the features of infancy generally change to a degree that shortly leaves no trace of the original cast of countenance; and it is common with parents to leave their children at nurse for years, without seeing or renewing the memory of their aspects.

Mr. Fenton, says Mrs. Fielding, will you give me your interest in this sweet foundling? I will regard him as my own child; I will be good to him for the sake of the one I have lost. Tell me, my dear, will you come and live with me?—What say you, Ned, says Mr. Fenton, would you like to go and live with that lady?—Oh, sir! cried Ned, could I find in my heart to leave Master Harry and you, to be sure I would give the world to be with this dear lady. So saying, he catched at her hand and pressed it eagerly to his lips. Mrs. Fielding found herself surprised and agitated by this action; and taking him in her arms, and repeatedly kissing him, the gush of passion which she had some time suppressed broke forth, and she shed a plenteous shower of tears upon him.

Word being now brought that the chariot was put to rights, and at the door, Mr. and Mrs. Fielding took a tender farewell of Mr. Fenton and Ned, and set off for London.

As we propose, after the manner of the celebrated Vertot, to drop all the heavy and inanimate parts of our history, and to retain nothing but the life and spirit thereof, we take the liberty to pass over a few months, during which nothing material happened, save that our Harry increased in stature, and in all personal and mental accomplishments.

It was the latter end of August, the weather fair and pleasant, when Harry issued forth to his little *Campus martius*, accompanied by Neddy and the faithful James.

He was there met by his customary companions in arms; and they had nearly settled their courses and exercises for the evening, when a young phenomenon of nobility made his appearance, like a phœnix among the vulgar birds, attended by two servants in flaming liveries.

All the boys except Harry, and Ned who kept close to him, immediately approached the glittering stranger, and paid their respects with admiration and a kind of awkward obeisance, while Harry eyed him askance with a half sullen and half disdainful regard; and, notwithstanding the native benevolence of his temper, felt no kind of complacence in his bosom toward him.

The young nobleman, to make a parade of his wealth, and at the same time to indulge his petulance of disposition, took a handful of sixpences and shillings from his pocket, and throwing them among the crew, cried—A scramble, boys—a scramble!

Hereupon a scuffle-royal instantly ensued. All of them, save three, eagerly grappled at the pieces that had fixed their eye; while each, at the same time, seized and struggled with his fellow. Our hero, meanwhile, observed all that passed with a distinguishing attention. But, as the cause

of quarrel was quickly conveyed from sight, nothing worse happened than a few trips and boxes, to which the parties had been accustomed, and therefore did not resent; insomuch that my lord was wholly defeated of the benevolent intention of his generosity, and looked upon himself as defrauded of his coin.

To compensate this disappointment, and to make surer for the future of his dearly beloved mischief, he took a crown-piece from his pocket, and, holding it up to the full view of the assembly, he proclaimed it as the prize of victory between any two who should step forth on the spot and engage in a boxing-match. At the word an unknown champion sprung forward, instantly stripped, and challenged the field.

This unknown had arrived but that very morning with his parents, who came to settle at the village. He was by nature a very valiant but very quarrelsome boy. He had, consequently, been engaged in a number of occasional combats, wherein he had generally come off victorious; and this gave him as full an assurance of conquest as though his brow had already received the wreath.

The stranger in bulk and stature exceeded the field, and no one had yet offered himself an antagonist; when Harry stepping up, thus addressed him in a gentle but admonishing accent:—

I find, sir, you are a stranger; you are therefore to be excused for behaving amiss, as you are yet unacquainted with the laws of this place. But I must now be so free to inform you, that whoever quarrels here or boxes for money must afterwards take a turn with me for nothing.—As well before as after, briskly replied the adversary; but I scorn to take you at an advantage—prepare yourself, and strip! —You must first show me, rejoined Harry, that you are worth stripping for.

The unknown instantly fired at what he held to be a

boastful insult, and, leaping forward, aimed a punch at Harry's stomach with all his force; when Harry, nimbly catching the right wrist of his adversary in his left hand, and giving him at the same instant a sudden trip with his right foot, and a stroke across the neck with his right arm, the strange hero's heels flew up, and his shoulders and head came with a squelch to the earth.

As this unfortunate champion lay astonished, dismayed, and wholly disqualified by his fall from further contention, Harry generously stepped forward and offered to raise him. But, turning from him, he painfully and slowly arose, and, muttering something not intelligible, he walked away with a sullen but much abased motion.

Harry's companions hereat began to set up a cry of triumph and derision after the vanquished. But Harry suddenly stopped them, and cried—For shame, my friends; he is a brave boy, and deserves to be honoured, though a stranger to our ways; and I hope, in my heart, that he may not be hurt, nor discouraged from coming among us any more.

Our young nobleman meanwhile had observed all that passed, and considered our hero with an envious and indignant attention; when Harry, calling to him the three boys who had declined to partake of the scramble for my lord's money—My good boys, cries he aloud, you had the honour to refuse to quarrel, and tear your companions and friends to pieces, for the dirty matter of a few sixpences, and the first part of your reward shall be many sixpences.

So saying, he put his hand in his pocket, and, taking out three crowns, made a present of one to each. Then feeling a secret touch of self-approbation, he turned to my lord's servants, and addressed them in an accent and with an action rather too highly elevated:—Go, he cried, my friends; take your young master home to his father and mother, and tell them from me, that since they have

already made him a lord, I wish the next thing they do would be to make him a GENTLEMAN!

What, you scoundrel! cried my lord; do you tell me to my face that I am not a gentleman? and, flying instantly at Harry, he gave him a smart stroke on the left cheek. Harry had just begun to recollect his error; but, being again kindled to quick resentment, he half repressed and half enforced a sudden punch which he reached at the nose of his lordship, who, giving a scream, fell backward, and measured his length on the field.

The two servants immediately stooped to raise their bleeding master; and one of them, highly exasperated to see his lord in that condition, turned furiously upon Harry in order to chastise him. But Jack Freeman, his fellow-servant, straight caught him by the arm, crying—Hold! Patrick—hold! Remember fair play and Old England!

So saying, he suddenly stooped, catched at our hero's hand, and pressed it warmly to his lips, and cried—O, my noblest child, how I envy the happiness of those who serve you! then turning, he took his lord by the hand, and straight led him away from the field of battle.

Friend. Apropos to your turning a lord into a gentleman. When your hero gave that just, though over-haughty reproof to the insolence and petulance of the gay stranger, had he not a clear conception of the character of your true gentleman?

Author. If he had not a positive, yet you see he had a negative apprehension of the matter. If he could not say what it was to be—yet he could tell you what it was—not to be a gentleman; and he clearly perceived that neither finery, grandeur of equipage, title, wealth, superior airs, affectation of generosity—neither a mischief-making temper, nor a taking delight in the broils, conflicts, passions, and pains of

others, were any constituent qualities in this venerable character.

Friend. I beseech you then, at this interval, to satisfy my impatience, and to make good your promise, that you would give me a detail of the qualities that entitle a man to this supreme of denominations.

Author. That perhaps may be done with better effect to the understanding as well as the heart, by instancing and exemplifying, rather than defining.

The greatest of great poets, in his character of Hector, has given us the lineaments of the first and most finished gentleman that we meet in profane history, admirably and amiably instanced in his attachments to his country, in his filial affections, in his conjugal delicacies, in his paternal feelings, in his ardour for his friends, in his humanity to his enemies, and even in his piety to the gods that he worshipped, (no deduction from his courage, according to ancient arithmetic!)

Some time after the battle of Cressy, Edward the Third of England, and Edward the Black Prince, the more than heir of his father's renown, pressed John king of France to indulge them with the pleasure of his company at London. John was desirous of embracing the invitation, and accordingly laid the proposal before his parliament at Paris. The parliament objected, that the invitation had been made with an insidious design of seizing his person, thereby to make the cheaper and easier acquisition of the crown, to which Edward at that time pretended. But John replied, with some warmth—That he was confident his brother Edward, and more especially his young cousin, were too much of the GENTLEMAN to treat him in that manner. He did not say too much of the king, of the hero, or of the saint, but too much of the GENTLEMAN to be guilty of any baseness.

The sequel verified this opinion. At the battle of Poictiers

King John was made prisoner, and soon after conducted by the Black Prince to England. The prince entered London in triumph, amid the throng and acclamations of millions of the people. But then this rather appeared to be the triumph of the French king than that of his conqueror. John was seated on a proud steed royally robed, and attended by a numerous and gorg ous train of the British nobility; while his conqueror endeavoured, as much as possible, to disappear, and rode by his side in plain attire, and degradingly seated on a little Irish hobby.

As Aristotle and the Critics derived their rules for epic poetry and the sublime, from a poem which Homer had written long before the rules were formed or laws established for the purpose; thus, from the demeanour and innate principles of particular gentlemen, art has borrowed and instituted the many modes of behaviour which the world has adopted under the title of good manners.

One quality of a gentleman is that of charity to the poor; and this is delicately instanced in the account which Don Quixote gives to his fast friend, Sancho Pansa, of the valorous but yet more pious knight-errant, Saint Martin.

On a day, said the Don, Saint Martin met a poor man half-naked, and, taking his cloak from his shoulders, he divided it and gave him the one half. Now, tell me at what time of the year this happened? Was I witness? quoth Sancho; how the vengeance should I know in what year, or what time of the year, it happened? Hadst thou, Sancho, rejoined the knight, any thing within thee of the sentiment of Saint Martin, thou must assuredly have known that this happened in winter; for, had it been summer, Saint Martin would have given the whole cloak.

Another characteristic of the true gentleman is a delicacy of behaviour toward that sex whom nature has entitled to the protection, and consequently entitled to the tenderness of man.

The same gentleman-errant, entering into a wood on a summer's evening, found himself entangled among nets of green thread, that here and there hung from tree to tree; and, conceiving it some matter of purposed conjuration, pushed valorously forward to break through the enchantment. Hereupon some beautiful shepherdesses interposed with a cry, and besought him to spare the implements of their innocent recreation. The knight, surprised and charmed by the vision, replied—Fair creatures! my province is to protect, not to injure; to seek all means of service, but never of offence, more especially to any of your sex and apparent excellences. Your pretty nets take up but a small piece of favoured ground; but did they enclose the world, I would seek out new worlds whereby I might win a passage rather than break them.

Two very lovely but shame-faced girls had a cause of some consequence depending at Westminster, that indispensably required their personal appearance. They were relations of Sir Joseph Jekyl, and on this tremendous occasion requested his company and countenance at the court. Sir Joseph attended accordingly; and the cause being opened, the judge demanded whether he was to entitle these ladies by the denomination of spinsters? No, my lord, said Sir Joseph, they are lilies of the valley; they toil not, neither do they spin; yet you see that no monarch, in all his glory, was ever arrayed like one of these.

Another very peculiar characteristic of a gentleman is the giving place, and yielding to all with whom he has to do.

Of this we have a shining and affecting instance in Abraham, perhaps the most accomplished character that may be found in history, whether sacred or profane.

A contention had arisen between the herdsmen of Abraham and the herdsmen of his nephew, Lot, respecting the propriety of the pasture of the lands wherein they dwelt,

that could now scarce contain the abundance of their cattle; and those servants, as is universally the case, had respectively endeavoured to kindle and inflame their masters with their own passions.

When Abraham, in consequence of this, perceived that the countenance of Lot began to change toward him, he called, and generously expostulated with him as followeth—

"Let there be no strife, I pray thee, between me and thee, or between my herdsmen and thy herdsmen: for we be brethren. If it be thy desire to separate thyself from me, is not the whole land before thee? if thou wilt take the left hand, then I will go to the right; or if thou depart to the right hand, then I will go to the left."

Another capital quality of the true gentleman is, that of feeling himself concerned and interested in others. Never was there so benevolent, so affecting, so pathetic a piece of oratory exhibited upon earth, as that of Abraham's pleading with God for averting the judgments that then impended over Sodom. But the matter is already so generally celebrated, that I am constrained to refer my reader to the passage at full; since the smallest abridgment must deduct from its beauties, and that nothing can be added to the excellences thereof.

Honour, again, is said in scripture peculiarly to distinguish the character of a gentleman; where it is written of Sechem, the son of Hamor, "That he was more honourable than all the house of his father."

This young prince, giving way to the violence of his passion, had dishonourably deflowered Dinah, the daughter of Jacob. But his affections and soul cleaved to the party whom he had injured. He set no limits to his offers for repairing the wrong. "Ask me," he said to her kindred, "ask me never so much dowry and gift, and I will give according as ye shall say unto me; but give me the damsel to wife."

From hence it may be inferred, that human excellence or human amiableness doth not so much consist in a freedom from frailty, as in our recovery from lapses, our detestation of our own transgressions, and our desire of atoning by all possible means for the injuries we have done, and the offences we have given. Herein, therefore, may consist the very singular distinction which the great apostle makes between his estimation of a just and of a good man. For a just or righteous man, says he, "one would grudge to die; but for a good man, one would even dare to die." Here the just man is supposed to adhere strictly to the rule of right or equity, and to exact from others the same measure that he is satisfied to meet; but the good man, though occasionally he may fall short of justice, has, properly speaking, no measure to his benevolence; his general propensity is to give more than the due. The just man condemns, and is desirous of punishing, the transgressors of the line prescribed to himself; but the good man, in the sense of his own falls and failings, gives latitude, indulgence, and pardon to others; he judges, he condemns, no one save himself. The just man is a stream that deviates not to the right or left from its appointed channel, neither is swelled by the flood of passion above its banks; but the heart of the good man, the man of honour, the gentleman, is as a lamp lighted by the breath of God, and none save God himself can set limits to the efflux or irradiations thereof.

Again, the gentleman never envies any superior excellence; but grows himself more excellent, by being the admirer, promoter, and lover thereof.

Saul said to his son Jonathan, "Thou son of the perverse rebellious woman! do not I know that thou hast chosen the son of Jesse to thine own confusion? for as long as the son of Jesse liveth upon the ground, thou shalt not be established, nor thy kingdoms; wherefore send and fetch him unto me, for he shall surely die." Here every

interesting motive that can possibly be conceived to have an influence on man, united to urge Jonathan to the destruction of David; he would thereby have obeyed his king, and pacified a father who was enraged against him; he would thereby have removed the only luminary that then eclipsed the brightness of his own achievements; and he saw, as his father said, that the death of David alone could establish the kingdom in himself and his posterity; but all those considerations were of no avail to make Jonathan swerve from honour, to slacken the bands of his faith, or cool the warmth of his friendship. O Jonathan! the sacrifice which thou then madest to virtue was incomparably more illustrious in the sight of God and his angels, than all the subsequent glories to which David attained. What a crown was thine, "Jonathan, when thou wast slain in thine high places!"

Saul of Tarsus, afterwards called Paul, had been a man of bigotry, blood, and violence; making havoc of, and breathing out threatenings and slaughter against all who were not of his own sect and persuasion. But when the spirit of that Infant, who laid himself in the manger of human flesh, came upon him, he acquired a new heart and a new nature; and he offered himself a willing subject to all the sufferings and persecutions which he had brought upon others.

Paul, from that time, exemplified in his own person all those qualities of the gentleman which he afterwards specifies in his celebrated description of that charity, which, as he says, alone endureth for ever.

When Festus cried with a loud voice, "Paul, thou art beside thyself, much learning doth make thee mad;" Paul stretched the hand, and answered, "I am not mad, most noble Festus; but speak forth the words of truth and soberness. For the king knoweth of these things, before whom also I speak freely; for I am persuaded that none

of these things are hidden from him. King Agrippa, believest thou the prophets? I know that thou believest." Then Agrippa said unto Paul, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." And Paul said, "I would to God that not only thou, but also all that hear me this day, were not only almost, but altogether such as I am—except these bonds."

Here, with what an inimitable elegance did this man, in his own person, at once sum up the orator, the saint, and the gentleman!

From these instances, my friend, you must have seen that the character or rather quality of a GENTLEMAN, does not in any degree depend on fashion or mode, on station or opinion; neither changes with customs, climates, nor ages. But as the Spirit of God can alone inspire it into man; so it is as God is, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.

Friend. It is a standard whereby I propose, for the future, to measure and judge of all my acquaintance. But let us return to our little gentleman-monitor.

CHAPTER XII.

NEVER did Harry feel himself so deeply mortified, so debased in his own eyes, as when my lord's footman, in terms and with an action so uncommonly respectful, had stooped and kissed his hand. His heart, but just before, had whispered to him that the manner in which he had admonished the young nobleman expressed more of the pride and insolence of his own temper than any friendly intention to reform the faults of another; and he already began to suspect that the manner in which he had dispensed his own bounty, showed the same ostentation which he meant

to reprove, and with which he had been so highly offended in his lordship.

Thus disgusted with himself, and consequently with all about him, he turned away from his companions, walked silent and homeward, and, passing softly through the hall, withdrew to his own chamber.

James had followed Harry at such a distance as just to keep him in sight, and entering where his master sat reading in the parlour, Mr. Fenton inquired eagerly after his boy. James cast at his master a look of much solemnity, and shaking his head in token of concern—Ah, sir! said he, I am sorry to tell you that Master Harry, to-day, was not altogether so good a boy as I could have wished. Indeed, I observe of late that at times he is apt to be very sudden and passionate. I doubt, sir, we shall have woful doings by and by; he has terribly abused and battered the son and heir of the Earl of Mansfield, one of the worthiest noblemen in all England. To be sure we shall have sad complaints against him. I was present at all that passed; and truly Master Harry was very much in fault.

You delight me—you transport me! cried Mr. Fenton; my only affliction was that he had no faults. I want him to have faults—such faults as may make him feel them. But tell me minutely, as particularly as you can, how this affair happened. James then gave a special detail of what we have recited. Whereupon Mr. Fenton exclaimed—O, my noble, my generous, my incomparable boy! Where is he? Let me see him! What is become of him?

Upon inquiry, Mrs. Susan reported that she had seen him stealing softly up-stairs. Mr. Fenton then, taking his book in his hand, stole up after his Harry; and, opening his chamber-door with the least noise possible, saw him seated, in a dejected attitude, in a far corner of the room; and, looking attentively at him, perceived that he had been in tears.

He thereupon took a chair, and gently seating himself beside him—What is the matter, my Harry, he said; what ails my love?—Don't ask me—don't ask me, sir! cried Harry; I dare not tell you—indeed I dare not. You would love me no longer; you would hate me if I should tell you.—Hate you, my darling! cried Mr. Fenton, that is quite impossible; I can never hate you, my Harry. But come, be free with your friend; tell me openly and honestly for what do you think I should hate you?—For my faults, sir; for my faults. To be sure, there is not in the world so bad a boy as myself; and, what is worse than all that, when I think and mean to do better than ever, something comes in the way and spoils the whole, and so turns all the good that is in me into nothing but naughtiness.

Here Harry could contain no longer, but burst into a passionate gush of tears and sobs; and Mr. Fenton tenderly embracing him, and taking him on his knee, and clasping him to his bosom, gave way to the kindred emotion that swelled in his own breast, and mingled his joyful tears with those of his Harry.

As soon as the passion of these two friends had subsided, Harry began to take new courage from the caresses of his dear father, who, as he sensibly felt, would never hate or forsake him, however he might condemn and detest himself.

Well then, sir, says he, since you are so very good, I will trust you with my story, so far as it has to say to the little that I can remember of my faults in it.

You must know that I had no sooner got into your field that you gave me for our plays than a young master came up to us, so grandly dressed and attended, and with such a saucy air, that he seemed to say in his own mind—All these are but dirt in comparison of myself.

As I looked at him, he brought to my mind the story you once told me of Hercules, who was poisoned by his fine coat. So I began to pity him, and, I believe, to de-

spise him too; and that, you know, was not right; for you told me that whoever despises another grows worse than the one he despises, and falls below him, while he thinks to set himself above him; but that did not come into my head at the time.

And so, sir, to show us all that he did not matter money, or that he loved mischief the better of the two, he took out a handful of silver and threw it among my companions, to set them by the ears; and this provoked and began to make me very angry with him; and thus one fault brought me into another after it, like—Water my chickens come clock.

But this did not satisfy my young lord—for they called him lord—but he must take out a crown, and offer it to any two of my companions that would box for it. So a stranger that was just come offered to box any one in the company for it; but I do not repent of my beating him, because he was the challenger.

But the worst is yet to come, sir. There were some of my companions who refused to join in the scramble for the money, and that pleased me very much; and so, to reward them, I took out a handful of money, and gave them a crown apiece. But, you know, I need not have taken out more money than I meant to give them, if it was not partly to show my lord that I had as much money as himself; and so I got myself up to the head and ears in the very same fault that I found with him.

Now comes the worst of all. For, growing proud and conceited, as if I had no one fault in the world, and as if the like of me was only fit to reprove others and teach them their duty, I desired the fine master to take himself home, and, since he was a lord, to learn also to be a gentleman. Upon that he gave me a blow, which I deserved very well; but I did not matter his blow a fillip if I had not thought it an affront before my companions. So my passion began to

rise, and I gave him half a stroke, but unluckily it hit him full in the nose, and I am afraid he is hurted very sadly.

Besides all, father, I know well enough there will come sad complaints against me, and so I shall bring trouble and disturbance upon you; and that is grief upon grief.

Do not fear for me, Harry, I shall do well enough, says Mr. Fenton. But, Harry, you have not told me near as great news as you thought to do. I knew all along that you had a very naughty boy within you; but I forbore to tell you so, because I rather wished you should make the discovery yourself; and now, God be praised! you have found out the secret.

And what good will it do me, sir, to know that I am bad, when I do not know how to make myself better? for to-day I thought and meant to be very good, and yet found myself in the end to be worse than ever. But as you say, to be sure I have been very bad, though I hardly knew any thing of the matter till now. I now remember how I had like to murder poor Mr. Vindex with the sword, and a hundred other things if I could bring them to mind. What shall I do then, sir—oh! what shall I do to grow good?

I will tell you, my Harry, says Mr. Fenton. And as you have generously intrusted me with one secret, that of having a very bad boy within you; it is but fair that I should intrust you with another secret, which is that of having an exceeding good boy within you.

What, two boys in one, sir, how can that be? It is even so, my darling; you yourself told me as much. Did you not say that, this very day, the one was struggling and fighting within you against the other? that the one was proud, scornful, ostentatious, and revengeful; the other humble, gentle, generous, loving, and forgiving? and that when the bad boy got the better, the good boy took him to

task, and reprimanded and severely rebuked him, and made him cry bitterly?

What you say, indeed, sir, is something very like it; only I cannot think how one boy can be two boys. Do you remember, Harry, what you read last night in the Old Testament about Rebekah, the wife of Isaac, when she was with child?—Yes, very well, sir. As how she was with child with twins, "and the children struggled together within her; and she said, If it be so, why am I thus? and she went to inquire of the Lord."—Very right, my love; and I now say to you what God then said to Rebekah. I do not mean that you have two boys within you, of the bodily bulk, features, and shape of yourself; but that you have two different spirits or principles within you, which, like Esau and Jacob, have quite different and adverse natures, inclinations, and desires; the one prompting and hurrying you into all that is evil, the other inviting and leading you into all that is good. So you see, Harry, and you have felt that, like Rebekah, you have your own Esau and your own Jacob struggling within your bosom: and the war between them shall never cease, till the one shall have wholly conquered and subjected the other.

To make this matter plainer and clearer to you, my darling, I will tell you a pretty story out of the book that is in my hand.

Cyrus was a king and a great conqueror, but in his private capacity a very virtuous man. On a day, some of his captains, just returned from an expedition, informed him that they had brought him the greatest wonder in the world, a young princess called Panthea, whom they had taken captive, and whose charms exceeded all that could be imagined of woman.

Cyrus, as I told you, was virtuous. He was already married; and he dreaded running the risk of being seduced from his honesty by the dangerous allurements of this

enchanting beauty. He therefore obstinately, though reluctantly, forbid her approach; and denied himself the pleasure he might have taken in beholding her.

His own honour, however, and the respect due to the quality and accomplishments of the lady, demanded all possible attention and precaution in her behalf. For this purpose he summoned his chief captains and favourites. He asked which of them would adventure to take the charge of this young beauty; and he promised the highest rewards to those who should honourably discharge their trust, but threatened his deepest displeasure to any who should betray it.

All of them shrunk at the apprehension of taking upon them the personal custody and care of a beauty, whom their great and virtuous monarch had not even dared to look upon; and no one had offered to undertake this perilous commission till a valiant and noble youth, named Araspes, stood forth.

From my infancy, O Cyrus! said the graceful adventurer, I have been educated in the school, and brought up at the feet, of the divine Zoroaster. I am accustomed from my childhood to combat, conquer, and scorn all sensual seducers. I hold virtue in mine eye as its only object; my heart esteems and affects it as my only good; the nature thereof has become one with my nature; and I do not remember the time wherein I have been tempted to deviate from rectitude, or sink beneath the calls of honour. I cannot therefore but smile at the fear of my companions. Their courage at a breach or in the field is unquestionable. I have seen them face a thousand deaths; I have seen them rush into dangers; and yet they dread the sight of a single and weakly female. For me she can have no terrors, since I am out of the power and reach of her allurements. I will undertake the charge of this formidable creature at

the risk of my honour, at the risk of my life, and, more than all, at the risk of the favour of Cyrus.

Cyrus had long loved the person, and contemplated and admired the virtues of this youth. He therefore, with joy and confidence, committed the precious deposit to his trust; in full assurance that the person and honour of Panthea could nowhere be so safe as in the protection of Araspes.

The young hero had in reality all the virtues that he boasted. His education under so beloved and respectable a master; his early and long habit of opposing and rejecting the smallest incitement to vice; and the delights which he was accustomed to feel in the sentiments and practice of what his judgment approved—had in a manner so wholly lulled his naughty self to sleep, that he did not so much as dream that he had an enemy within him.

This, my Harry, was his heavy misfortune, and the sad occasion of his fall. For, not knowing that his evil Esau was still alive in his bosom; not knowing that he had any one to oppose or to struggle with—he kept neither watch nor guard, and so lay naked and open to the mischief that came upon him, as I am going to tell you.

On his seeing the lady who was committed to his trust, he felt no emotion nor sentiment save that of wonder, as in beholding the most perfect of the works of his Creator; and he took a pleasure in providing that she should be treated and accommodated with all possible attention and respect, as due to so accomplished and pre-eminent a being.

As the nature of his commission gave him frequent occasion of being near and about the person of his amiable ward, new beauties grew daily visible and open to his eyes. But, above all, in conversing with her, the music of her accents and the elegance of her sentiments fell insensibly on his soul, that drank them up as a dry ground drinks up the invisible dew of the evening.

His occasions for attending her, and doing little offices

and services about her, now daily increased without seeming to do so. When he was called, and intended to go elsewhere, his feet imperceptibly carried him to the presence of Panthea. His slumbers were short, uneasy, and broken; and at meals he knew not whether or on what he fed.

At length his eyes opened to the calamity of his condition. But at the moment wherein he perceived his love, he found himself too far gone for the possibility of a return. He was as a mariner who had haled his boat upon land, and, thinking himself secure, had fallen asleep therein; but while he slept, a spring-tide came silently on and covered the shore, and gained upon the beech, and swelled under the boat, and heaved it from land, and turning, bore it farther and farther to sea. Then awakened the helpless mariner, unprovided of sail or oar, or of any means to effect or attempt a return. He saw his lost estate—he stretched his arms towards the land; but while he reached it with his eyes, he found himself carried by an irresistible power still more and more distant from the sight.

Thus fared it with the wretched, lost, fallen away Araspes. He awakened to his condition—he looked around, but found himself helpless. He would have struggled—he wished his return to virtue; but his wishes were sickly—as feeble as a dream; and he felt himself borne away, by a secret and subtile force, from that honour of which he now barely retained a distant prospect.

The imbosomed fire that preyed upon him at length became insufferable, and he desperately determined to seek relief. He threw himself at the feet of the object of his love, avowed the ardour of his passion, and besought her pity.

The princess replied in a mild but resolute accent—I do pity you, Araspes; I pity you the more, as it is all that my power can ever do for you. Two insurmountable barriers oppose your desires—the one is my honour, the other my

inclination. I am already married to a young hero—the prince and patron of his people—the most accomplished of his sex—and an honour to human nature; he is my first and last love—he possesses my heart wholly; but were it emptied of him, it would not be emptied of its virtue, and the thoughts of any other would be an offence to my soul. Be advised then, Araspes, depart from temptation, and seek in absence a cure for the indiscretion of your love.

Confused, astonished, speechless, Araspes lost at once the little that remained to him of virtue and reason. He knew not what he did—he would have proceeded to violence, when the princess suddenly drew a poniard and pointed it at her bosom; whereat Araspes straight withdrew, overwhelmed with shame, disappointment, and despair.

As soon as he had retired, the princess took a little tablet, whereon she inscribed the following words:—

"To Cyrus.

"Your favourite has betrayed his trust; he would have offered violence. Think what is due to your own honour, as well as that of

"Panthea."

This she despatched to the monarch by one of her faithful mutes. As soon as Cyrus had perused it, he sighed, and dropped a tear, as over the departed virtue of his best beloved friend. He instantly sent for Araspes. Araspes durst not disobey. He came, indeed, but then he did not dare to look upward.

After a silence on both sides, Cyrus cried out—Whoever thou art, account to me for my friend, account to me for his virtue—a virtue that I deemed to be impassible, unassailable. Whereupon Araspes made the following most memorable of answers.

As you are but lately entered on your Greek, my Harry,

I will first read the passage to you, and then give you the sense of it, word for word:—

Δυο, ω Κυρε, σαφως εχω ψυχας. Ου γαρ δη μια γε ησα, αμα αγαθη τε εξι και κακη, και αμα καλων τε και αισχρων εργων ερα, και ταυτα αμα βουλεται τε και ου βουλεται πραττειν. Αλλα δηλον οτι δυο εξον ψυχα, και οταν μεν η αγαθη χρατη, τα καλα πραττεται, οταν δε η πονηρα, τα αισχρα επιχειρειται.

"O Cyrus! it is manifest that I have two souls; for if I had but one soul it could not be at once both good and evil—not a lover at the same time of what is honest and dishonest; it could not at once desire and be averse to the same thing. It is, therefore, most evident that we have two souls; and when the good soul hath the dominion, good works are performed; but evil works when the evil soul predominates."

Here, Harry, you see there were two men in one man, which is the same thing as there being two boys in you. For the soul is the man, Harry; and the body is but as a sign, to give notice to others that such a man dwells within.

But, sir, says Harry, since, as you say and as I find, I have two different boys or souls within me; pray, how came they to be different? did the same God that desired to make the one soul good, desire also to make the other soul evil?

Your question, my darling, is very proper, though very deep. I will however endeavour, to the best of my power, to accommodate my answers to the weakness of your capacity.

God, who is nothing but goodness, cannot possibly desire any kind of evil; and therefore cannot be, immediately, the author thereof. But he can make or create such poor little insignificant beings as you and I are, Harry; though all that God himself can do in our behalf cannot possibly

make us good, or excellent, or perfect, any otherwise than by informing us with his own goodness and perfections.

This would lead me, my love, to the unfolding that capital secret of which you are not yet susceptible; a secret upon which this world, sun, moon, and stars, with all the worlds upon worlds that lie beyond them, depend and hang, as your hat would hang upon yonder nail.

The angels that are now in heaven are great, good, perfect, and glorious beings; because they are filled with the greatness, goodness, glory, and perfection of God. For they know that of themselves they are nothing; and that in themselves they are no other than empty and dark creatures, mere sensible capacities prepared for the reception, the feeling, and enjoyment of the light, virtue, and blessedness of their bountiful Creator.

How the spirit of man came to be, in itself, so much worse than an empty and dark creature; how it came to be filled and polluted with all manner of evil, with selfishness, pride, covetousness, abominable lusts, envy, hatred, malice, revengefulness, and wrathfulness; how it further came to have a different spirit begotten within it, informing its heart and turning the chords thereof to sentiments of humility, charity, purity, love, patience, and peace—this, Harry, is the great secret, of which you are not yet capable; the secret, as I told you, whereon the world now hangs, whereby it has been changed, and whereby it will be renewed.

In the mean time, let it suffice for you to feel and to know, that your dark spirit, so filled as I said with evil, is yourself, my Harry—is all that you have of the creature within you; and that the good spirit, which is begotten within your evil spirit, is breathed into you by the power and spirit of God himself, in order to oppose and conquer the evil, and enlighten the darkness, and purify the foulness

of your selfish or creaturely spirit, that you may finally become as the angels that are in heaven, filled with the purity, glory, and blessedness of your God.

Know therefore from henceforward, and let the sense of it sink into your soul, my darling, that all the evil which is in you belongs to yourself, and that all the good which is in you belongs to your God: that you cannot, in or of yourself, so much as think a good thought, or form a good wish, or oppose a single temptation or evil motion within you. From hence learn to be humble, and to think meanly of yourself, and not ascribe to yourself any kind of goodness or virtue, for that would be sacrilege; it would be to rob God of his peculiar property of goodness. From hence further learn, never to prefer yourself to others, or to think better of yourself than of any one living; for, so far as you are a creature, no one can be viler or faultier than you are, however God may be pleased, through his mercy and bounty to you, to be better in you than in others.

Never exalt yourself, my Harry; neither in company nor conversation of any kind say, I did this or I did that, or, I said this or I said that; for, in exalting yourself, you exalt your own proud and evil spirit above the good and meek spirit of God that is in you. Let all praise mortify and be a reproach to your conscience, but take blame with patience and pleasure; in so doing you will approve yourself a lover of justice, as well as a lover of your own reformation.

Lastly, my love, turn your whole will and affections from your own evil spirit, to the spirit of God that is in you; for that is the utmost that any man can do toward his own salvation. Reject, spurn, and detest every motion to evil; embrace, cherish, and take to your heart every motion of good; you will thereby acquire the never-ending glory of having joined with God in the combat and conquest that he is desirous of obtaining over all the guilt,

uncleanness, and depravity, into which your nature is fallen.

Here Andrew came up with notice to his master that the Earl of Mansfield was below, and requested to speak with him. At this Harry coloured up, and cried—Did not I tell you, sir, what trouble I should bring upon you?—Do not be alarmed, my dear, says Mr. Fenton; do you stay here. If there is a necessity for your appearance, I will send you word.

The father of young Lord Bottom, was in every respect, the reverse of his son. He had come on foot without attendants, was dressed in a plain napped coat, and had the mien and appearance of an honest country grazier.

My lord, says Mr. Fenton, I should think myself greatly honoured by this visit, if I was not so much concerned at the occasion of it. I am truly grieved that my son should have done such great offence to young Lord Bottom.—Sir, says the earl, I find you have quite mistaken the intent of my visit; I am come to thank your son for the just and noble lesson which he gave to mine: and which he has so forcibly impressed upon his memory, as will not, I trust, permit him to forget it in a hurry.—My lord, replied Mr. Fenton, my little fellow is very sensible of his misbehaviour in this business. He was the first to chide himself; and he told me the story, very much, I assure your lordship, to his own disadvantage.

Mr. Fenton, rejoined the earl, after what I have heard of your boy from one Jack Freeman, a very faithful and intelligent servant of mine, I am quite impatient to see him, and there is nothing generous which I am not willing to believe concerning him. My wife, indeed, is not at all times in my way of thinking. She has taken her young lord with her to town, to the doctor's; and I am concerned at the violence of the resentment which she expressed on this occasion, as it may be a means of deferring that acquaint-

ance and intimacy which I heartily wish to cultivate with the family of Mr. Fenton. But where is this wonderful boy? I request to see him.

Harry, hereupon, was immediately called down. As he apprehended that he was sent for to be severely chidden, a little resentful haughtiness arose in his mind, and strengthened it against the violence of the reproofs that he expected. He therefore entered with an air that no way favoured of mortification, and made but a cold though solemn bow to the earl.

Bless me, exclaimed my lord, what a striking resemblance! I never saw two faces or persons so much alike. There is no difference, Mr. Fenton, between you and your son, except what age has made. Mr. Fenton smiled, and my lord continued. I always had a notion that your heroes were huge fellows; but here I think we have got heroism quite in miniature. Can this be the one who, as I am told, with a trip or a blow, overthrows and demolishes all before him? Come to me, my dear, and give me leave to salute you.

Harry respectfully approached; and my lord, taking him in his arms and warmly kissing him, said—I thank you, my little man, for the generous lesson which you gave to my very naughty boy; and for the difference which you taught him to make for the future, between the sauciness of a lord and the sentiments of a gentleman.

Harry felt himself at once disconcerted, abased, and wholly cut down, by this compliment from his lordship. At length recovering himself he answered—You mean, to be sure, sir, to reprove me the more by what you have said; but, if you are in earnest, I am sure it is a very bad lesson which you teach me, sir, when you praise me for my faults, and so encourage me in them.—Faults! my dear, cried the earl, I heard of none such; what do you mean by your faults?—I mean, sir, that when I told your son as

much as that he was not a gentleman, it showed that I was still less of the gentleman myself; and I very well deserved the blow which he gave me for such an affront; and I am ready to ask his pardon whenever you please, my lord.—No, no, my man, cried Lord Mansfield, you shall never disgrace yourself so much as to make any submissions to my naughty boy.—I shall think it no disgrace, quick and affectingly replied Harry, to make submissions to any one who is son to such a gentleman as my Lord Mansfield.

My lord for some time looked with astonishment at the child; when, eagerly catching and pressing him to his bosom, he cried out—On my honour you are the sweetest as well as the noblest fellow I was ever acquainted with; and, sir, I shall think it an honour to be admitted among your friends, and that's what I would not say to many in Old England. Mr. Fenton, continued the earl, if you will give yourself the trouble to inquire out my little lodge on the hill you will oblige me; though I envy your character, I shall be glad of your acquaintance. So saying, Lord Mansfield got up after his blunt manner, and precipitately withdrew.

On the following evening Mr. Fenton took Harry and Mr. Clement into his study; and, taking from his pocket-book a number of bank-bills—Mr. Clement, says he, I here make my Harry a present of fifteen hundred pounds, reserving only to myself the privilege of advising how it may be laid out and secured for him to the best advantage.

To-morrow morning you and he are to set out on foot for London, and there to take lodgings as near to the Fleet-prison as you can conveniently be accommodated. You are then to apply to the keeper, and to give him a gratuity for making out a written list of all the prisoners under his custody, with their quality and condition annexed, as also the sums respectively due, and the terms during which they have been in confinement.

You are then to inquire from him the several characters, distresses, and merits of all the prisoners of note, and to make an entry thereof in a separate paper; but then you are not to depend altogether on his report. You are to go from room to room, to converse with the prisoners apart, and to inquire from each the characters, fortunes, and disasters of the others.

This inquisition, in all likelihood, will take you up above a fortnight. But, above all, remember that those among them who are most affected by the distresses of their fellows, ought to be the principal objects of your own charity and relief.

Let five hundred pounds of this money be appropriated to the enlargement of such prisoners as are under duresse for sums not amounting to ten pounds. You will thereby free the captive; give means of bread to the hungry; and restore to your country many members that are worse than useless, that are also a dead-weight and encumbrance upon her. Let the remaining thousand pounds be applied to the enfranchisement or relief of those prisoners of note, whose cases and calamities call for singular compassion. And be sure to keep an account where your money may fall short of such valuable purposes; and, as far as five hundred pounds more will reach, we will supply the defect.

Hereupon Harry caught his patron about the neck, and repeatedly kissing him, cried—O, sir, how happy, how very happy you make me! O, that we had money enough to employ every fortnight the year round like this sweet fortnight!

The very next morning our travellers set out on their generous expedition. But we forbear to say any thing relative thereto till their return; as they themselves are the best qualified, and in truth have the best right, to give the particulars of their own extraordinary adventures.

Our Harry and his friend Clement had not been gone

above an hour, when Mr. Fenton received a card from the Countess of Maitland, requesting his company to coffee in the evening. She was widow to the late earl, a very lovely woman, had taken the most sumptuous house on the hill, and was resorted to by numbers of the first figure, from among whom she was perfectly qualified to make a selection, exceedingly entertaining to herself, of the sensible, the elegant, and the ludicrous.

Mr. Fenton attended my lady precisely at the time appointed. When he entered, she was writing a note at her desk. On turning her eye to the door, she was suddenly struck with the grace of his figure, the sweetness of his aspect, and the ease of his deportment. She was further struck with a recollection as of something very interesting, but which had happened at a vast distance, or of which she had dreamed. Her heart was affected; she coloured up, and again turned pale, without being yet able to move from her chair. At length recovering, and rising and advancing toward him—Mr. Fenton, says she, this is a very singular favour—a favour for which I have long wished. This, sir, you know, is my third time of asking, but my two former cards were not so happy as to bring you.—Madam, said he carelessly, I am but a very poor visiter; however, I could not refuse myself the honour of attending your ladyship's summons, at least for once.—I have been now, said the countess, three months on the hill. Within that time I have applied to all my acquaintance, in order to get some of them to introduce me to you; but none of them were so fortunate as to know your name.—To be known, madam, replied Mr. Fenton, a person must have been in some way considerable; indeed it is no way disagreeable to my own inclinations to pass the short remnant of an insignificant life as little noticed as possible.—Much company then came in, and the evening was spent in agreeable conversation; and, on the party breaking up, each member of it

gave distinct pressing invitations to Mr. Fenton, which he as politely excused himself from attending to at present.

On the following morning, as he sat in his study, some one tapped at the door; and, on being desired to walk in, who should enter but Lady Maitland in an agreeable dishabille.

Mr. Fenton, said she (deeply blushing and hesitating), I, I—you must think it very odd—I say, sir, I should not have intruded upon you, thus out of all form, perhaps indecently, unseasonably.—Please to be seated, madam. The business I come upon, sir, is so very interesting, so concerning to my peace, that I could not refuse myself this opportunity of breaking in upon you.—Be assured, my dear madam, that the greatest pleasure you can do me is to let me know, as soon as possible, wherein I can serve you.

Here the countess, looking eagerly and inquisitively on him, put her hand in her bosom, took out a picture, and alternately surveying the one and the other—Yes, she cried, it is, it must certainly be so. Then, reaching out the picture, can you tell me, sir, said she, for whom this was drawn, or rather do you remember to whom you gave it?

Mr. Fenton took the picture, looked at it, and started; when, recollecting ideas and passages as from afar off, he exclaimed—Good God! is it possible, can you be my little Fanny Goodall?—Yes, my dearest cousin, answered the countess, as surely as you are the still too amiable Harry Clinton.

Hereupon they both rose suddenly, and Mr. Fenton, catching his quondam Fanny in his arms, pressed her to his bosom with warm and kindred affection. But the agitation of the countess was too big for utterance; till, resuming her chair, she gave scope to her passion, and burst into a violent flood of tears.

After a mutual and affecting silence—Ah! cries Mr. Fenton, in a voice expressive of much emotion, how am I, my lovely cousin, to interpret these tears? Am I to

consider them as further proofs of your ancient aversion to me, or as kindly and dear instances of your returning affection? The countess answered not; and Mr. Fenton continued:—

You may remember, my cousin, that I had very few relations. My only brother ever continued to behave himself towards me as an alien and an enemy; and my only uncle and guardian, who in his later years became your father, was no way agreeable to my taste or disposition. In you, therefore, from your infancy—in you alone, my amiable cousin—I had centred all my sensations of fatherhood, brotherhood, all the affections and tender feelings that naturally arise from kindred and consanguinity. How have I been delighted with your infantine prattle! how have I exulted in your opening charms! On the death of my first wife you were my only consolation; and in your innocent caresses and attractive endearments, I felt a sweetness of emotion that I never felt before.

On my return from France, with what transports did you receive me! we grew, as it were, in our embracements to each other. You were then, as I apprehend, about ten years of age. But on my next visit you refused to be seen by me. Soon after you were taken ill. I daily went with an aching heart to inquire after your health; but your mama peremptorily refused me admission to your presence, till, on your recovery, you were conveyed from me, and secreted into the country.

Though this unkindness went near my heart, it did not alter my affections; I still continued to inquire after you, I still continued to be interested in you, and I preferred my ardent wishes and prayers to heaven for your prosperity.

Mr. Fenton, said Lady Maitland (you have unquestionably your reasons for choosing to be so called), I am very sensible, sir, I say, of your extraordinary partiality to me from my earliest years. Your tenderness, as you mentioned,

was that of the fondest of fathers or brothers. You knew the degree and kind of affection that was suitable between such relations, and you kept yourself precisely within the limits. But, alas! for my part I knew no such distinctions. I was as a piece of virgin wax, warmed and willingly yielding to the first kindly impression. You made that impression, my cousin—you made it deep and entire. As I had but the one heart, so I had but the one love; and that love was all your own, without distinction or degree.

Gracious heaven! exclaimed Mr. Fenton, what is this you tell me, madam? Is it possible that, at your years, you should actually conceive a passion for one who might almost have been your grandfather? Ah! if that be the case, what have I not to answer for indulging you and myself in those innocent caresses, which at that time fondly constituted the most pleasing sensations of my life.

Alas! replied the countess, if you have any thing to answer for on that account, the charge indeed is very weighty which I have to bring against you.

I was not eight years old when I begged this picture from you, which you generously enriched with this circlet of diamonds. Soon after, you went to France; and during your absence this picture was my constant companion, whom I caressed, whom I talked to, and to whom alone I made my complaints in all my little matters of grievance.

I know not by what instinct or kind of cunning it was, that I endeavoured to conceal my affection for this your resemblance, and never made my court to it but when I was alone.

The morning after your visit, on your return from Paris, as I was carelessly performing the business of my little toilette before the glass, I took out your picture, and surveyed it with new and increasing delight. In the mean time I did not know that my mamma stood behind me, attentive to all my motions, that were reflected to her by

the mirror. She heard me talk to your picture, she saw me kiss it, and eagerly press it to my bosom. At last I turned my eye to the glass, and perceived a piece of her image; whereon I started, coloured, and trembled, and was thrown, I knew not why, into the utmost confusion.

Ah, Fanny! cried my mother, what is this that I see? your young heart, my child, is certainly affected. Unquestionably you love your cousin Cinton.

Ought I not to love him, madam? does he not love me as well as I love him?—No, no, my darling! said my mother, I would to heaven that he did. Your cousin Clinton indeed is worthy of all love, but then he has lately given away his heart to another. He is married, my Fanny.—And cannot he love me still, for all that, madam? —By no means, my sweet innocent. When once a man marries, he vows, and swears, and obliges himself to love nobody living but his wife; and what is more, my Fanny, it is accounted very naughty in any girl to think of loving such a one afterwards.

What emotions did I then feel! what a conflict of opposing passions! but resentment, for the time, got the upper hand. I had yet formed no idea of the relations of sex, or matrimony, or any conjugal obligation save that of love alone. But then it was sufficient to me that I had given you my whole heart; that nothing less than your whole heart could satisfy me in return; and I felt myself offended and outraged to the last degree, by your having imparted a share thereof to another.

The day following, as I sat languid and much discomposed, as well by my passion as want of rest the night before, my mamma came up to tell me that you was below, and inquired for me.—No, no, my dearest mamma, said I, it does not signify, I will not see him. Let him go to whomever he loves best.—But what shall I say to him, my Fanny; what excuse shall I make?—No matter for

excuse, madam; tell him that I never desire to see his face any more.

As something informed me that you could not help still loving me a little, I laid hold of that little love to pique, and disoblige, and be revenged of you for your perfidy; and, as long as you stayed, the thoughts of the pain and uneasiness I presumed you were under, gave me vast delight. But as soon as I was told you were gone, my heart sunk down, as from a mount of triumph, into a depth of desolation.

My mamma came up to console me. She highly applauded my spirit, and the resentment I had shewed; and she blamed you for marrying another, at a time that you pretended so much fondness to me. She further endeavoured to set me against your age. She told me that you must soon be old and ugly and wrinkled, and that you were much fitter to be my father than my lover. She also spoke to me of my vast fortune, of my beauty, and so forth, and that I might have my pick and choice of all the young and handsome earls and dukes in the nation. She opened to me, in a variety of glittering prospects, all the pleasures and advantages of wealth, title, state, equipage, with the respects and admiration of crowds bending around me. As she represented them to my imagination, I catched at each of them for comfort; but, alas! I did not find you among them, and all to me became empty.

That night my tender mamma forsook her own bed, and came to lie in mine. I saw that she had been afflicted; so, for fear of adding to her trouble, I suppressed my own emotions, and pretended to be asleep. I lay quiet by her side till toward morning, when I was seized with a violent fever. During my illness, I was told that you came daily to inquire about me; and that, I believe, above all things, contributed to my recovery. One day my mamma came and informed me that you sat below in tears, and earnestly requested to be permitted to see me. O how sweet and

comforting did those tears seem to drop upon my heart! but, mustering all my little pride and remaining dignity—No, no, my mamma, I cried, I will die first! If he does not first unmarry himself, I will never see him any more.

When I had gotten strength enough to walk about the chamber, my mamma and I being alone, I went to my drawer, and taking out your picture, and turning my head aside, I reached it to her, saying—Here, madam, take this and lock it up from me; for, while I love it and hate it so much, it troubles me to look at it. My mamma thereupon took it from me, and catched me to her bosom; but without saying a word, she burst into tears, and straight quitted the room.

As soon as it was judged that I was able to travel, my parents, by the advice of their doctors, took me far into the country. My mother in the mean time had unquestionably confided my secret to my father; for, though he was naturally of a severe and backward temper, he became extremely tender and indulgent toward me.

As I was the only child they ever had, their whole care and solicitude was affectionately employed in procuring me a variety of gratifications and amusements. When I was in spirits, they were in a kind of triumph; but my dejection was to them the most grievous of all oppressions. They took down my French mistress and music-master with them, and they collected from all parts the most agreeable set of misses and masters that they could muster; so that my time was portioned out the most happily that could be, between business and recreations that were equally pleasing. They had taken care that your name should never be mentioned before me; and though at times my soul was athirst, and my ear opened and turned to hear tidings concerning you, yet a certain native bashfulness and fear of offending against decency, did not permit me to inquire after you.

Thus a length of absence and a variety of dissipations, by degrees greatly abated the ardour of my passion, insomuch that I did not seem to feel any more for you. When any occasion, however, renewed in me the impression of former scenes, a thrilling sort of chillness would run through my blood. And at other times, when alone and thinking of you, a swimming kind of stupor would fall sadly upon my soul.

On our return to London, after five years' absence, the great number of people, with the novelty and variety of objects that crowded upon my view, amused and engaged my whole attention. But, when we entered the old mansion—when I turned my eyes on the places where you sat, where you walked, where you talked and used to caress me—you became as it were actually visible to my eyes; something seemed to wring my heart; and I was seized with a sickness near to fainting. I took hold of my maid by the arm, and with her help walked into the garden for fresh air; but there too you had got before me. On the terrace, in the walks and alleys, where you used to run feigned races with me, and to gather fruit for me, and to play with me at bob-cherry, and afterwards to press the lips that had gained the prize. I then turned away from a place that afforded me no asylum from you. My mother met, and eagerly asked what ailed me?—Let us go, mamma, I cried; let us go somewhere else, I am not able to stay in this place any longer.—Accordingly, that very evening we removed to lodgings; and, in a few days, my father took and furnished a new house.

I shall not dwell, my dear sir, on a trivial detail of the many circumstances and little incidents that happened during the space of four succeeding years. An infinity of suitors paid their addresses to me or my fortune, I neither knew nor cared to which, for I continued alike insensible to all. It is true, that during such a number of years,

having neither seen nor heard from you, I dropped all thoughts of you, and scarce retained the traces or lineaments of your person or aspect. From the impression, however, which you left in my mind, I had formed to myself a dear, though confused image of the lovely, of the desirable, and this I looked for everywhere, but could nowhere find any resemblance thereof.

In the mean time my parents urged me strongly to matrimony. They affectingly represented that they should not die in peace, if I did not afford them the prospect of perpetuating themselves in my offspring; such is the fond succedaneum which short-lived creatures propose for eking out their existence, and supplying the lot of an inevitable mortality, by the flattering though poor substitute of a name or bare remembrance!

At length I told my parents that, as I could not form any choice of my own, I would trust wholly to their judgment, and take up with whomsoever they should be pleased to appoint. Hereupon they recommended the Earl of Maitland to me. I kept to my promise, and we were consequently married.

My husband was comely in his person, easy and affable in his temper, and a man of singular sense, and letters for a lord. He loved me with passion; and, as I could not pay him in specie, I endeavoured to supply my want of affection to him by my attention and assiduities.

On the fifth year of my marriage my father died of a good old age; and in four years more my dearest mother left me desolate. In her I lost the only object of fond affections that I had upon earth, and my looks tacitly reproached my husband for his want of power to console me.

I believe it was equally unhappy for my lord as myself that we were not blessed with children. The dear and tender attachments that bind parents to their offspring, serve also as a subsequent and more affecting nuptial band

for uniting those parents more intimately to each other. It draws about them a new circle of interests and amities; and, by creating a mutual confidence, forbids the intrusion of those jealousies that must at all times pre-suppose an alienation of regard. This, however, was not the case between Lord Maitland and me. We never had a child. Perhaps, in some constitutions, an union of souls as well as persons may be requisite for such an effect.

During the two years succeeding the death of my dear mother, I conceived a disgust against company and entertainments. I took a religious turn. I looked upon this world, and all that it contained, as quite unworthy the regard of an immortal being. The principal part of my time was taken up in books and offices of devotion; in which employment I alternately sunk under the most gloomy depression of spirits, and again was elevated above myself into a new world of joys and inexpressible openings.

At length I was taken exceedingly ill of what the physicians called a fever upon the nerves, which confined me to my bed above six weeks. During my illness, my husband was the most constant and assiduous of all my attendants. The affectionate sadness, the painful distress, the tender solicitude that was visible in all his looks and actions, made way into my soul with an obliging impression; and, while I reproached myself for my ungrateful defect of sensibility toward him, love, or something tender and very like to love, took place in my bosom.

As soon as I was on the recovery, my husband disappeared, without taking leave or giving me any notice; and for three weeks I knew not what was become of him. At length he returned, pale and greatly emaciated. I had yet lost none of the tenderness which I conceived for him during my illness. I took him affectionately by the hand, which glowed like a coal of fire. Ah! I cried, where have you been? what looks are these, my lord? what is the

meaning of all this? He answered not; but withdrawing his hand, and scarce deigning to look towards me—I am not well, he faintly said; I must go to my bed.

While his servants undressed him, I stood in silent astonishment, vainly guessing at the cause of this extraordinary behaviour: but as soon as he had lain down, I took a seat by his side, and seizing and pressing one of his hands between mine, I broke into tears.

After a sad and mutual silence—Ah, madam! cried my husband, what am I to understand by these tears? I am willing to consider them as proofs of your humanity, but I cannot consider them as instances of your affection. You love me not, madam; you never did love me. All the constancy and complacence of the most ardent passion, all my endeavours and assiduities, have not been able to procure me the smallest interest in your heart. I blame you not, madam; alas! we are not the masters of our own affections. I am sensible that I never deserved your love. That was a blessing reserved for a more amiable object. But then the tenderness and truth of my attachment to you, might surely have laid claim to a share of your confidence. Ah, how precious had such a confidence been to my heart! it had stood to me in the place of your love, and I should not have reproached you for irresistible propensities; yes, madam, I say irresistible, for I know you are virtuous. Perhaps it was not in your power to refuse another your love; but then you might have admitted your husband to a share of your friendship.

You have my friendship, I cried; my tenderest friendship, my most affectionate regards. If my love is not so ardent as you could wish, you however have all the love of which I am capable, and you possess it entire and undivided.

What is this you tell me, madam? I would to heaven you could still deceive me—that I had still continued in ignorance! But that is past; it is over, madam; my eyes

are opened to my wretchedness, and I die in the double want of your faith and your affection. I have seen your lover, lady; I saw him four days ago from an opposite window. He stood before this house in converse with another. I expected every moment, that, taking advantage of my absence, he would have gained admission to you. I held my sword ready to follow, to pierce his heart, and sacrifice him to the claims of my honour and my love. But he suddenly disappeared, and disappointed my vengeance.

Gracious heaven! I exclaimed, what madness is this? Do you dream, or who is it that has thus cruelly imposed upon you?—You shall see the impostor, madam, replied my lord. So saying, he suddenly put his hand back, and taking your picture from under the pillow, he indignantly demanded—Do you know the original of this portrait, lady? —Ah, I screamed, I confess it, I do know him, I did know him indeed: he was the idol of my heart; I delighted in him, I doated upon him!—You then acknowledge, you avow it, rejoined my husband; and at length you deign to make me the confidant of a passion which I suppose, in your favour, to have been involuntary. Ah! had I been earlier apprised of my unhappiness, I might not have sunk under the unexpected and sudden pressure as I do at this day. But say who and what is this formidable rival, who robs me of my peace, who tears my life from me?

First tell me, my lord, said I, how you came by this picture?—I found it in your cabinet during your illness, said he, when I searched for your essences to relieve you from a fainting fit. I flatter myself that I am not of a jealous disposition. Curiosity first incited me to hurry it into my pocket. I afterwards surveyed it more at leisure, and some startling doubts arose. I endeavoured to suppress them; I argued with myself that it might be a family picture, the representative of a brother or dear relation

deceased. But then some enemy of my peace again whispered to my spirit, that, if this had been the case, you would not be so solicitous to conceal it from me; you would rather have boasted of such an ornament of your lineage; you would have been proud to exhibit it before all people—this staggered me I confess; and additional doubts and suggestions were impelled upon my soul. She reserves this, said I to myself, for her own eye and inspection; to revive it, to gaze and dwell upon it in secret, and to please her sight with the favourite image that is impressed upon her heart. At each of these reflections I felt a sting in my bosom; and the more I revolved and debated on these uncertainties, the greater strength they gained, and drew nearer to demonstration. Ah! I cried, her real coldness and feigned regards are now equally accounted for. She deceives me, she imposes upon me; and I will counterfeit in my turn till this mystery is detected. I then attempted, and would have constrained myself, to look at you with my accustomed tenderness, but I found it impossible. I therefore withdrew suddenly, and without any notice. If ever she had a tincture of friendship for me, thought I, the apprehension of my loss will awake in her a sense thereof. I disguised myself; and, as a stranger, took lodgings over against you. I took my station at the window. I was on the watch from morn till noon, to make a thorough inquisition into your conduct during my absence. I shall discover her disposition, said I, by the visitants whom she receives; but, during a fortnight of observation, I could not perceive that, of the numbers who called, any one was admitted. My jealous passions abated, and I began to reproach myself for having ever conceived them; when, to my utter confusion, there stood full to my view, in dress, aspect, mien, attitude, the distinguished original of the portrait which I had in my pocket.

Here I passionately broke in upon my husband's narra-

tion. God be praised! I exclaimed; he then lives, he still lives, my most dear and amiable cousin, though I never wish to behold his face any more! My only relation, perhaps now my only friend, you are still living, and I trust you are happy; and that is enough!

Your relation—your only relation, madam—cried my lord! Is he so near? Is he no nearer, no dearer to you, than consanguinity will warrant?—Proceed, my lord, I said; I will then tell you all without disguise or palliation.

I confess to you, answered my husband, that the sight of him struck my soul with the fullest conviction of my being betrayed. My jealous pangs returned with double poignancy. I was enkindled; I was set on fire; my heart was rent several ways. A violent fever seized upon me, but my fury and thirst of vengeance supported me under it. For four days longer I held up in the impatient expectation of once more beholding your lover, that I might pierce him in a thousand places, in every seducing part about him. But nature at length gave way; I sunk under the oppression; and I returned, once for all, to behold, to reproach, and to expire before you.

O, my husband, my friend, my true lover! I cried; how I pity, how I feel for you! I excuse your suspicions, however injurious to my honour, since your jealousy perhaps is not wholly without foundation. I did indeed love the person for whom that portrait was drawn, with tenderness, with passion; but, believe me, when I assure you that I have not set my eyes either on the original or picture these twenty years.

What is this you tell me? exclaimed my lord. You are not yet, as I take it, thirty years of age. Could you love, even to passion, at so very early a period?

Here I found myself under the necessity of discovering to my husband the little adventures, impressions, and sentiments of my infancy, wherewith you are already

acquainted. When I had finished my short narrative, he seized my hand, and pressing it passionately to his lips, and then to his burning bosom, he melted into tears. O, my Fanny! he cried; my most noble, my adorable creature! What a combat have you fought; what a conquest have you gained, of grace over nature—of virtue against passion! Can you excuse me? Will you forgive me? May I hope that you will restore me to the blessings of your friendship? May I flatter myself that you gave me as much as you could of your affections? That, if you had been able, you would have loved me with a love like mine?

I will not distress you, my cousin, by a description of the affecting scenes that ensued. My husband left me vastly rich, but still more forlorn. During the first years of widowhood, I looked upon myself as a friendless and unnecessary burden upon earth. Though I thought of you at times, it was not without a resentment and a tincture of aversion, for your never having deigned to inquire or find out whether any such person as your too affectionate Fanny Goodall was in the land of the living. At length my physicians and my friends (as they styled themselves) prevailed upon me once more to enter into the light, and air, and amusements of their world. I consented. I found my advantage in it. I gradually got rid of the grievous oppression that lay upon my spirits. Since all is vanity, thought I, let us partake of the dissipation, and make it as pleasing as we can; and accordingly you found me in the engagements which you honoured with your inspection yesterday.

When you entered, I did not know you. The strange name of Fenton, as well as the alteration which years had made in you, shut you out almost wholly from my recollection. I felt myself, however, agitated, I knew not why. Something in your person and manner renewed in my heart impressions kindred to those which were once its sole concern. I could not look at you, I could not speak to

you, without emotion. All night I lay disturbed, in vain endeavouring to remember when or where I had seen you. At morning, a sudden light darted in upon my mind. I got up and flew to your picture, which at once laid all open, and detected your disguise.

You are much altered, cousin. Had I first seen you as you now appear, I think my young heart would not have been so deeply affected. The ruin, however, is still very noble, and endearingly renews in me the idea of what the building once was.

Your abstracted air, and the change of your name, seem to intimate some distressing situation; but if fifty thousand pounds, or that sum doubled, will be of use to you, I shall for once think that fortune has been of advantage to me.

My most dear and generous cousin, replied Mr. Fenton, I shall never pardon myself those griefs which the excess of my affection inadvertently occasioned you. No brother ever loved a sister, no parent a child, with fonder passion. The aversion which I thought you had suddenly taken to me, was one of the most sensible afflictions of my life; and my ignorance of what latterly became of you, can only be accounted for by an abstract of my own story.

Here Mr. Fenton called for chocolate. And, after breakfast, he gave Lady Maitland the following affecting history of his own life and adventures.

CHAPTER XIII.

STORY OF THE HON. MR. CLINTON.

THE world, my lovely cousin—the world is to man as his temper or complexion. The mind constitutes its own prosperity and adversity; winter presents no cloud to a cheerful spirit, neither can summer find sunshine for

the spirit that is in a state of dejection. In my youth, every object presented me with happiness; but, alas! the time came when the universe appeared as a vault wherein joy was entombed, and the sun himself but as a lamp that served to shew the gloom and the horrors around me.

As my father and mother died before I was taken from nurse, I knew none of those parental tendernesses and endearments that serve to humanize the soul, and give it the first impressions of social attachment; neither were those sweetnesses in any degree supplied to me by the behaviour of an imperious brother, or of a magisterial guardian. As I was naturally, however, of a benevolent cast, I sought for those affections and amities among strangers which I had not found in the bosoms or faces of kin. I pass over the immaterial parts of my life at school and college, and hasten to the more important period of my apprenticeship.

Your father bound me to Mr. Golding, a very wealthy and eminent merchant, who lived over against the Exchange. He had been some years a widower, and his only child, a daughter, was then at a boarding-school.

Mr. Golding, with a plain understanding, was a man of exceeding honesty and a susceptible heart. At first sight he conceived a partial affection for me, whereof he gave me very frequent and very tender proofs; and, as he stood to me in the place of a patron and a father, I felt for him all the fondness and attachment of a child.

In the fourth year of my apprenticeship he called me to his closet, and taking me kindly by the hand—Harry, says he, I love you; your interest lies near my heart; for though you are not the begotten of my body, you are the child of my affections——Be quiet, Harry—let me speak—I have to talk to you of matters of consequence. I went yesterday to your uncle Goodall, to know how accounts stood between you; though he is but a cold kinsman, he is

a very faithful guardian. He has just married a very lovely young woman, and I would have you go and pay your compliments to them on the occasion. Your uncle has laid out your little penny to good advantage, and your £12,000 is now nearly doubled. And now, Harry, as your father did not behave like a father toward you in the dividend which he made between you and your brother, I propose in some measure to supply his place, and I make you a present of this note of £12,000, which, added to your little patrimony, may enable you——Oh, sir! I cried—Be quiet, child, I say again, till you find whether or no you shall have reason to thank me. I am growing old, my Harry, and by a long course of industry have earned a kind of title to some little rest; I would therefore gladly make a composition between your application and my repose. I shall not be so often in the counting-house as usual. I propose to take you into immediate partnership. But, as I also propose that you shall be at three-fourths of the trouble, it is but just that I should offer you a proportionable advantage. Now as my capital, Harry, is more that five times as much as yours of £36,000, I offer to your acceptance a full moiety of all the profits, in recompense of your extraordinary attention and application. Hear me out—I do not think that I shall lose by this bargain. The affairs of Potiphar prospered under the hands of young Joseph; and I believe that you, also, are a favourite of your God.

I could not speak. The good man perceived my oppression, and catching me in his arms, and pressing me to his bosom, he shed a silent tear of satisfaction upon me, and withdrew without saying another word.

For several days following, Mr. Golding was employed in advising his correspondents that I was now become his partner and equal in trade, and I was wearied with congratulations on my being one of the principal merchants in London before I had attained my twentieth year.

The obligations and advantages which this good man thus delighted to heap upon me, incited me to double application and sagacity, and all the eyes of Argus were opened within me for superintending and guarding the interests of my patron.

I have often thought it somewhat romantic, that I should win both my wives by a matter of adventure; so that their partiality in my favour ought, perhaps, to be ascribed to a sentiment of gratitude, rather than to any liking which they might take to my person.

On a day in summer I rode to Barnet to settle accounts with Mr. Fradgil, a correspondent of my master's, who was said to be indisposed at his country-seat. As I approached the town, I observed an elderly gentlewoman walking leisurely towards me, attended by an orderly train of young maidens. I observed, at the same time, two men in glittering apparel who hastily followed, and, coming quickly up, put all the females to a stand, and caused them to gather in a group as for mutual defence. One of the men, however, no way daunted by the opposition of so numerous a company, rudely caught one of the elder misses in his arms, and repeatedly kissed her. Meanwhile the young lady shrieked and cried aloud for help; when, riding suddenly up, I struck the ruffian to the ground with the heavy end of my whip. His companion hereupon drew his sword and turned upon me; but, pushing my horse at him, I cast him also to the earth; then alighting, I broke their swords, and, leaving my gallants in a plight not suddenly to be dreaded, I led my horse by the bridle till I saw my fair wards all safe to their dwelling.

Some months after this incident Mr. Golding called me aside. Harry, says he, my daughter is now drawing to woman's estate, and should learn something more substantial than needle-work, and dancing, and harpsichords, and Frenchified phrases. I therefore propose to take her home,

where, by the help of our cook and housekeeper, she may be taught how to make a Sunday's pudding and to superintend a family.

I regularly go to see her once in every month, accompanied by some male or female acquaintance, but never called you to be of the party, as we could not so conveniently be both from home.

My child, though a plain girl, is very dutiful and good-natured. Her fortune, as you are sensible, will entitle her to the first lord of the land; yet I know not how it is, I would rather that my girl should be happy than great. I do not wish to have her a fine-titled dame. I would rather, I say, see her married to some honest and tender-hearted man, whose love might induce him to domesticate with her, and to live peaceably and pleasingly within his family circle, than to see her mated with a prince of the blood.

Now, Harry, as this affair of all affairs sits nearest at my heart, it is greatly in your power to oblige me beyond expression. On my daughter's coming home, I conclude we shall be beset by a number of courtiers; such an Argo, when freighted with such a fleece, will unquestionably be held in chase by many a pirate. Wherefore, my son, I would have you keep a sharp and inquisitive eye about you, and to take good note of the manners and dispositions of such suitors as my daughter shall appear to regard, as also to inquire minutely into their circumstances and characters. Your vigilance and penetration may save us from ruin. Should my child be made unhappy, your friend must be most miserable. But I depend, my dear Harry, that while I live you will prove a kind brother to her, and that you will prove a father to her in case of my mortality. Here the good man, no longer able to restrain his passion, put his handkerchief to his eyes and quitted the chamber.

Within a few days Mr. Golding set out, accompanied by

a number of his city friends, in order to conduct his daughter home. On their arrival I was deeply engaged in the counting-house, and it was near the time for supper before I could attend. As I entered, Mr. Golding presented me to his daughter, saying—This, my dear, is Mr. Clinton, —my partner, my friend, my son, and your brother. Hereupon Miss Golding coloured, and drawing back as I approached to salute her—If I am not mistaken, sir, said she, he is something more to us than all you have mentioned; it would ill become me to forget that he is the deliverer of your daughter.—Your deliverer, my dear Matty! how, where, when?—Why, pray, papa, did Mr. Clinton never tell you of his adventure at Barnet?—No, indeed, my dear.—It is not every one who would be silent where so much was to be said to their own honour. I remember that your knights in romance, when too modest to boast of their own achievements, used to permit some friend or squire to deliver down to posterity the history of their adventures, and I take the liberty to be squire to Mr. Clinton on the like occasion.

Here Miss Golding began to give a narrative of the matter already recited, but in terms of high praise and aggravated encomium. While all abashed and confused, I withdrew, saying, that I did not remember to have heard of any knights who stayed to hear their own story.

In truth, I was much surprised to hear Miss Golding mention the adventure of Barnet; for I did not recollect that I had ever seen her, and had taken much more note of two or three other misses than I had of her.

Being re-summoned to supper, Mr. Golding met me as I entered, and clasping me in his arms—Oh, my Harry! he cried, how wonderfully gracious has God been to me, in sending my best friend to the rescue of my only child; in sending, at so critical and very fearful a conjuncture, perhaps the only person who had either gallantry or humanity

enough to preserve her.—Indeed, sir, I replied, you owe me nothing; I did not even know that the lady was your daughter; and I could not pride myself, in any degree, on an action which I thought incumbent on every man to perform.

During supper, Miss Golding was very cheerful and agreeable. Her face, indeed, could not be numbered among the beauties; but her person was grace and majesty, though in miniature; her conversation was pleasing; and when she sung or touched her instruments, for she was mistress of several, her mien and motions were music, each note seemed a sentiment, and we felt her fingers playing on the cordage of our hearts.

For the first three months after Miss Golding's arrival, all was crowding and gaiety, assembly and festival, at our house. She was as a magnet, that drew and grouped all the peerage and gentry of England together. But, as business happened to be very urgent at this season, I was not at liberty to partake of their amusements, and I resigned to Mr. Golding the commission which he had given me respecting the parties who declared themselves suitors.

As those suitors, in a daily and numerous succession, applied to Mr. Golding for his consent, his general answer was, that his good-liking was inseparable from that of his only child; that he would, if they pleased, consult her on the occasion, and faithfully report to them her approbation or dissent. In the like conclusive manner, when Mr. Golding repeatedly questioned his daughter, she would take his hand between her's, and kissing it, say—Oh no! my dear papa, this is not the man.

One day, as I sat alone in the counting-house, Miss Golding entered and presented me with an order from her father for £250. And pray, madam, said I, why this ceremony, this matter of form? sure Miss Golding may at any time command twenty times this sum without any

order save her own intimation.—Indeed! are you serious, Mr. Clinton? I am very proud, I assure you, to have so much credit with you; but, Mr. Harry, how comes it to pass that we have so little of your company?—Your father's business, madam, deprives me of the pleasure I should otherwise have in attending you.—Again, sir, I am quite proud that it is your attention to my father alone, which prevents your having any attention for his daughter; so saying, she vanished.

Immediately I was struck with a glimpse of some uncommon meaning in the words and behaviour of Miss Golding; but as I never had looked toward the way of her affections, I passed it lightly over, as some matter of whim or caprice in the sex.

Among the brilliant concourse of suitors that frequented our house, there was one Mr. Spelling, a young gentleman, highly accomplished in his person and manners, and of a most amiable countenance and disposition. His father, like Miss Golding's, had been a merchant, and like him, too, had amassed an excessive fortune. As he was modest, as I may say, to a degree of shamefacedness, he did not declare himself a lover till nearly the whole multitude of competitors had been discarded; then, with a blushing diffidence, he avowed his passion to Mr. Golding, and earnestly besought his consent and intercession in his favour.—You have not only my consent, replied the good old man, you have also my best wishes, and shall have my best endeavours for your success. However, I must warn you at the same time, Mr. Spelling, that I will not do any violence to the inclinations of my child, although there are not two in the world whom I would prefer to you.

I was writing in my closet when Mr. Golding came in, with an anxious importance in his countenance, and told me what passed between him and Mr. Spelling, and asked if I did not approve the match.—I do not know, sir, said

I, that man in England who is so deserving of your daughter as Mr. Spelling.—Then, my dear Harry, I have a commission to give you. Matilda has a great respect for your judgment; I beseech you to make use of your influence with her, and to exert all your oratory in behalf of this young man.—But, sir, will not Miss Matilda look on this as a matter of high presumption in one who has no manner of right to advise?—No matter; you may tell her that you did it by my desire, and that we are both of a mind with regard to this business.—Well, sir, said I, since you are bent upon it, I will obey you; but it is the first time that ever I obeyed you with reluctance.

Soon after Mr. Golding left me his daughter entered, with a countenance visibly unquiet and confused. My papa, sir, said she, informs me that you have a business of consequence to impart to me.—I hope, madam—pray, be seated a moment. Indeed, my dear Miss Golding, this office was not of my choosing; and I hope, I say, you will be so good as to pardon my presumption, in consideration of my acting by your father's command.—You alarm me, Mr. Clinton, pray, proceed.—Mr. Spelling, madam, at length has had the assurance to declare his passion for you. Your father highly approves of Mr. Spelling for a son-in-law; and indeed, miss, might I dare to speak my judgment, I know not where you could choose to better advantage.—If that is the case, Mr. Harry, I wish that I also could be of the same opinion.—And are you not, madam? what objection can you form, what exception can you have, to my friend Spelling?—A very simple one, sir, and no better than this, that he is not the man who can make me happy.—I am sorry for it, my dear Miss Golding, I am truly sorry for it; were I to pick from mankind, were I to choose throughout the world, if any one can deserve you it is surely this same Spelling.—And yet, Mr. Harry, I remember to have seen the man who, in every grace and

merit, is infinitely preferable to your favourite Spelling.—Where, when, my dear miss?—When I am brought to the torture, I may possibly be under the necessity of confessing.—Pardon, pardon, sweet madam! I meant no offence; and yet I wish to heaven I knew.—But that you never shall know, Mr. Harry.—Pray then, madam, if I may adventure on one question more, has the party so highly favoured any knowledge of his own happiness?—I hope not, Mr. Harry; but of what advantage could his knowledge prove to me, I beseech you? Can you suppose that such a person as I have described could deign to look with favour on such a one as I am?—I do not believe, madam, that the man is in England who would not think himself highly honoured, highly blessed, by your hand. But then are you assured, miss, that this man is worthy of it?—Ah, there lies my misfortune! he is too worthy, too noble, too accomplished, too lovely, too much every thing, for my wishes to leave any thing to my hopes. And now, Mr. Harry, that I have intrusted you with my secret, I hope you will not betray my confidence, and reveal it to my papa. I rather trust and request that you will use some other colour for reconciling him to my refusal of Mr. Spelling: and, to make you some amends for the mortification I have given you, by rejecting your advocation in behalf of your friend, I here engage never to marry without your approbation, though I do not promise, sir, that you shall dictate to my choice. There is one thing further, Mr. Clinton, in which you may oblige me; it is to prevail on my father to dismiss these assemblies and revels that pester our house: indeed, they never were to my taste, though by their novelty, at first, they might have helped to amuse a little matter of melancholy that hung upon my mind; but now they are grown quite insufferable to me. Here her eye began to fill, and, heaving a gentle sigh, she curtsied and withdrew.

Immediately my heart was softened and affected. I saw the child of my friend and patron, the one in whom his hopes and fortunes and very life were wrapt up—I saw that she was unhappy, that she was very unhappy, at a time that she had forbidden me to attempt her relief, though I would gladly have parted with half my fortune to have been enabled to give the object of her wishes to her arms.

In the meanwhile, my dearest madam, it was the farthest of all things from entering into my imagination, that I was the very person who sat so near her heart. I daily saw the loveliest youths and titled chiefs of the land attendant on her words and smiles, and humbly suing for her favour; I saw also, that her immense fortune and rare attractions justly entitled her to their homage; and I was neither vain enough, nor base enough, to attempt a competition.

As in myself I was wholly devoid of passion, I had neither eyes nor apprehension for the discernment of her's. Though I had often seen, I seldom had any kind of converse with her; and where the head is engaged and in a manner absorbed by business, there is neither leisure nor room for love to enter the heart. On the other hand, a person affected can instantly penetrate the bosom of the party beloved, and there discern a vacant and insensible heart, as legibly as a priest of Isis could decipher hieroglyphics.

One day, as I happened to pass near her antichamber, I heard the warble, as I thought, of distant and ethereal music. I approached toward the sound; the door was on the jar, and, gently opening it, I entered and stood behind her unperceived. She sat and sung to her lute. The words were Shakspeare's, but sweetly set by herself. They expressed that passage in his play of Twelfth Night, where it is said of Viola,

——"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek," &c.

Ah! how affectingly did her instrument answer to her voice, while she gently turned her sighs to the soft and melancholy cadences. My breast was so swelled by a mixture of anguish and compassion, that I could no longer wholly suppress a rising groan. Hereat she started and turned; and rising suddenly, her eyes shot fire, and her face glowed with indignation and resentment. But, observing the tears that still trickled down my cheeks, her countenance was as suddenly changed into kindness, and she cast upon me a look of inexpressible complacence.

Ah, Mr. Harry! says she, I see, I see that you have a gentle and a kindred kind of heart; and that, if ever you happen to love, you will love with great tenderness. Have you ever loved, Mr. Harry?—Indeed, madam, I cannot say; my commerce has been very little among the ladies. If I met love on my way, or even found it in my heart, perhaps I should not rightly know what to make of it. But, my Matilda, my charming sister (your father has honoured me with the privilege of calling you by that dear, that tender name), why will you not intrust your best, your truest friend with the secret of your disquiet? Whoever the object of your esteem may be, I here solemnly engage, at the risk of my life and the loss of my fortune, to bring him voluntarily to pay his vows at your feet. O, my sister! I would to heaven that he had now been present, as I have been present, to have his soul melted and minted as mine has been; his heart must have been harder than the stones of Thebes, if you did not attract it and move it at pleasure, by the touch of those fingers, and the bewitchment of those accents.—Ah, you flatterer! she cried, with a voice tuned to harmony, and a face formed of smiles, you almost tempt me to tell you what, for the world, I would not wish that any one in the world should know. But I must snatch myself from the danger.—So saying, and casting at me a vanishing glance, she was out of sight in an instant.

As our suitors had now been dismissed, and our assemblies discontinued, Miss Golding seemed quite pleased with our domestic quiet; it gave us frequent occasions of being together; and I endeavoured, by a variety of tender offices and little amusements, to dispel or divert the melancholy under which I thought she laboured. I was greatly surprised at my own success on this occasion; her cheerfulness returned; she discovered new and striking graces in her manners and conversation, and in a little time did not appear to want any consolation.

One day, being on the Exchange, I was accosted by a Jew, who told me that he wanted a sum of money, and would either sell or pawn to me a jewel of great price; it was a *solitaire*, composed of oriental pearls, with a diamond of the first water and magnitude in the centre. After some chaffering, we agreed for three thousand pieces, and I put it into my pocket-book. As my business detained me on the Exchange till it was late, I dined with two or three acquaintances at the chop-house, and did not return till the evening was advanced.

On my entering I was told that Mr. Golding was abroad, and that Miss Matilda had just ordered coffee for some ladies in her dressing-room. Immediately I ran up and opened the door without ceremony, but was instantly struck with the look which she turned towards me—a look that at once intimated dejection and disgust. During coffee I endeavoured to behave with my usual unconcern, but found it impossible to avoid sharing in that constraint under which Miss Matilda most evidently laboured; in short, a gloomy stiffness spread through the whole conversation, and I believe no two persons in company were rightly satisfied with each other.

As soon as the cups were removed, the fair visitants got up; and as Miss Golding pressed them to stay, in a manner that rather denoted her desire of their absence, they

feigned a further engagement, and very formally took their leave.

When she had seen them to the door, and that I had handed them into their carriages, she turned without speaking to me, and withdrew toward her own apartment. I followed, and as she was about to enter—My Matilda, my sister, said I, with a voice of cordial tenderness, do your Harry the favour to accept this trifle, as an instance of my regard for the daughter of my friend—for the dearest object upon earth of my esteem and affection. So saying, I presented her with my recent purchase. She did not, however, even deign to look at it; but, surveying me from head to foot with an eye of strange passions, she took it and dashed it against the floor, and, rushing into her chamber, she shut to the door upon me, without speaking a word.

I stood in an inconceivable astonishment and concern. In vain I searched and researched my memory for the recollection of some instance wherein I might have offended her; but not presuming to obtrude upon her, in order to question or expostulate with her, I retreated to my apartment under the deepest dejection of spirits.

Mr. Golding did not return till it was late in the evening. He immediately sent for me. Harry, says he, what is the matter? Has any thing happened amiss? I never saw you look so discomposed.—Indeed, sir, I am not as well as I could wish.—Bless me, we had better send for a doctor.—No, sir, I am in hopes it will soon be over.—Where is Matilda?—In her chamber, sir, I believe. He then called Mrs. Susan, and bid her tell Matilda that he desired to speak with her; but she answered that her mistress was gone to bed indisposed, and requested that she might not be disturbed.

Supper being served up, we sat down in silence; and as neither of us offered to take a bit, I rose, wished Mr. Golding a good-night, and retired to my chamber.

After a sleepless night, my servant entered in a visible alarm, and told me that Miss Golding was extremely ill, and that almost all the physicians in London had been sent for.

Very unhappy were many succeeding days. I saw my friend, my father, the man I loved above the world—I saw him in a depth of distress that bordered on distraction, and I found my heart wrung with inexpressible anguish.

Though I was constant in my inquiries after Miss Golding, yet I purposely avoided appearing in her presence, lest the sight of one so obnoxious should add to her distemper. At length the good old man came to me, wringing his hands—Will you not go, Harry, says he—will you not go and see Matilda before she dies? The doctors tell me they have tried all the powers of medicine, but that they do not yet know what to make of her sickness.

My dear sir, said I, it is then no longer time to conceal from you what I know or conjecture concerning this matter. Miss Matilda herself intrusted me with the secret, but under the strictest injunctions of silence; the extremity of her case, however, ought to dispense with all such engagements. Your daughter loves, sir—she loves with passion; but who the object of her affection is, I cannot imagine. Let it be your part to discover what she so industriously hides from the world; she will refuse nothing to the authority, or rather to the tenderness, of such a parent.

Here Mr. Golding left me, but returned in about an hour. His whole frame seemed to labour with something extraordinary. You were right, Harry, he cried; you were right in your conjectures! My prayers and my tears have at length prevailed; with difficulty I have wrung the secret from her. O, my son! it is greatly in your power to befriend us. Would you not do something for the relief of a family who doat upon you as we do? would you not do something for your old friend, who loves you as fondly as ever father loved a child?—Something for you, sir? said I,

Yes, every thing—all things that are possible to be done. But, pray sir, do I know the party?—You do, Harry, you do, he cried; for, as the prophet said unto David, Thou art the man!

Me, sir! I exclaimed. Impossible! she cannot bear my sight; she hates me—she detests the ground I go upon.—Not so, said he—not so; she loves the very dust upon which you tread. Something surely is due in mitigation of the calamities which you have occasioned. We lie at your mercy, Mr. Clinton, my precious daughter and myself; it is yours to bid us live or die at your pleasure; to crush us into nothing, or to restore us to existence, to health, to enjoyment. Will it hurt you, my son, to do us these great benefits? is it a matter grievous to give happiness to those whose excessive love to you is their only misfortune? A princely fortune attends you. We and all we have are yours, Mr. Clinton. We are desirous of depending on your bounty alone. Let the extremeness of my daughter's affection for you excite something more kindly than hatred in your breast. If not for her sake, yet for mine, my beloved Harry, let me beseech you to constrain yourself before her, to affect some little tenderness, some appearance of regard, that may revive her, awhile at least, from the deplorable state under which she languishes.

While he spoke, I was agitated by unutterable emotions, and he might have proceeded much further before I should have had the power to reply. At length, I cast myself on my knee, and catching his hand to my bosom—Ah, my friend, my father, my dear father! I cried; am I then no better than a barbarian in your sight? To me would you impute such sentiments of cruelty and ingratitude? Take my hand, sir, take my heart, dispose of them as you please. All that I have, and all I am, is yours and your daughter's, without any kind of reserve for any other person breathing.

The good man caught me in his arms, and pressed me to his breast in a long and speechless ecstasy; then, taking me by the hand, he led me in silence to his daughter's apartment.

As we entered she turned her eyes toward the door, and her pale and languid countenance was straight suffused with a short-lived red. I was so affected by the condition in which I beheld her, that I scarcely was able to reach her bedside, where, kneeling down, I gently took one of her hands, and pressing it between mine, I bathed it in a silent shower of tears.

Ah, my papa! she faintly cried, I fear you have betrayed me; Mr. Clinton is certainly informed of my weakness.— I am informed, said I, my lovely, my all-beloved sister: I am informed that I am permitted to hope for a happiness that is infinitely above my merit; but it shall be the delightful business of my life to deserve it.

My dear, said Mr. Golding, I perceive you are something flustered; your constitution is too weak for such emotions as these. For the present, your brother Harry must leave you. To-morrow, I trust, you will be better able to support our company.

Hereupon I took her hand, and, impressing upon it a tender and warm kiss, I just ventured to look up, and saw her fine eyes suffused with a glittering tear, and her countenance bent upon me with a look of indescribable sweetness and delight; but Mr. Golding, to prevent the effects of too tender a scene, instantly took me by the arm and led me away.

As he perceived that my spirits had been much disturbed, he ordered a bottle to his own chamber, and told me that he requested some further converse with me. As soon as we had taken our seats, he looked earnestly upon me, then seized me by the hand, and looked at me again. But, suddenly getting up, he turned and stepped to the window,

and breaking into tears, he there wept and sobbed for good part of an hour.

As soon as he was somewhat composed, he resumed his seat. Mr. Clinton, says he, are you really sincere in your professions with respect to my daughter? Shall I be rid of my doubts at once? May I venture to ask you a question on which my own life, as well as that of my child, may depend? Should it please the Almighty to raise her from her present bed of sickness, is it actually your intention to make her your wife.

Here, I demanded, with some warmth—Is that a question, sir, at this time? What reason have I given you to suspect my honour or my truth?—I do not suspect you, my Harry, I do not suspect you; I know you would not deceive me, but you may have deceived yourself. Your nature is tender and full of pity, and in the deplorable state in which my girl lies, your great compassion may have easily been mistaken by you for love. Your friendship for me also may have helped to impose upon you, and you may have construed your regard and attachment to the father into a sentiment of tenderness and affection for the child. But, oh, my Harry! should any other woman be preferable in your eyes, or should it not be in my girl's power to win and wear your affections, I shall then have been instrumental in making you wretched; and my heart may as well be broken the one way as the other.—No, my father, no! I have no foreign Delilahs, no secret amours, no pleasures that shun the light. My heart is a virgin heart, and my Matilda possesses it without a rival.

From the time that I was sensible of my father's partiality, a little matter of ambition, whether laudable or otherwise, incited me to attempt a distinction that would raise me toward a level with an only brother, who looked down with neglect and contempt upon me. Thence I became indefatigible in my studies at school and college, as

also in my application under you, sir, during the first years of my apprenticeship, and this left me no manner of leisure for female attachments. Indeed, I dreaded the appearance of any advances from the sex, and turned from them as I would from so many gins or pitfalls purposely dug for my destruction. My conversation, sir, has been very little among the fair; and, excepting my natural propensity to the sex, I never, till very lately, conceived a liking for any woman. In truth, my dear father, that lady is not alive whom my judgment or inclinations would prefer to your Matilda. You need not fear my being wretched—I think myself most happy in her affections.

Then, said he, I pronounce her the happiest of women. And now, my Harry, I will tell you a secret. From the first time that I beheld you, I wished you for my daughter; I wished that she might have charms to attract and fix your heart; but as I feared, and was persuaded that this was not the case, I forbore to indulge myself in such flattering expectations. You know I never took you with me to see her at the boarding-school; the true reason was, that I dreaded exposing her young and inexperienced heart to such a temptation, lest she should conceive and languish under a hopeless passion.

On her return to town my apprehensions on your score were much abated, as I imagined that the great number of her gay and glistering suitors would divide, or at least divert, her attention from you, and I purposely laid all the business of our house on your shoulders, that she might have as little of your company as possible.

I further had the precaution to warn my child against the danger of any affection for you. Matty, said I one day, among all this assembly of fair and fortunate youths you are free and welcome to choose your companion for life; there is only one who stands excepted—only one whom you must not look upon with an eye of expectation.

Who is that, papa? My younger brother and partner in trade, said I. He looks much higher, Matty, than to the daughter of a merchant. His prospects are immense. He is only brother and heir to the Earl of Moreland, who is now on his travels, a dissolute young man, whose vices in all likelihood will quickly carry him off; and in such a case our Harry Clinton would be considered as the first person in the land.

Ah, sir! I cried, I may bless your prohibition with regard to me; it was certainly the happy, the only, cause of my Matilda's partiality in my favour. The good man smiled and proceeded. Notwithstanding what I said to Matty, I had not given up all thoughts of you myself. While she talked or sung in your presence I often turned my eye upon you, and thought, at times, that I perceived a growing tenderness in your behaviour, which further acquaintance, I trusted, might ripen into love. But when, in order to try you, I proposed your advocation in behalf of Spelling, and that you appeared to undertake it with readiness and pleasure, I at once dropped all my fond and flattering hopes concerning you, and I heartily wished that my child had accepted that modest and worthy young man. Blessed, however, be the favouring hand of that Providence who, so unexpectedly, hath conducted matters to the issue of this hour, and fulfilled the capital wish of my life. But I will no longer delay carrying to my dear child the glad tidings of your affections; it will prove the best of balms to her wounded mind, and will close her eyes for this night in rest and peace of heart.

I was scarce dressed the next morning when Matilda's favourite maid entered my chamber and bid me good-morrow. Mrs. Susan, said I, your pleasant countenance bids me presume that Miss Golding is better.—O, vastly better—vastly better, sir, I assure you! She slept sweetly all the night, and did not want for happy dreams neither,

I warrant.—Here is something for your good news.—No, sir, no, I never take money from gentlemen; my mistress's generosity does not leave me to the temptation. I love my mistress, sir, and I think we ought all rather to join and fee you, as well for yesterday's visit as for another which I hope you will pay her to-day. A fiddle for these old doctors; one pretty young doctor is better worth than a score of them.—Susan, as it should seem, had been an observer, and did not want for penetration, in such matters.—Mr. Harry, she continued, I would give my last quarter's wages to know what charm it is that you carry about you to make all the pretty ladies so fond of you.—In truth, Mrs. Susan, I am equally a stranger to the charm and to the fondness that you talk of.—Don't tell me, sir—don't tell me! The very day of that night on which my mistress fell sick, here was a lady in her chariot to inquire for you; one of the loveliest young creatures I ever set my eyes on. I know she asked very particularly and very affectionately for you; for, though it was my mistress to whom she spoke, I stood within hearing.—It must, I cried, have been some mistake or some imposture; for I assure you, Mrs. Susan, that I know of no such person. But, pray, be so good as to bear my compliments to your lady, and tell her I wait her permission to attend her.

I forgot to tell you, madam, that, agreeable to the advice which Mr. Golding had given me, I went to felicitate my uncle Goodall on his marriage with your mother. He had already been informed of my recent admission into partnership, and thereupon received me with very unusual marks of esteem and affection.

Your mother at that time was exceeding lovely in her person and manners. At every season of leisure I frequented their house, and she conceived a very tender and warm friendship for me; but during Miss Golding's illness I had not been to visit them.

Susan was but just gone when Mr. Golding came and told me that he believed his Matty would be pleased to see me. I instantly obeyed the summons. As I entered I observed that she sat up in her bed; a morning gown was wrapped about her, and Susan, with the help of pillows, supported her behind. On my appearing her spirits again took the alarm. She scarce ventured a glance toward me. I was greatly pained by the abashment under which I saw she laboured, and I hastened to relieve myself as well as her from the distress.

I sat down by the bedside, and gently taking one of her hands, without looking in her face—My dear Miss Golding, said I, I hope you will not be jealous of your papa's affection for me. He has, indeed, been too partial — too generous towards me; and has approved himself more than a father to me. He is not satisfied with allowing me to call you by the tender name of sister; he further gives me leave to hope that I may be united to you by the nearest and dearest of all ties. Nothing but your consent is wanting, my sister, to make me the happiest of mankind. You are silent, my Matilda; may I venture to call you mine? Blessed be your silence, my angel, I will dare then to interpret it in my own favour. Indeed, I should long since have made the present declaration—I should long since have avowed my inclinations, my affections, my passion for you; but I did not presume to listen to my own heart on the occasion—I did not suffer it to tell me how much you were beloved. Amidst so many suitors of the first rank and merit, who were justly called together by your numberless attractions, I deemed it a flight by much too high for me to aspire at a competition for the happiness of your hand.

Here, venturing to look up, I perceived that she had put her handkerchief to her eyes.—Ah, Mr. Clinton! she cried with a trembling voice, you are very delicate, you are

sweetly delicate indeed; but ought I to take the advantage of this delicacy? I see that you would save me from the confusion of an avowal—you would save me from the mortifying sensibility of my own weakness. But, sir, you ought not to esteem that a weakness in me which I account my chiefest merit, and which is my chiefest pride. I am proud of my gratitude, I am proud of my discernment. From the moment that you preserved me against arms and against odds, at the great peril of your own life, in you and you alone I saw every thing that was amiable, every thing that was excellent. But then I dreaded lest all women should behold you with my eyes; and, above all, I doubly dreaded and was fearfully assured that you never would have any eyes or attention for me. You have at length seen, or are rather informed, concerning my malady. You pity me, you wish to relieve me, and you would love me if you could. It is enough, Mr. Harry; even this, perhaps, is quite as much of happiness as I can bear.

Here, again, I began to profess and to protest the sincerity and ardour of my affections; but she cut me short and said—I know your sincerity, sir; you are persuaded that you love me, because as yet you know not what love is. True love, Mr. Harry, by its own light sees into and throughout the bosom of the party beloved; I am very sensible of the tenderness of your friendship for me, and that sensibility constitutes the whole of my happiness. I trust, also, that it is all the happiness I shall ever desire. To see you, to hear you, to have you with me, to gaze upon you while you are looking another way, to be permitted to attend, to serve you, to conduce to your satisfactions, it is a lot that will lift me above that of mortality, that will cause me to account myself the first among women.

Ah! I cried, can I say nothing, can I do nothing to convince you how dear, how exceedingly dear, you are to me? I certainly loved you long before I knew what it was to be

a lover. I now feel the united force of those imperceptible degrees by which the pleasing intruder daily stole and grew upon me. Believe me, my Matilda, when I presumed to present you with this as a token of my affection, I held it for a trifle altogether unworthy of you ; accept it, however, I beseech you, for the sake of the giver.

And is this the gem, says she, which I cast from me with such disdain? Forgive me, my brother; it is just so that the world casts from them the pearl of much mightier price. I would to heaven that I could reject all the pomps, pleasures, and vanities of this transitory world, with the same aversion that I spurned from me this estimable jewel; but there is very little hope of that, Mr. Harry, while you yourself may be partly numbered among transitory things.

Here I was quite overcome by the affection of the dear girl, and, urged on by a sudden transport, I caught her to my bosom with a force that was something too much for her weakness. On recollection, I attempted to apologize for my indiscretion, but she sweetly cried—Ah, Mr. Harry! never repent of such faults; may I often, may I daily tempt you to be guilty of them. But tell me, and tell me truly, Mr. Clinton; these gems, when you first purchased them, were they actually intended for me? were they not rather intended for your Fanny, for your own Fanny, Mr. Clinton? —What can you mean? I exclaimed. I know of no Fanny in the universe with whom I have any acquaintance.—That is strange! she replied; very extraordinary, indeed! But, lest you should think me of a jealous or whimsical temper, I will relate the affair to you precisely as it happened.

On the day in which I took to my bed, I was looking out at the parlour window, when a chariot and four horses whirled up to our door. I observed a single lady in it, whom I supposed of my acquaintance, and instantly sent Susan to request her to walk in. On her entering, I was greatly struck by the beauty of her figure, and eyed her

very inquisitively from head to foot. Having curtsied gracefully to me—Can you tell me, miss, said she, is Mr. Clinton at home?—No, indeed, madam, said I; but if you will be pleased to intrust me with your commands——It is only, miss, that I request to see him as soon as possible.—And, pray, madam, where shall he attend you?—O, he will know that instantly, when you tell him it was Fanny Goodall—his own Fanny Goodall, who was here to wait upon him.—Good heaven! I cried out; my aunt, my aunt, my aunt Goodall; my very aunt, I assure you!—What do you say, what do you tell me; your aunt, sir, can it be? Ah! she is too young and too lovely to be an aunt, Mr. Harry.—The very same indeed, madam; there is no other Fanny Goodall. I admit, as you say, that she is young and exceedingly lovely; but still she is a wife, and likely soon, as I think, to be a mother.—Alas! says my Matilda, what a doleful jest is this! A cruel aunt she has been to me, I am sure; what days of sighs and nights of tears she has cost me! Ah, that heart-breaking term, "his own, his own Fanny;" I think I shall never be able to forgive her that expression!

As Mr. Golding just then entered, we dropped the subject we were upon.—Why, Matty, says he, you are quite another creature: I think I never saw you wear so happy a face.—I know you are come to chide me, says she, for keeping your partner from business; but pay me down the portion you intended for me, papa, and I will reimburse you the damage of every hour of his absence.—Yes, my love, cries the tender father, if wealth might serve for wages to a heart like that of my Harry, he shall be very amply paid for every act and instance of his affection and attention to you.—Every hour of my life, I cried, is already her due; she has nothing to pay to one who is her debtor beyond account.

During several following days, Miss Golding recovered

with amazing rapidity. In less than five weeks she looked plumper and fairer than ever; peace smiled in her countenance; joy laughed in her eyes; her whole frame appeared as actuated by some internal music. And thus, all lovely and beloved, she was given up to my arms in the presence of my uncle and aunt and a few city friends.

Friend. As I wish that none of your faults should pass by me unnoticed, so I am willing to allow you all your just praises. Your story of your old friend is, hitherto, very simple, natural, and domestic; and, to a mind yet undebauched, exceedingly interesting and affecting; for it opens and investigates a number of little passages and mazes in the heart, which are quite closed, or imperceptible to persons of hard nerves and callous conceptions. I am free, however, to tell you that I felt myself offended by the compliments which Mr. Clinton pays to himself through the mouth of your Matilda. It is, indeed, a very rare matter for people to speak of themselves with due decency and delicacy. I wish you could have procured some other conduit for conveying to us the history of your knight. Cæsar, I think, is the only person who, with an easy though modest confidence, has successfully adventured on a detail of his own exploits.

Author. I have not a word to say in Mr. Clinton's defence; perhaps he may offer something for himself on the occasion.

CHAPTER XIV.

HERE the countess, for the first time, broke in upon her cousin's narration.—Happy Matilda, she cried, how distinguished was thy destiny! were it but for a year, were it but for a day; for that day thou didst yet enjoy the consummation of all thy wishes, a lot rarely allowed to any daughter of Adam! I was not then born to envy her state. Sweet girl! she deserved you; she was after my own heart; the excess of her passion for you made her truly worthy of you. But tell me, my cousin, how could you be so long ignorant of the dear girl's affection for you? The language of love is so very intelligible, so expressive through every motion and every organ, as must with sufficient clearness have opened your eyes to the object.—Indeed, madam, replied Mr. Clinton, she herself led me away from any such apprehensions, by drawing so many pictures of the man whom she said she loved, all copied from the creature of her own brain, and covered and disguised with such imaginary excellences, as must have prevented myself, as well as every one living, from perceiving therein the smallest trace of my own resemblance.—Do not tell me, cried Lady Maitland; she was a true and a sweet painter, and I should have known you by her portrait in the midst of a million. But proceed, I beseech you, my whole soul is in your story.

Within a few months after my marriage, continued Mr. Clinton, you, my cousin, first opened your fair eyes to the light, and my Matty and I had the honour of being your sponsors.

Within the first year of my marriage, my girl also brought a son into the world, and within two years following was delivered of a daughter.

The joy of the grandfather, on those events, was indescribable. Alas, good man! he thought that he perceived in their infant aspects a thousand happy promises and opening prospects. He saw himself, as it were, perpetuated in a descending and widening progeny, who, like their native Thames, should roll down in a tide of expanding wealth and prosperity. He wanted that all the world should participate of his happiness, and our house once more became the house of festivity.

A number of external successes also assisted to persuade us in those days that felicity was to be atttained and ascertained upon earth. The regency of Cromwell was administered with the strictest justice at home, while, at the same time, it became revered and formidable abroad, and extended its influence to regions the most remote. Under the protection of the British flag we sent our ships out to the east and to the west, and wealth came pouring in upon us from all quarters of the globe.

In the meanwhile, my wife and I lived together in perfect harmony. Though my commerce and acquaintance was greatly extended, I had yet formed no friendships from home that partook of heartfelt tenderness, except for your mamma. All my pleasures and desires—all my world was, in a manner, confined and absorbed within the compass of my own walls. In the good old man and his daughter, and in the pledges of their endearing attachment to me, every wish that my soul could form was centred. Mutual joy sat round our board—mutual peace prepared our pillows; and, during a swimming period of six years, I scarce remember to have experienced the smallest discontent, save what arose from the inordinancy of my wife's affection for me.

While she continued to bless my arms, I thought that no one had ever loved with greater warmth than I loved her; and yet, at times, I remarked a very striking difference between the manner and effects of our feelings for each

other. If business detained me an hour extraordinary abroad, the panting of her bosom, that eagerness of look with which she received me, was to me a painful evidence of her anxiety during my absence. One evening I found her in fainting fits, merely because she was told that a duel had just happened between Lord Mohun and a person who had much the resemblance of her Clinton. In short, if my head or my finger ached I found myself under the necessity of concealing my ailment, and of assuming a cheerfulness disagreeable to the occasion, to prevent the worse consequences of her ready alarms. On the other hand, my affection was tranquil and serene; it was tender and fervent, indeed, but without tumult or disturbance—a species of love which I afterwards found to be by far the most eligible; for every kind of passion is unquestionably a kind of suffering; love in God, therefore, must be wholly an action—it acts infinitely upon others without any possibility of being acted upon.

Thus the years of my life moved onward upon down, when the small-pox, that capital enemy to youth and beauty, became epidemical in the city. Our children caught the contagion. All possible care was taken, and all possible art employed. A number of physicians was kept constantly about them. Fifteen days of their illness were already elapsed, and the doctors pronounced them out of danger, when the distemper took a sudden and malignant turn, and in one and the same minute both my babes expired in the arms of their mother.

I was in the room at the time, and as I knew the extreme tenderness of my Matty's nature, all my concern as well as attention was turned upon her. I took her fondly by the hand, and, looking up to her face, I was instantly alarmed and shocked by that placid serenity which appeared in her countenance, and which I expected to be quickly changed into some frantic eruption. But first dropping a smiling

tear on her infants, and then lifting her glistening eyes to heaven !—I thank thee—I thank thee, O my Master ! she cried; thou hast made me of some use; I have not been born in vain; thou hast ordained me the humble vehicle of two safe and certain angels—living attendants on thy throne —and sweet singers of thy praises in the kingdom of little children for ever and for ever. I have yet sufficient left—more blessings remaining than suit the lot of mortality—take me from them, I beseech thee, whenever it is thy good pleasure; for I fear there are some of them which I could not bear to have taken away from me! So prayed the dear saint, and looking eagerly at me—No, my Harry, she cried out, I fear, I fear I could not bear it ! So saying, she suddenly cast herself into my bosom, and grasping at my neck, and gushing into a flood of anguish, we mingled our sobs and our tears together till no more were left to be shed.

You are affected, my dearest cousin: I had better stop here. If you are moved by small matters, how would your heart be wrung by some ensuing distresses? I must not venture to proceed.

Go on, cried the countess; go on—I insist upon it ! I love to weep—I joy to grieve—it is my happiness, my delight, to have perfect sympathy in your sorrows.

We were both of us much relieved by the vent of our mutual passion; for though my wife still continued to keep to me, and cling about me, she yet seemed to be sweetly composed, and sunk within my arms as into a bed and depth of peace.

At length I listened to a kind of murmur and bustle in the hall, and I heard some one distinctly cry—O my master, my master !

We started up at the instant. Mr. Golding had been from home at the time of the deadly crisis of my two darling little ones; and had quieted all his fears, and

renewed all his prospects, in the view and full assurance of their life and quick recovery. We had been too much engaged and occupied in our own personal griefs, to give to our servants the seasonable precaution of breaking the matter to our father by unalarming degrees; and a rude fellow, at his entrance, bluntly told him that the children were both dead; whereupon he clapped his hands together, and, casting himself into a chair, remained without sense or motion.

When we ran out, we were greatly terrified by the manner of his aspect: though his eyes were closed, his brows were gloomy and contracted, while the nether part of his face looked quiet and composed.

I instantly sent for a surgeon, and recalled the physicians who had but lately left us; while my Matty stood motionless, with her hands closed together, and her eyes fixed upon her father. At length she cried out—My papa, my papa, my dear papa! I would, I would I had died before I came to this hour! But blessed be thy will, since it is thy will, O God! When all other props are sapped and plucked from under me, I trust to fall into thee, my Father which art in heaven!

Being put to bed and bled, he recovered motion and speech; and we got him to swallow a composing draught, though he did not yet recollect any person or thing about him.

Notwithstanding our late fatigues, Matty and I sat up with him most of the night; and then, ordering a pallet to be brought into the room, we lay down to take a little rest toward morning. Alas, said I to myself, how rich was I yesterday, and how is my world abridged! These narrow walls now contain all that is left me of all the possessions that I value upon earth.

Poor Mr. Golding was but ill qualified to bear calamity. His life had been a life of sound health and successes; and

he never had been acquainted with sickness or with affliction, save on the death of his wife, whom he had married for money, and on the illness of his daughter, as already related.

As he had taken an opiate, he did not awaken till it was late in the day. Turning his head towards me—Is it you, Harry, says he?—How do you find yourself, sir, said I?—Why, has any thing been the matter with me? Indeed, I do not feel myself right; but send my children to me: send my Jacky and my little Harriet; the sight of them will be a restorative beyond all the cordials in the world.—You are silent, Harry; what is the meaning? Oh, now I begin to remember—my sweet babies, my little playfellows, I shall never see you any more!

Here he burst into the most violent gust of passion. He groaned, he wept, he cried aloud with heart-piercing exclamations; while I caught up Matty in my arms, and running with her to a distant apartment, catched a kiss, and locked her in.

I returned, but found him in the same violence of agitation. I spoke to him, I would have comforted him; but he cried—Be quiet, Harry, I will not be comforted. I will go to my children; they shall not be torn from me; we will die, we will be buried, we will lie in the same grave together!

As I found myself sick, and ready to faint under the oppression of his lamentations, I withdrew to the next chamber, and there plentifully vented my woe in weeping.

After some time I listened, and perceived that all was quiet, and returning, I found him in a kind of troubled doze, from whence he fell into a deep and peaceful sleep. Thus he continued for three days, wailing and slumbering by fits, without tasting any matter of nourishment, though his daughter and I implored him on our knees, and with tears. No reasonings, no entreaties, could avail for

appeasing him; it was from the association of our sorrows alone that he appeared to admit of any consolation.

At length his passion subsided into a sullen and silent calm; he would speak to nobody, he would answer none of us except by monosyllables.

Within a few following weeks, news was brought me that our ship the Phœnix was arrived in the Downs, safe and richly laden from the East Indies.

Immediately I carried the tiding to the old man, in the pleasing expectation that they would serve to divert, or at least to amuse, his melancholy. But, fixing his look upon me—Wherefore, Harry, dost thou tell me of ships and Indies? he cried. Both Indies are poor to me; they have nothing that they can send me. I have no road to go upon earth; no way upon sea to navigate. I am already become a wild and wasted Babylon, wherein the voice of music shall never more be heard. O ye old and unblessed knees! where are now your precious babes who were wont to play about ye, and to cling and climb upon ye? Gone, gone! gone, gone—never, never to return!

Here, breaking into tears, I cried—We are both young yet, my father; we may yet have many children to be the comfort of your age.—No, my Harry—no, he replied; you may indeed have many children, but you will never have any children like my darling children.

Mr. Golding from this time no more entered his counting-house, nor paid nor received visits, nor kept up any correspondence. Even my company, and that of his daughter, appeared to oppress him; and he rarely left his apartment, where an old folio Bible was his only companion.

Hereupon I began to withdraw our effects from trade, and, having called in the best part of them, I lodged near half a million in the Dutch funds. When I went to advise with my father on the occasion—What, my child, said he—what have I to say to the world, or to the things of the

world? Do just as you please with the one and with the other; and never consult a person on any affair wherein the party consulted has no interest or concern.

One morning, as I lay in bed, Matty threw her arms about me, and hiding her blushing face in my bosom—My Harry, says she, if you could handsomely bring it about to my poor papa, perhaps it would be some matter of consolation to him to know that I am with child.

When I broke the matter to him, he did not at first appear to be sensibly affected; in time, however, the weight of his affliction seemed considerably lightened, and, as my wife advanced in her pregnancy, he began to look us in the face, he sat with us at one table, and became conversible as formerly.

One day I went to dine with Mr. Settle, a hardware merchant, who had appointed to pay me a large sum of money. On my return in the evening through Moorfields, attended only by my favourite Irishman, a very faithful and active fellow, though it was yet fair day, I was suddenly set upon by a posse of robbers, who rushed on me from behind a cover. The first of them, running up, fired directly in my face, but did me no further damage than by carrying away a small piece of the upper part of my left ear. Had the fools demanded my money, I would have given it to them at a word; but, finding them bent on murder, I resolved that they should have my life at as dear a rate as possible. I instantly drew my sword, and run the first through the body; and then, rushing on the second assailant, I laid him also on the ground before he had time to take his aim, so that his pistol went harmlessly off in his fall.

In the meanwhile my brave and loving companion was not idle; with two strokes of his oaken cudgel he had levelled two more of them with the earth. Hereupon the remainder halted, retreated into a group, and then stood

and fired upon us altogether; but, observing that we did not drop, they cast their arms to the ground, and run off several ways as fast as they could. My good friend, Tirlah O'Donnoh, then turned affectionately to me—Are you hurt, my dear master, says he?—I believe I am, Tirlah; let us make home the best we can.—O, cried the noble creature, if nobody was hurt but Tirlah, Tirlah wouldn't be hurt at all!

Here, taking me under the arm, we walked slowly to the city, till, coming to a hackney-coach, he put me tenderly into it; and, sitting beside me, supported me, as I began to grow weak through much effusion of blood.

As soon as we got home, the coachman, as is their practice, thundered at the door; and my Matty, according to custom whenever I was abroad, was the readiest of all our domestics to open.

By this time I had fainted, and was quite insensible; but when my tender and true mate saw me borne by two men into her presence, all pale and bloody, she, who thought she had fortitude to support the wreck of the world, gave a shriek that was enough to alarm the neighbourhood, and, instantly falling backward, got a violent contusion in the hinder part of her head.

Immediately we were conveyed to separate beds, and all requisite help was provided. It was found that I had received six or seven flesh wounds, but none of them proved dangerous, as they were given at a distance, and by pistol shot. But, alas! my Matty's case was very different; she fell into sudden and premature labour, and having suffered extreme anguish all the night, during which she ceased not to inquire after me, she was with difficulty delivered of a male infant, who was suffocated in the birth.

In the meanwhile, the good and tender-hearted old gentleman hurried about incessantly from one of us to the other, wringing his hands, and scarcely retaining his senses.

As soon as my wounds were dressed, and I had recovered my memory, I looked about and hastily inquired for my wife; but they cautiously answered me that she was something indisposed with the fright which she got at seeing me bloody, and that her father had insisted on her going to bed.

On the second dressing of my wounds I was pronounced out of danger, and then they ventured to tell me of my Matty's miscarriage, and of the bruise which she had got in her fall when she fainted. On hearing this my heart was cleft, as it were, in twain. I accused myself of the murder of my wife and infant; and I accused all, without exception, of their indiscretion in not concealing my disaster from her.

At times I began to fear that my wife was either dead, or much worse than they represented. On my third dressing, therefore, I peremptorily insisted on my being carried into her chamber. I sent her notice of my visit, and on entering the room—He lives, then, she cried; my husband, my Harry lives! It is enough; I shall die happy, I shall now depart in peace.

Here I ordered myself to be laid by her side, when taking a hand which she had feebly reached out, and pressing it to my lips—You would forsake me then, my Matty? You die, you say; and you die happy, in leaving me the most wretched, the most desolate of men. You die, my love—you die; and I, who would have fostered you and your babe with my vitals, it is I who has dug a grave for the one and for the other. But you must not forsake me, my Matty. I will not be forsaken by you; since we cannot live asunder, let us die—let us die together!

Here a passionate silence ensued on either part; but my wounds growing painful, and beginning to bleed afresh, I was obliged to be carried back to my own apartment.

Within a few days more I was so well recovered as to be able to walk about: from which time I was a constant

attendant on my beloved, and became her most tender and assiduous nursekeeper.

You must have heard, my cousin, that the customs and manners of those times were altogether the reverse of what they are at present. Hypocrisy is no longer a fault among men; all now is avowed libertinism and open profaneness; and children scoff at the name and profession of that religion which their fathers revered. On the contrary, in those days all men were either real or pretended zealots; every mechanic professed, like Aaron, to carry a Urim and Thummim about him; and no man would engage in any business or bargain, though with an intent to over-reach his neighbour, without going apart, as he said, to consult the Lord.

My Matty, at the same time, was the humblest of all saints, without any parade of sanctification. Her's was a religion, of whose value she had the daily and hourly experience; it was indeed a religion of power. It held her, as on a rock, in the midst of a turbulent and fluctuating world: it gave her a peace of spirit that smiled at provocation; it gave her comfort in affliction, patience in anguish, exaltation in humiliation, and triumph in death.

In about five weeks after her unhappy miscarriage, she appeared on the recovery, though by very slow degrees, and, with assistance, at times sat up in her bed; when her oldest physician one morning called me apart—I am loth, sir, said he, very loth to acquaint you with my apprehensions. I wish I may be mistaken; but I fear greatly for you—I fear that your dear lady cannot recover. By the symptoms, I conjecture that an abscess, or imposthume, is forming within her; but a few days will ascertain matters either for us or against us.

Had all sorts of evil tidings come crowding one upon another, I should not have been affected as I then was affected. I could not rise from my seat to bid the doctor

adieu. My knees trembled under me; a swimming came before my eyes; and a sudden sickness relaxed and reversed my whole frame. Alas! I had not at that time the resource of my Matty; I had not on the armour with which she was armed to all issues and events. I however raised my thoughts to heaven, in a kind of helpless acquiescence rather than confident resignation. I struggled not to appear weaker than became my manhood; and I said to myself, doctors have often been mistaken.

Having recollected my strength and spirits the best I could, I adventured to enter my wife's apartment. She was just raised in her bed, from whence her pale and emaciated countenance looked forth, as the sun, toward his setting, looks through a sickly atmosphere, in confidence of his arising in the fulness of morning glory.

Having cautiously and dejectedly seated myself beside her, she reached out both her hands, and, pressing one of mine between them—I love you no longer, my Harry, she cried; I love you no longer. Your rival at length has conquered; I am the bride of another. And yet I love you in a measure, since in you I love all that is him, or that is his: and that I think is much, a great deal, indeed, of all that is lovely. O, my dear, my sweet, mine only enemy, as I may say! riches were nothing unto me, pleasures were nothing unto me, the world was nothing unto me! You, and you only, Harry, stood between me and my heaven, between me and my God. Long, and often, and vainly, have I strove and struggled against you; but my bridegroom at length is become jealous of you; my true owner calls me from you, and takes me all to himself! Be not alarmed then, my Harry, when I tell you that I must leave you. You will grieve for me—you will grieve greatly for me, my beloved; but give way to the kindly shower that your Lord shed for his Lazarus, and let the tears of humanity alleviate and lighten the weight of your affliction.

Ah, my Harry! I tremble for you; what a course you have to run! what perils! what temptations! Deliver him from them, my Master, deliver him from them all! Again, what blissful prospects—they are gone, they are vanished! I sink, I die under the weight and length of succeeding misery! Again it opens; all is cleared; and his end, like that of Job, is more blessed than his beginning. Ah, my Harry, my Harry! your heart must be wrung by many engines; it shall be tried in many fires; but I trust it is a golden heart, and will come forth with all its weight.

You have been dreaming, my love, I said—you have been dreaming; and the impression still lies heavy and melancholy on your memory.

Yes, she replied, I have been dreaming, indeed; but then my dreams are much more real than my waking visions. When all things sensible are shut out, it is then that the spirit enlarges, grows conscious of its own activity, its own power and prescience, and sees by a light whose evidence is beyond that of the sun.

O, my angel! I cried, should any thing happen to you—But, I dare not look that way; for I know, I find, I feel that I could not survive you!

You must survive me, my Harry! nay, you will once more be married. I beheld your bride last night. Even now she stands before me, the sister of my spirit, and one of the loveliest compositions of sin and death that ever was framed for dissolution. Her also you will lose; and you will think, nay, you will assure yourself, that no powers in heaven or earth can avail for a ray of comfort. In this life, however, you will finally, unexpectedly, and most wonderfully be blessed; and soon after we shall all meet, and be more intimately and more endearingly wedded than ever, where yet there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.

While yet she spoke, her pains, as the pains of labour,

again came upon her, and went off, and again returned, after intermitting swoonings.

O, my cousin! what a solemn, what a fearful thing is death! All our inlets of knowledge and sensation closed at once! the sound of cheer, and the voice of friendship, and the comfort of light, shut out from us for ever! Nothing before us but a blackness and depth of oblivion; or, beyond it, a doubtful and alarming sensibility! strange scenes and strange worlds, strange associates and strange perceptions, perhaps of horrid realities, infinitely worse than nonentity! Such are the brightest prospects of infidelity in death!

Where, at that time, are your scoffers, your defiers of futurity? where your merry companions, who turn their own eternity into matter of laugh and ridicule? Dejected and aghast, their countenance wholly fallen, and their heart sunk within them, they all tremble and wish to believe, in this the hour of dissolution. They feel their existence sapped and sinking from under them; and nature compels them, in the drowning of their souls, to cry out to something, to any thing, Save, save, or I perish!

Far different was the state of my little and lowly Matty, my saint of saints, at that tremendous period! Where all others would have sunk, there she soared aloft; and she dropped the world and its wealth, with her body and all the sensible affections thereof, with the same satisfaction that a poor man, just come to a great estate, would drop his tattered garb to put on gorgeous apparel.

O, my beloved! she would cry in the midst of her pains, I have been weakly through life, I have been weakness itself, and therefore not able to take up thy cross; but be thou strong in my weakness, shew thy mightiness in me, and then lay it upon me with all its weight.

Again, after a swoon, and when her pangs became excessive—I refuse not thy process, my Master, she cried! Thy cross and thorny crown, they are all my ambition!

Point thy thorns, twist them harder, let them pierce into my soul; so thou suffer me not to fail or fall from thee, I care not!

Think, my cousin, what I endured upon that occasion; my rending heart shared her sufferings, and felt pang for pang. Nay, I was not far from murmuring and questioning with my God, on his putting to such tortures the most guiltless of his creatures. If the lambs of thy flock, I secretly said—if thy lambs are appointed to such excruciating sensations, what must be the portion of such sinners as I am?

When she drew near the goal of her blessed course upon earth—O my almighty Samson! she faintly cried, thou shakest the two pillars of my frail and sinful fabric; finish then thy conquest in me; down, down with the whole building appointed to ruin! Let no one, O Lord! of mine enemies or of thine enemies, escape thy victorious arm; but slay all those by my death with whom I have been vainly combating during my lifetime. So saying, her pains in an instant forsook her. The form of her countenance was suddenly changed from the expression of agony into that of ecstasy. She raised her hands on high, and exerting herself to follow them, she cried—I come, I come! then sighed and dropped over. The muscles of her face still retained the stamp of the last sentiment of her soul; and, while the body hastened to be mingled with earth, it seemed to partake of that heaven to which its spirit had been exalted.

You may think it odd, dearest madam, that for some time past I have taken no note of the man to whom I was tied by every possible band of duty, gratitude, and affection. The fact is, that, during the latter part of my wife's illness, and for some weeks after her death, Mr. Golding was confined to his chamber by a severe fit of the gout; and the acuteness of his pains scarce permitted him to attend to

any other concern. While my Matty lived, therefore, I divided my time and assiduities as equally as I could between the daughter and father; and at any intervals of ease I used to read to him favourite passages in the Bible.

As soon as my saint had expired, I charged the servants not to give any intimation of her death to their master. But, alas! our silence and our looks were too sure indicators of the fatal tidings; for, from the highest to the least, my Matty had been the idol of the whole house, and her death appeared to them as the loss of every earthly possession.

Having looked several times intently and inquisitively in my face—Well, Harry, says Mr. Golding, all is over then, I see; we must go to her, but my child shall no more return to us. You are silent, my Harry. O thou fell glutton, death! I had but one morsel left for the whole of my sustenance, and that, too, thou hast devoured. Here he gave a deep groan, and sunk into a state of insensibility, from which, however, he was soon recovered by the return of an anguishing fit of the gout.

When I look back, my fair cousin, on the passages of my life, it is a matter of amazement to me, that a creature so frail, so feebly and so delicately constituted as man, with nerves so apt to be racked, and a heart to be wrung with anguish, can possibly endure under the weights of calamity that at times are laid upon him.

I had not yet dropped a tear. I was in a state of half stupid and half flighty insensibility; as one who, having lost every thing, had nothing further to look for, and therefore nothing to regard. But when I saw my dear old man, my best friend, my father, whelmed under such a depth of affliction, all the sluices of my soul and inmost affections were laid open, and I broke into an avowed passion of tears and exclamations, till, like David in his strife of love with Jonathan, I exceeded. I accused myself of all the evils that had happened to his house; and I devoted the

day to darkness, and the night to desolation, wherein, by my presence and connections, I had brought those mischiefs upon him. The good man was greatly struck, and I think partly consoled, by the excess of my sorrows; and, all desolate as he was, he attempted to administer that comfort to me, which he himself wanted more than any who had life.

Break not your heart, my Harry—break not your heart, my child! he cried. Deprive me not of the only consolation that is left me; you are now my only trust, my only stay upon earth. A wretched merchant I am, whose whole wealth is cast away, save thee, thou precious casket, thou only remnant of all my possessions! My girl, indeed, was thy true lover, the tenderest of all mates; her love to thee, my son, was passing the love of woman; but we have lost her, we have lost her, and wailing is all the portion that is left us below.

As soon as the family heard the voice of our mourning, they too gave a loose to the impatience of their griefs, and all the house was filled with the sound of lamentation.

On the following day I summoned the chief medical artists, and got the precious remains of my angel embalmed. She was laid under a sumptuous canopy with a silver coffin at her bed's foot, and every night when the house was at rest I stole secretly from my bed and stretched myself beside her. I pressed her cold lips to mine; I clasped her corpse to my warm bosom, as though I expected to restore it to life by transfusing my soul into it. I spoke to her as when living; I reminded her of the several tender and endearing passages of our loves; and I reminded her also of the loss of our little ones, by whom we became essentially one, inseparably united in soul and body for ever.

There is surely, my cousin, a species of pleasure in grief, a kind of soothing and deep delight, that arises with the tears which are pushed from the fountain of God in the soul, from the charities and sensibilities of the human heart divine.

True, true, my precious cousin, replied the countess, giving a fresh loose to her tears. O Matilda! I would I were with thee!—True, my cousin, I say; even now I sink under the weight of the sentiment of your story.

Upon the ninth night, continued Mr. Clinton, as I lay by the side of all that remained of my Matty, overtoiled and overwatched, I fell into a deep sleep. My mind notwithstanding, at the time, seemed more awake and more alive to objects than ever. In an instant she stood visible and confessed before me. I saw her clearer than at noonday, by the light which she cast with profusion abroad. Every feature and former trace seemed heightened into a lustre, without a loss of the least similitude. She smiled ineffable sweetness and blessedness upon me: and, stooping down, I felt her embrace about my heart and about my spirit; while, at the same time, I saw her bent in complacence before me. After a length of ecstatic pleasure, which I felt from her communion and infusion into my soul—My Harry, says she, grieve not for me! All the delights that your world could sum up in an age, would not amount to my bliss, no, not for an hour: it is a weight of enjoyment that, in an instant, would crush to nothing the whole frame of your mortality. Grieve not then for me, my Harry, but resign my beggarly spoils to their beggarly parent; ashes to ashes, and dust to dust! In my inordinate fondness for you, I have at length obtained a promise that my master and your master, my beloved and your lover, shall finally bear you triumphant through all the enemies that are set in fearful array against you. Having so said, I felt myself, as it were, compressed within an engine of love; and again, losing the remembrance of all that had passed, I sunk as into a state of oblivion. Toward the dawning, I was awakened by the clapping of hands and cries of lamentation. Starting up, I perceived Mr. Golding at the bedside, suspended over his Matty and me, and pouring forth his complaints.

There was a favoured domestic of his, a little old man, who had always kept a careful and inquisitive eye over every thing that was in or concerned our household. This Argus, it seems, at length suspected my nightly visits to the dead, and, lurking in a corner, saw me open and enter the chamber where the corpse was deposited. As he lay in his master's apartment, he took the first opportunity of his being awake to impart what he thought a matter of extraordinary intelligence to him.—Sir, says he, if I am not greatly deceived, my young master is this moment in bed with his dead lady. —What is this you tell me? cried Mr. Golding. No, John, no! what you say is impossible. All who live, love that which is living alone; whatever savours of death is detestable to all men.—As I am here, replied John, I am almost assured that what I tell you is fact.—Peace, peace, you old fool! said Mr. Golding; think you that our Harry is more loving than father Abraham, and yet Abraham desired to bury his dead out of his sight. I know not how that may be, said trusty John; but, if you are able to stir, I will help you to go and see. I am sure the thought of it melts the very heart within me.

Accordingly Mr. Golding, like old Jacob, strengthened himself, and arose, and, pained as he was, he came with the help of his John to the place where I lay.

Having for some time looked upon me, as I slept with his Matty fast folded in my arms, he could no longer contain his emotions, but he and John broke forth into tears and exclamations. O my children, my children, my dearest children! he cried; why did ye exalt me to such a pitch of blessedness? Was it only to cast me down into the deeper gulf of misery—a gulf that has neither bank nor bottom?

As I arose, all ashamed to be detected in that manner, the good man caught me in his arms.—My Harry, my Harry, says he, what shall I pay you, my son, for your

superabundant love to me and to mine? Could my wretchedness give you bliss, I should almost think myself blessed in being wretched, my Harry.

I now prepared to execute the late command of my angel, and to consign to earth the little that was earthly in her. But when our domestics understood that all that was left of their loved mistress was now going to be taken away from them for ever, they broke into tears anew, and set no bounds to their lamentations.

Her desolate father was desirous of attending the funeral, but on my knees I dissuaded him from it, as I was assured it would burst in twain the already overstretched thread of his age and infirmities. He then insisted on having the lid of the coffin removed, and, bending over, he cast his old body on the corpse; again he rose and gazed upon it, and clapping his hands, with a shout—Is this my world, he cried; the whole of my possessions? Are you the one that was once my little prattling Matty—the playfellow of my knees—the laugher away of care—who brought cheer to my heart and warmth to my bosom? Are you the one for whom alone I spent my nights in thought and my days in application? Is this all that is left, then, of my length of labours? O, my spark of life is quenched in thee, my Matty, my Matty! the flowing fountain of my existence is dried up for ever!

There is something exceedingly solemn and affecting, my cousin, in the circumstances and apparatus of our funerals; they are oppressive even to minds that are no way concerned or interested in the death of the party lamented. Though I grieved no more for my Matty—though I was as assured of her bliss as I was of my own being; yet, when the gloom of the procession was gathered around me—when I heard the wailing of the many families whom her charity had sustained—when I heard the bitter sobbings of the servants, whom her sweetness had so endearingly

attached to her person—when all joined to bewail themselves as lost in her loss, my heart died, as it were, within me, and I should have been suffocated on the spot had I not given instant way to the swell of my sorrows.

The tempest of the soul, madam, like that of the elements, can endure but for a season. The passion of Mr. Golding, on the interment of every joy and of every hope that he could look for upon earth, within a few weeks subsided, or rather sunk into a solid but sullen peace; a kind of peace that seemed to say—There is nothing in this universe that can disturb me.

Harry, said he one evening, I have been thinking of the vision that I have had.—Vision, sir, said I; has my Matty then appeared to you?—Yes, he answered, she was the principal part of my vision for these twenty years past. The vision that I mean, my Harry, is the dream of a very long and laborious life. Here have I, by the toil of fifty years' application, scraped together and accumulated as much as in these times would set kings at contention, and be accounted a worthy cause for spilling the blood of thousands; and yet what are these things to me, or of what value in themselves, more than the stones and rubbish that make our pavement before the door? I have been hungering and thirsting after the goods of this world; I have acquired all that it could give me; and now my soul, like a sick stomach, disgorges the whole.—I then took one of his hands, and pressing it tenderly between mine—O my father! I cried; my dear, dear father! O that I might be made sons and daughters, and every sort of kindred to you! All that I am and have should gladly be spent in bringing any kind of comfort to you, my father.

In about a fortnight after, as I entered his apartment to bid him good-morrow, I observed that his countenance had much altered from what it was the evening before—that he looked deeply dejected and seemed to breathe with difficulty.

Are not you well, sir?—No, says he, my spirits are greatly oppressed. I find that I must leave you shortly; I believe that I must go suddenly; but where to? That is the question—the very terrible question—the only question of any importance in heaven or on earth.—Sure, sir, said I, that can be no question to you, whose whole life has been a continual course of righteousness, of daily worship to God, and good-will to all men. If you have any sins to account for, they must be covered tenfold by the multitude of your charities.

Talk not, Harry, said he, of the filthy rags of my own righteousness. I am far from the confidence of the boastful Pharisee; alas! I have not even that of the poor and humble publican, for I dare not look up to say, "Lord, be merciful to me, a sinner!" wherefore, then, do you speak of having finished my course toward God and toward man? It is but lately, very lately, that I set out upon it, and I am cut short before I have got within sight of the goal. Yes, Harry, I fear, I know, I feel, that there is no salvation for me.

You amaze me, sir, said I; you terrify me to death! If there is not salvation for such as you, what a depth of perdition opens for the rest of mankind?

I would you could convince me, he cried. I want to be comforted; I desire comfort, any kind of consolation: but I feel my condemnation within myself. Moreover, I see every text of the gospel of the words of life terribly marshalled and set in broad array against me.—What text, sir? said I; I am sure I know of no texts that bring terror or condemnation to the just.—Ah, Harry! he replied, justice is of the law and the circumcision, and has nothing to do with the new covenant or the new man. For, what says the great apostle? "Circumcision availeth nothing, neither uncircumcision, but a new creature." And Christ himself hath said, "Except a man be born again, he cannot

see the kingdom of God." Again the same apostle saith, "I delight in the law of God after the inward man;" and again, "My little children, of whom I travail in birth again until Christ be formed in you." Now if all these corresponding expressions of being "born again, a new creature, a new man, an inward man, Christ formed in us," &c., are to be glossed and explained away, as meaning little more than a state of moral sentiments and moral behaviour, there can be nothing of real import in the gospel of Christ.

Again, hear what the Redeemer saith, "Except ye be converted and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." Again, "If any man will come after me, let him deny himself and take up his cross and follow me." Again, "Whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple."

If these things, I cried, are to be taken according to the apparent sense and import of the letter, neither the teachers of the gospel, nor those who are taught, can be saved.

Therefore, replied he, it is said, that "Many be called, but few chosen." And again, "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." O my Harry, my Harry! our lives have been employed in seeking and "loving the world, and the things of the world," therefore "the love of the Father could not be in us." O that I had never been born! O thou God! whose tribunal at this hour is set up so tremendously against me, at length I feel the propriety of thy precepts, in rejecting the world and all that is therein; for what can they yield save a little food and raiment to bodily corruption, or incitements to that pride which cast Lucifer into a gulf, that now opens before me without a bottom?

As I trembled and had nothing to answer, I proposed to

bring some of our clergy to him. No, Harry! no, says he, I will have none of their worldly comforts; I will not cast my soul upon bladdered expectations. Can they persuade me that I am one of the few that are chosen? can they tell me wherein I have striven to enter at the strait gate, wherein many shall seek to enter, but shall not be able?

Here he sunk into a fit of agonizing desperation, so that a cold dew broke forth from all parts of his body, and fell, drop after drop, down his ghastly and fearful countenance. Never, madam, never did I feel such a kind of anguishing horror as I then felt; I was affrighted and all frozen to my inmost soul.—Haste, my dear sir, exclaimed Lady Maitland; make haste through this part of your narration, I beseech you! I also feel for myself; I am terrified to the last degree.

At length, continued Mr. Clinton, I recollected myself a little. My master, I cried; my father, my dearest father, since you will not take comfort in your own righteousness, take comfort in that of Him who was made righteousness for you. Do you not now reject the world? do you not now deny yourself?—I do, I do, he said; I detest the one and the other.—And do you not feel that you are wholly a compound of sin and death?—Ay, he cried; there is the weight, there is the mountain under which I sink for ever.—Come then to Christ, my father, heavy laden as you are, and he will questionless embrace you, and be rest to you, my father!—I would come, Harry, he cried; but I dare not, I am not able.—Strive, my father; do but turn to Him, and he will more than meet you. Cry out with sinking Peter, "Save, Lord, or I perish!" and he will catch you with the hand of his ever ready salvation.

Here his countenance began to settle into an earnest composure, and his eyes were turned and fixed upward; while his old and enfeebled body continued to labour under the symptoms of near dissolution. At length he started,

and seized my hand with a dying pressure—There is comfort, Harry; there is comfort! he cried, and expired.

I was now cast once more upon a strange and friendless world. All the interests of my heart were buried with this family; and I seemed to myself as without kindred or connections in the midst of mankind. Your dear mama, indeed, sometimes called to condole with me, and water my losses with her tears; and in her, and you my cousin, young as you then were, was locked up and centred the whole stock that I had left of endearing sensations.

As the scenes of my former happiness served daily and nightly to render me more wretched by a sad recollection, I determined to quit my house, and to take private lodgings. For this purpose, I summoned Mr. Golding's domestics; and, as he had made no will, I first paid them their wages, and then gave them such pretended legacies as brought their tears and their blessings in a shower upon me.

As soon as I had discharged all except the two favourite servants of my master and my Matty, I desired that John, our little old man, should be sent to me.

John, said I, as he entered, here is a bill for five hundred pounds which our good old master has left you, in token of his acknowledgment of your true and loving services, and to help, with what you have saved, to soften and make easy the bed of death in your old age.—Do you mean to part with me, sir? said John, seemingly thankless and unconcerned about the gift which I had offered him.—Indeed, John, said I, in my present state of dejection, attendance of any kind would but be an encumbrance to me.—Then, sir, you may keep your bounty to yourself; for I shall break my heart before five-and-twenty hours are over.—Nay, John, said I, I am far from turning you from me; stay with me as my friend and welcome, but not as my servant; and I shall see the comfort of old times in always seeing you about me.—Thank you, thank you, sir, he cried.

I will not disturb you with my tears; but I should die unblessed if I died out of your presence! So saying, he rushed from me in a fit of restrained passion.

I then sent for my wife's maid, whom I formerly mentioned. She had just heard of my discharging the other servants, and entered with a sad and alarmed countenance.—Come near, Susan, I am going to part with you, said I; come to me, and give me a farewell kiss. She approached with downcast looks, when, taking her in my arms, I pressed and kissed her repeatedly, and scarce withheld my tears.—Oh, my girl, my Matty's precious girl! I cried, I am not forgetful of your love, your honour, and your disinterestedness toward us. Here, my Susy, your darling mistress presents you with this bill of a thousand pounds, and, if you choose, I will give you cash for it within a quarter of an hour. This, however, does not discharge me from my regard and attention to you. You are of a helpless sex, my Susy, that is subject to many impositions and calamities; wherefore, when this sum shall fail you, come to me again—come to me as to your friend, as to your debtor, Susy, and I will repeat my remembrance, and repeat again, as you may happen to have occasion; for while I have sixpence left the favourite friend of my Matty shall not want her proportion.

Here the grateful and amazed creature threw herself on the floor. She cried aloud, while the family heard and echoed to her lamentations. She clasped my knees, she kissed my feet again and again. I could not disengage myself, I could not force her from me.—Oh, my master! she cried, my all that is left to me of my adored, my angel mistress! must I then be torn from you? must you live without the service of the hands and heart of your Susy? But I understand your regard and care for me, my master. It is a cruel and naughty world, and must be complied with.

Here I compelled her to rise, and, kissing her again, I

turned hastily to the chamber where my Matty's corpse had been laid; and bolting the door, and casting myself on the bed, I broke into tears, and at length wept myself to sleep.

While I was preparing to leave the once-loved mansion, I found in Mr. Golding's cabinet a parchment that much surprised me. On my marriage, he had proposed to make a settlement of his fortune upon me, which, however, I obstinately refused to accept; whereupon, without my privity, he got this deed perfected, which contained an absolute conveyance to me of all his worldly effects and possessions; and this again renewed in me the tender and endearing remembrance of each of those kindnesses and benefits which he had formerly conferred upon me.

I now found myself in possession of near a million of money, which, however, in my disposition of mind at the time, appeared no worthier than so much lumber in a waste room. And I know not how it was, that, through the subsequent course of my life, although I was by no means of an economical turn, though I never sued for a debt, nor gave a denial to the wants of those who asked, nor turned away from him that desired to borrow of me, yet uncoveted wealth came pouring in upon me.

It was not without some sighs and a plentiful shower, that I departed from the seat of all my past enjoyments. I took lodgings within a few doors of your father; and my little household consisted of my favourite Irishman, my little old man, two footmen, and an elderly woman who used daily to dress a plain dish of meat for us.

It was then, my fairest cousin, that your opening graces and early attractions drew me daily to your house; my heart was soothed and my griefs cheered by the sweetness of your prattle; and I was melted down and minted anew, as it were, by the unaffected warmth and innocence of your caresses.

As I had no faith in dreams, not even in that of my Matty, I thought it impossible that I should ever marry again. I therefore resolved, in my own mind, to make you my heir, and to endow you in marriage with the best part of my fortune. But you are a little pale, madam; you look dejected and fatigued. If you please, I will suspend my narration for the present, and in the morning, if you choose it, as early as you will, I shall renew and proceed in my insignificant history. Here, he pressed her hand to his lips. She withdrew with a tearful eye and a heaving heart; and the next day he resumed his narration, as followeth.

CHAPTER XV.

THOUGH you, my cousin, at that time, were a great consolation to me, and a sweet lightener of my afflictions, yet the griefs of heart which I had suffered were not without their effect. At length they fell on my constitution, and affected my nerves or spirits; I think our doctors pretty much confound the one with the other. Accordingly, I was advised to travel for change of air and exercise, and I was preparing for my journey, when there happened in my family the most extraordinary instance of an ever-watchful providence that occurs to my memory.

My little old man John began to decline apace, and at length took to his bed, and, having a tender friendship for him, I went to sit beside him, and to comfort him the best I could. John, said I, are you afraid to die?—No, sir, not at all, not in the least; I long to be dissolved, and to be with our loving Lord.—Indeed, John, said I; I am inclined to think you have been a very good liver.—A dog, sir—a mere dog, desperately wicked, the vilest of sinners! I am

a murderer too, my master; there's blood upon my head.—Blood! said I, and started.—Yes, sir, replied John; but then the blood that was shed for me, is stronger and more precious than the blood that was shed by me.—Blood, however, John, is a very terrible thing; are you not afraid to appear before the judgment-seat of Christ?—By no means, my dear master; I have long since laid the burden of my sins before him, for I had nothing else to bring to him, nothing else to offer him; and he has accepted them and me, and my conscience is at rest in him.—Then, John, there may yet be room for hope.—There is assurance, my master, for I have laid hold upon the rock, and cannot be shaken.

But how do you intend to dispose of your worldly substance?—All that I have, sir, I got with you and my old master; and where I found it, even there I resolve to leave it.—Indeed, John, I will not finger a penny of your money. How much may it amount to?—Eight hundred and thirty-seven pounds, sir, or thereabout.—And have you no relations of your own?—Not one living that I know of.—Then think of some one else, for no part of it shall lie on my conscience, I assure you.

I have read, somewhere or other, sir, of a great king who was advised of God, in a dream, to take the very first man whom he should meet the next morning, to be his partner in the government. Now, if it pleases you, my master, I will follow the like counsel; and, whosoever shall be the first found before our door, let that person be the owner and inheritor of my substance.—It shall be even as you say;—I will go and see whom God shall be pleased to send to us.

Accordingly I went and opened our door, when a woman, who had nearly passed, turned about at the noise, and perceiving me came up and said—A little charity, sir, for the sake of him who had not where to lay his head.

I was strongly affected by the manner in which she addressed me, and, eyeing her attentively, I observed that she was clean though meanly apparelled; wherefore, to make a further trial whether our adventure was likely to prove prosperous or not, I slipped a guinea into her hand, and desired her to go about her business. Accordingly, she curtsied and went from me a few steps, when, looking into her hand, she turned suddenly back—Sir, sir, says she; here had like to have been a sad mistake; you meant to give me a shilling, and you have given me a whole guinea. —It was, says I, a very great mistake, indeed; but be pleased to come in, and we will try to rectify our errors.

Here I took her into the chamber where John lay, and, having constrained her to sit down, I put my hand in my pocket. Here, good woman, said I; here are ten guineas for you, to make you some amends for the mistake I was guilty of in giving you but one. The poor creature could scarcely credit her senses, but raising her eyes in ecstasy, and dropping from the chair upon her knees, she was proceeding to bless me; but I peremptorily insisted on her re-taking her seat. Mistress, said I, be pleased to stay your prayers for the present; what I want from you is the story of your life; tell me who and what you are, without suppressing any circumstance, or concealing the faults of which you have been guilty, and I will make you the mistress of twenty guineas, that shall be added to what you have already received.

Sir, said she, you frighten me; my story is a very unhappy and a very foolish story, and cannot be of the smallest consequence to you. Sure, you are too much of the gentleman to desire to ensnare me; and, indeed, I know not of any thing whereby I may be ensnared. Wherefore, bountiful sir, unto you as unto heaven I will open my whole soul, without seeking to know why you look into the concerns of such a worm as I am.

I am the daughter of a farmer in Essex, my maiden name was Eleanor Damer. I was married, early in life, to a man who kept a chandler's shop, in a little lane that led to Tower Hill, his name was Barnaby Tirrel.—Barnaby Tirrel! exclaimed John; are you very sure that his name was Barnaby Tirrel?—Peace, John, I cried; whatever you may know of this man, or of any other matter, I command you not to interrupt the woman till she has finished her story. She then continued.

I had neither brother nor sister, sir, except one brother—a twin-brother, and we loved one another as though there was nobody else in the world to be loved.

About three years before my marriage, my brother Tommy, then a sweet pretty lad, took to a seafaring life, and went from me, I know not where, upon a voyage that I was told was a very great way off; and so I cried, day and night, as many tears after him as would have served me to swim in.

My husband was very fond of me, and when he used to see me cry while he spoke of my Tommy, he would kiss me and try to comfort me, and say, that he wished for nothing more than his return to old England, that he might welcome him and love him as much as I did.

One night, on the ninth month of my marriage, as I sat moping and alone, my husband being abroad upon some business, I heard a knocking at the door, which was opened by our little servant-girl. And then, before you could say this, in leaped my brother, and catched me fast in his dear arms.

I gave a great shout for joy, you may be sure; and pushing my Tommy from me, and pulling him to me again and again, we embraced, and cried, and kissed, and embraced and kissed again, as though we never could be tired.

In the meanwhile, the door being open, my cruel Barnaby entered, unperceived by either of us; and seeing a strange

man so fond and familiar with me, he opened a long clasped knife which he had in his pocket, and rushing up, he gave my darling brother three stabs in the body before he could speak a word or turn about to defend himself. Then, casting down the knife, in a minute he was out of the house, and I never saw him more.

For a time I stood like a stone, and then, giving a great shriek, I fainted and fell on my brother as he lay weltering in his blood.

Our little Mary, in the while, being frighted almost to death, ran about like a wild thing, and alarmed the street. Our neighbours crowded in, and sent for the next surgeon. My brother's wounds were probed and dressed, and he was laid in our spare bed.

Meantime, being forward with child, I fell into strong and untimely labour, and after very grievous travail was delivered of a boy, who was christened and called James, after my dear and lately deceased father.

No pains of my own, however, kept me from inquiring after that dear and lamented brother who had been killed, as I supposed, for his love to me. But his youth and natural strength carried him through all dangers. In three months he was up and about, as well as ever; and in less than three more he set out on another voyage, from whence he never, never, O never returned!

Before he went abroad, my dear and sweet fellow had left me a note of hand for the receipt of his wages. But in five years after I heard that he was cast away, or killed by the Barbary people: and though I went and went again in the middle of my wants, and in the middle of my sorrows, to ask and to petition for his pay from the Admiralty, I never could get an answer of any profit or any comfort.

My little Jemmy, however, grew, and throve, and prated apace, and was my only prop under all my afflictions. My

husband, indeed, had left me in pretty circumstances; and, had he but stayed with me, we should have prospered above our fellows. But what can a woman do, single, weak, and unprotected? I was imposed upon by some; by others I was refused payment for the goods that I had given; and at length I was reduced to poverty, and obliged to shut up shop.

Meantime I had spared no cost on the bringing up of my Jemmy. I had given him school learning, and he now was grown a very towardly and clever boy; and having taken to messages, my sweet fellow every night used to bring to me whatever he had earned in the daytime.

In the loss of my husband and brother, in the loss of my Barnaby, and in the loss of my Tommy, to be sure I had grief upon grief; so that my health went from me, and next my strength went from me, and I was not able to work at the washing business as before. But this didn't signify much while my child had his health; for he had now got a porter's place in the custom-house, and, young as he was, he willingly carried heavy burdens to have the pleasure of bringing home his hard earnings to his mammy. But about six weeks ago, may it please your honour, my dear boy fell ill of a quartan ague, as they call it, under which he and his mother's heart still continue to labour.

As soon as she had ended her short narrative—Well, John, said I, methinks this business will do; in my opinion you have got a very worthy inheritor of your fortune; what say you to it, John?—First, sir, let me ask her a question or two, if you please. Honest woman, draw your chair a little nearer to me, I pray you. And now, tell me the truth. Did you ever love your husband?—Yes, dearly, indeed very dearly did I love him; for he had loved me very dearly till that miserable night. But when, as I thought, he had killed my brother, I hated him as much as I had ever loved him before. But then again, when my

Tommy had recovered of his wounds, I sent far and near to inquire after him and find him out; and when I could learn no tidings of him, I put it into all the printed papers that Thomas Damer was well recovered, and that Barnabas Tirrel, who had wounded him, might return without danger to his wife and infant.

And he is returned! shouted John—he is returned, my Nelly! Your barbarous and bloody husband, who stabbed your brother, and left you and your infant to famish, he is returned to you, my Nelly; and, in his death, he shall make you amends for all the sufferings which he brought upon you during his lifetime! But, my master, my dearest master, send immediately for my child, my Jemmy, I beseech you, that, bad as I am myself, I may give him a father's blessing before I die.

I was surprised and affected, madam, beyond expression, by incidents that were at once so wonderful and so tender; and I directly sent servants and a sedan chair for James, with orders to have him carefully and warmly wrapped up; for what his mother told me of him had already given me a very strong prejudice in his favour.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Tirrel had sunk on her knees by her husband's bedside, and was plentifully pouring forth her tears upon him; partly for joy of having found him, and partly for grief of having found him in that condition.

O, my Nelly, my Nelly! cried Barnabas; had I known who the person was whose blood I drew that terrible night, I would sooner have thrust my knife into my own heart, than into any part of the body of that dear brother of yours. But I was old and ugly, you know; and you were young and handsome; and jealousy is a mad devil that rages in the breast like hell-fire; it never knew how to spare, but tears and consumes every thing that comes within its reach.

At length James was brought to us; and as we were in

his father's apartments, a chamber in no way adorned, James entered without any respect to persons. He was a tall and comely youth, but very pale and lean; and as it was one of his well days, he walked in without help. He had barely been told that his mother sent for him in a hurry; so that he entered with a visible alarm in his countenance.

What is the matter, my dear mother? says he. Alas! I am little able to help you at present. I hope nothing has happened that is suddenly distressful.—Nothing amiss, my child, more than that your dear father, for whom I have sought and been sighing this many a year—your father lies dangerously ill in this very bed, my Jemmy.—Am I then so blessed, cried the boy, as to see and embrace a father?—O my child! exclaimed the old man, and eagerly stretched his arms towards him, come to my bosom, thou only offspring of my bowels! I may now say, with blessed Jacob, Let me die, let me die, since I have seen thy face, and thou art alive, my son!

I would at any time give a thousand pounds, my cousin, for a tenth of the enjoyment that I then had, in the feelings which God poured into the hearts of this little family, on their so very unexpected and marvellous a meeting. It appeared to me, however, that young James even exceeded his parents in love; and this gave me such a cordial attachment to him, that from that hour to this we have never been sundered. He never failed nor forsook me; and at this very day he is my respected friend, and the superintendent of my family.

John, otherwise Barnabas, continued to linger for about a fortnight longer, and then departed quite happy, and without a groan. During the same space, also, James was daily attended by my own physician, and was nearly re-established in his health.

Being then intent on my departure, I sent for Mrs.

Tirrell. Mrs. Tirrell, says I, I should be much inclined to take your James along with me, if I did not think you would grieve overmuch in his absence.—No, no, sir! said she; I would to heaven I were myself a young man for your sake. I desire no better either of him or for him, than that he should live and die faithfully and lovingly in your service.

When Mr. Clinton came to this part of his story, a messenger entered in fearful haste, and delivered a letter to Lady Maitland. As soon as she had run it over—My dearest sir, she cried, I must leave you this instant. I lately made you an offer of a hundred thousand pounds; and now I know not that I have so many shillings upon earth. I am here informed that the trustee of all my affairs has absconded, and made his escape to France; but I must hurry to town, and inquire after this business. So saying, she curtsied and suddenly withdrew, without giving her cousin time to make a tender of his services.

The next morning Mr. Clinton ordered his chariot to the door, and hastened to attend her ladyship at her house in London, but there he was told that she had set out for Dover about an hour before; and he returned much dejected and grieved on her account.

In about three weeks after, Mr. Clement with his young pupil came home, quite lightened of the money they had taken abroad. Mr. Fenton, for so we shall call him again, gave Clement a friendly embrace, and took Harry to his caresses, as though he had returned from a long and dangerous voyage.

Well, Clement, said Mr. Fenton, what account have you to give us of your expedition?—An account, sir, that would be extremely displeasing to any man living except yourself: in short, our young gentleman here, has plunged you above a thousand pounds in debt, over the large sums that we carried with us.—I hope the objects were worthy, said

Mr. Fenton.—Wonderfully worthy, indeed, sir; I never saw such tender and affecting scenes.—Then I shall be overpaid and enriched by the narration.

Here, Harry inquired impatiently for Mrs. Clement and his friend Ned; and being told that they were on a visit to the Widow Neighbourly, he took a hasty leave for the present, and away he flew to embrace them.

As soon as he was gone—Sir, said Mr. Clement, I cannot think that there is in the world such another boy as yours. I will leave to himself the detail of our adventures in the several prisons; they had such an effect on his heart, that they cannot but have made a deep impression on his memory; so I shall only tell you of what happened in our way to London.

As we were chatting and walking leisurely along the road, a poor man before us happened to drop in a fit of the falling-sickness. When Harry saw the writhings and convulsions in which he lay, he turned pale, and looked vastly frightened, and seizing me under the arm, he cried—Come —come away! and hurried me off as fast as he could. But we had not gone far till his pace began to abate, and stopping, and hesitating—Let us turn, let us turn, Mr. Clement, he cried; let us go back again and help the poor man! We then returned hastily, and, raising his head, we kept him from bruising it against the ground. I then forced open his clenched hands, and having chafed the palms awhile, he began to recover, and soon came to himself. Meanwhile Harry's fright was not yet quite over. He seemed willing to get away from the object of his terror, and putting his hand in his pocket, and giving him all the silver he had, he wished him better health, and away he went.

We had not gone above half a mile further when I saw a little girl, in a field on the right hand, endeavouring to drive a cow through a small gate into the road, in order to

be milked, as I suppose, by her mother; but the cow kicked up her heels, and proved wanton and refractory, and ran hither and thither, and would not be guided. The poor child then set up a cry of as bitter distress as if all that was valuable in the world was going to ruin. Harry gave a ready ear to the sound of lamentation, and, seeing the plight that the poor thing was in, he suddenly crossed the road, above ankle deep in dirt, and leaping the ditch, he proved nimbler than the cow, and driving her through the pass, he turned her into the way that the child would have her go.

That morning, indeed, was to Harry a morning of petty adventures. By the time that we approached the suburbs, we had nearly overtaken a grown girl who carried a basket of eggs on her head. A great lubberly boy just then passed us by at a smart pace, and tripping up to the girl, gave the basket a tip with his hand, and dashed all the eggs into mash against a stony part of the road, and, again taking to his heels, run on as before. Immediately Harry's indignation was kindled, and setting out at top speed, he soon overtook him, and gave him several smart strokes with his little cane across the shoulders. The fellow then turned upon Harry, and gave him a furious blow with his fist over the head, while I hastened to his relief, as I perceived that the other was quite an overmatch for him. But before I arrived, our hero had put a quick end to the combat; for, springing from the ground, he darted his head full into the nose and mouth of his adversary, who instantly roared out, and, seeing his own blood come pouring down, he once more took to flight, while Harry continued to press upon him, and belaboured him at pleasure, till he judged that he had beaten him to the full value of the eggs.

Meanwhile the poor girl, wholly unmindful of what passed, remained wailing and wringing her hands over the wreck of her merchandise. The voice of a siren could not so powerfully have attracted and recalled Harry from the

length he had gone; he returned with speed to her, and I followed.—My poor girl, says he, where were you going with those eggs?—To market, master, says she.—And what did you expect to get for them?—About five shillings, sir; and I had promised my daddy and mammy to lay it out in shoes and stockings for my little brothers and sisters; and so I must now bear all the blame of the poor things going barefoot. Here she again set up her wailings, and her tears poured down afresh.

Harry then desired me to lend him ten shillings, and turning to the mourner—Hold out your two hands, my poor girl, he cried; then putting five shillings into each hand, Here is the payment for your eggs, said he; and here are five shillings more, though I fear it is too little to pay you for all the tears they cost you.

Never did I see so sudden, so great a change in any countenance. Surprise, gratitude, ecstasy flashed from her eyes, and gave a joyous flush to the muscling of her aspect. She hurried her money into her bosom, and dropping on her knees in the dirt, and seizing hold of Harry's hand, she squeezed and kissed it repeatedly, without being able to utter a word; while Harry's eyes began to fill, and, endeavouring to disengage himself, he made off as fast as he could from such thanks as he thought he had no way deserved.

This, sir, was the last of our adventures going to London. But had you seen us, on our return, about two hours ago, you would have wondered at the miry plight into which we were put, by helping passengers up with their bundles that had tumbled into the dirt, or by assisting to raise cattle that had fallen under their carriages; for Master Harry would compel me to be as busy and active in matters of charity as himself.

However, sir, I am to tell you that Harry, with all his excellences of person, heart, and understanding, will be

accounted a mere idiot among people of distinction, if he is not permitted to enter into some of the fashionable foibles and fashionable vices of the age.

We were taking a walk in the Mall, when we were met by the Earl of Mansfield, who expressed great joy at seeing his old acquaintance, as he called him; and he pressed us so earnestly to dinner, that we could not, in manners, refuse him.

There was a vast concourse of company, especially of the little quality of both sexes, who came to pay their respects to young Lord Bottom and his sister the Lady Louisa.

Harry was received and saluted by Lady Mansfield and the young lord, without any appearance of the old animosity. Some time after dinner a large packet of letters was brought in to the earl, and, making his excuse to Harry alone, he rose from the table and retired to his closet.

Lord Bottom and his sister then led the young males and females to an adjoining apartment, where several card-tables were laid; and I began to tremble for the credit of my pupil on the occasion, as I knew him to be a novice in such matters.

In the mean time, the remaining ladies and gentlemen divided into two or three parties at ombre; and I sauntered about the room, admiring the prints of the Ariadne and the Aurora, that were taken from Guido, as also some capital paintings that the earl had brought from Italy.

I had spent above an hour in this pleasing amusement, and had nearly made the tour of the whole dining-room, when, as I stood at a little distance behind my lady's chair, seeming inattentive to any thing that passed, Lord Bottom entered on tiptoe, and tripping up to his mother, and tittering and whispering in her ear—What do you think, mamma? said he; sure Master Fenton is a fool, a downright fool, upon my honour! He does not know a single card in the whole pack: he does not know the difference

between the ace of hearts and the nine of clubs. I do not think either that he knows any thing of the difference or value of coin; for, as we passed through the hall to-day, a beggar asked for a halfpenny, and I saw him slip a shilling into his hand. Indeed, mamma, he is the greatest fool that ever I knew; and yet, poor fellow, he does not seem to know any thing of the matter himself.

During this oration of Lord Bottom on the virtues of his new friend, I felt my whole body glow and tingle with concern; and soon after Harry entered with the rest of the small quality.—Master Fenton, cries my lady, I beg to speak with you.—Don't you know the cards, my dear?—No, indeed, madam.—Can't you play at dice?—No, madam.—Can you play at draughts, polish, or chess?—Not at all, madam.—Why then, my dear, I must tell you that all your father's fortune will never introduce you among people of any breeding or of any fashion. Can you play at no kind of game, Master Harry?—A little at fox and geese, madam.—And pray, my dear, said my lady smiling, which of the parties do you espouse?—The part of the geese, madam.—I thought as much, pertly cried out my Lord Bottom; whereupon a loud laugh was echoed through the room.

Here my lady chid the company, and calling Harry to her again, for he had gone something aloof—Tell me, I pray you, said she, why you espouse the part of the geese.—Because, madam, I always wish that simplicity should get the better of fraud and cunning.

The countess here looked astonished; and having gazed a while at him, and caught and kissed him eagerly—You are a noble fellow, she cried, and all must be fools or mad that ever shall take you for the one or the other.

The elder gentry here laid their cards aside, and desired the young ones to set about some play. Lady Louisa proposed draw-gloves, or questions and commands, and to it they went.

Among the females was one Miss Uppish, sole heiress to a vast fortune. Though her person was deformed, her face was the picture of confident disdain; and scarce any one could speak to her, or look at her, without being told of the contempt she had for them, by the side glance of her eye, the writhing of her neck, and tossing up of her head.

In the course of the play, our Harry was commanded to put the candle into the hand of Miss Uppish, and then to kiss the candlestick; which command he obeyed literally, by giving her the candle, and kissing the candlestick which he held in his own hand.

Hereupon, a great shout was set up in the young assembly, and—O the fool, the senseless creature; the fool, the fool, the fool! was repeated throughout; while Lord Bottom laughed, and danced about in the impatience of his joy.

I was amazed that Harry's countenance seemed no way disconcerted by all this ridicule. At length Lady Mansfield called him to her. How, my dear, could you be guilty of such an error? she said; did not you know that, when you gave the candle into the hand of the young lady, she became the candlestick, and it was her you should have kissed? Harry then approached to her ladyship's ear, and in a pretty loud whisper, said—I did not like the metal, madam, that the candlestick was made of. Again Lady Mansfield looked surprised, and said—You are a sly rogue, a very sly rogue, upon my honour; and have sense enough to dupe the wisest of us all.

Jemmy Bottom, cried my lady aloud, come here! I can't but tell you, Jemmy, that you have behaved yourself extremely ill to your young friend here, who might have improved you by his example, as much as he has honoured you by his visit. I must further tell you, Jemmy Bottom, that, whenever you pique yourself on degrading Mr. Fenton, you only pride in your own abasement, and glory in your

shame. Hereupon I got up, and, leaving our compliments for the earl, I carried off my young charge, for fear of our falling into any further disgrace.

While Harry is abroad, said Mr. Fenton, be pleased to give me a general sketch of the manner in which you disposed of your money.—In the first place, sir, answered Clement, you will find by this list, that, for little more than the five hundred pounds allotted, we released ninety-five prisoners, whose debts amounted from forty shillings to about twelve pounds per man. These, in the general, had been journeymen tailors or weavers, or professors of other inferior crafts; and, as they wanted means or encouragement for exercising their respective occupations in jail, they subsisted on the pence which they got by begging at the grates, or on their dividends of occasional sums which were sent for their relief by charitable individuals. Nearly all of them were thin in flesh, and extremely shabby in clothing; and yet they could hardly be said to excite compassion, as they appeared so cheerful and unfeeling of their own wretchedness. Neither was there one of them, that I could learn a single circumstance of, whose story was worth reciting.

Some, however, were of a quality much superior to this class. Among others, there was a French marquis and a German prince; the prince had been put under arrest by his caterer, and the marquis by his tailor; so that something less than fifty pounds set them both at liberty.

While the keeper of the Fleet Prison was making out a list for us of the principal debtors, Harry and I took a turn about the court, and observed two fellows in liveries bearing several smoking covers up the stone stairs to a front dining-room. This surprised me, and gave me the curiosity to inquire what prisoners it could be who lived in so expensive and superb a manner.—Sir, said the under-keeper, there are few men now at liberty near so wealthy as this

gentleman, who has done us the honour to set up his staff of rest in our house. His name is Sink. He is an attorney and an old bachelor, turned of sixty years of age. He is in for several sums, amounting to upwards of nine thousand pounds, and he is reputed to be worth above double that money.

During the last twenty years, he behaved himself with the strictest probity toward all men, and with the strictest appearance of piety toward God. In the dark, in frost and snow, and all inclemencies of weather, he never missed attending morning service at church. He was equally solicitous to be at evening prayer; and, whatever company he chanced to have with him, or how important soever the business in which he was engaged, the moment he heard the bell ring, he would huddle up his papers and break away without ceremony. He was eager in his inquiries to know where the sacrament was soonest to be administered, and he never missed receiving it at least once in the week. Whenever he heard any profaneness or obscenity in the streets, he would stop to reprove and expostulate with the offender. In short, he so perfectly counterfeited or took off, as they call it, the real Christian, that many looked to see him, like Enoch or Elijah, taken alive into heaven.

This perpetual parade of sanctity gave him such an eclat and unmeasurable credit, that he was left trustee and executor in a multitude of wills; and numbers also deposited their substance in his hands, in order to be laid out at interest on securities, and so forth.

Three months since, about the dawning, as his butcher happened to pass by his door, he heard it open, and turning saw a number of porters come out heavy laden. This gave him a kind of suspicion. He let them all pass, and, walking softly after, he stepped up to the hindmost, and offered him half-a-crown on condition of his telling him where they were carrying those parcels. That I will, said

the porter; for the secret, if such it is, is nothing to me, you know. In short, we are carrying them to the wharf, to be put on board a boat that waits to take them in.

The butcher said no more, but hurried away to the baker, and, as they both run to the office, they met the brewer by the way. They took out their respective actions, and, taking a constable with them, they seized on good Mr. Sink, as he was stepping into a coach and six to make the best of his way to Dover. He would have paid them their money and discharged their actions on the spot; but here the master, in whom he trusted, happened to leave him in the lurch. As he had turned all his effects into money, and his money into paper, he had not at hand wherewith to pay his instant creditors. So they hurried him to jail, and before the banks were open the matter was blown, and action after action came pouring fast upon him.

When he found himself thus at bay, he cast aside his disguise, and set them all at defiance. His creditors have since offered to accept ten shillings, and some of them to accept five shillings, in the pound; but he swears that he will never pay them a groat; for he is now as liberal of his oaths and impious execrations, as he was lately of his more impious profanation of gospel phrases. And thus he daily revels in the sensual consumption of those wretches whom he hath so inhumanely defrauded; while hundreds of orphans and widows, and other miserables, perish for want of the sustenance which one infernal appetite devours without remorse. Nay, several of his creditors are, at this very time, famishing in this prison, while they see him feasting so lavishly upon their spoils.

The gorge of my soul, cried Mr. Fenton, the very gorge of my soul rises against this demon! Can nothing be done to bring him to punishment? Our parliament will surely interfere in such a calling exigence; they will send to the several banks and take up all the deposits that have been

made in his name.—Alas, sir! said Clement, he was already aware of such possibilities, and has entered all his lodgments in feigned names, and to bearer upon demand.

Indeed, continued Clement, I heartily wished at the time that the laws of the Grecians and Romans had been in force among us, by which the debtor was given up to be set to labour, whipped, or tortured, at the pleasure of the creditor.

God forbid! God forbid! exclaimed Mr. Fenton.

When we see mankind divided into the rich and the poor, the strong and the weak, the sound and the sickly, we are apt to imagine that health, strength, or opulence was given to those, and infirmity, want, and weakness appointed to these, as marks of the peculiar favour or disfavour of Providence.

God, however, knows that there is nothing permanently good or evil in any of these things. He sees that nothing is a good but virtue, and that nothing is a virtue save some quality of benevolence. On benevolence, therefore, he builds the happiness of all his intelligent creatures; and in this our mortal state (our short apparatus for a long futurity), he has ordained the relative differences of rich and poor, strong and weak, sound and sickly, &c., to exercise us in the offices of that charity and those affections, which, reflecting and reflected, like mutual light and warmth, can alone make our good to all eternity.

Benevolence produces and constitutes the heaven or beatitude of God himself. He is no other than an infinite and eternal Good Will. Benevolence must, therefore, constitute the beatitude or heaven of all dependent beings, however infinitely diversified through several departments and subordinations, agreeable to the several natures and capacities of creatures.

God has appointed human power and human wealth, as a ready and sufficient fund for human want and weakness;

to which fund, therefore, they have as good a right to resort as any other creditors have to respective trusts or deposits; for though poverty and weakness are not creditors by the laws of man, they are creditors by the eternal laws of nature and equity, and must here, or hereafter, bring their debtors to account.

Every man, when he becomes a member of this or that society, makes a deposit of three several sorts of trusts, that of his LIFE, that of his LIBERTY, and that of his PROPERTY.

Now as every man, in his separate or independent state, has by nature the absolute disposal of his property, he can convey the disposal thereof to society, as amply and absolutely as he was, in his separate right, entitled thereto.

This, however, cannot be said of his life, or of his liberty. He has no manner of right to take away his own life, neither to depart from his own liberty: he cannot therefore convey to others a right and authority which he hath not in himself.

The question then occurs, by what right it is that the legislative and executive powers of community appoint some persons to death, and others to imprisonment? My answer is short, and follows:—

It is the right, perhaps the duty, of every man, to defend his life, liberty, and property, and to kill or bind the attempters. This right he can, therefore, convey; and on such conveyance it becomes the right and duty of the trustees of society to put to death or imprison all who take away, or attempt the life, liberty, or property of any of its members.

This right, however, extends to criminal matters only; and it does not yet appear to me upon what reason, or right rule, founded in nature or policy, the several societies of mankind have agreed to deliver up their members to

slavery, to stripes, tortures, or imprisonment, for matters merely civil, such as debts.

Several of the states of Greece, though accounting the rest of the world as barbarians, and even the Roman republic, during the times of its most boasted policy and freedom, gave up insolvent debtors (without inquiring into the causes or occasions of such insolvency) as slaves, or absolute property, into the hands of their creditors, to be sold at will, or put to labour, or starved, macerated, or tortured, in order to give value in vengeance, which they could not give in coin or other equivalent commodities.

The Jewish or Mosaic law, though allowing sufficiently, as Christ says, for "the hardness of that people's hearts," yet gave perfect enlargement to all Jews who were bondmen, and perfect remission to all Jews who were personal debtors, on every seventh or sabbatical year, and on every seventh or sabbatical year, or jubilee, all prisons were thrown open; all slaves, though foreigners or aliens, set at liberty, and even the lands were enfranchised, however mortgaged, or labouring under debt and execution; that all things, animate or inanimate, might have an earnest of that immunity and perfect freedom which God originally intended, and keeps in store for all his creatures.

The laws of Egypt permitted no member to deprive the public of the life, liberty, or labour of any other member, except he were a criminal not fitting to live, or to be suffered to walk at large. In all cases of debtor and creditor, they equitably appointed value for value, as far as the substance of the debtor could reach; and, in case of insufficiency, the insolvent party was obliged to leave in pledge the mummies, or preserved bodies, of his deceased ancestors, till, by industry or good fortune, either he or his posterity should be enabled to redeem them—a matter of refined as well as charitable policy; as nothing was held more

infamous among the Egyptians than their inability to produce the mummies of their forefathers.

The laws of Holland, by their late qualifications, seem to acknowledge the iniquity, or inadequateness, of depriving a man of the possibility of earning, merely because he has not an immediate ability to pay. Sensible, therefore, that all men are debtors to God, and reciprocally debtors and creditors to each other, they have ordained that he who imprisons an insolvent debtor shall pay the proper penalty of his malevolence or indiscretion, by maintaining the party from whom he takes the ability of maintaining himself.

It must be admitted that, were our laws less severe with respect to debtors, were people less afraid of the jail on failure of payment, there would be less credit, and consequently less dealing in this so wondrously wealthy and trading a nation. But if our credit were less, would not our extravagance lessen also? Should we see such princely tables among people of the lower class? would so much claret, spirits, and ale, intoxicate a kingdom? should we see the value of a German prince's ransom gorgeously attiring each of our belle-dames, if neither merchant, butcher, brewer, laceman, mercer, milliner, nor tailor, would trust?

Many of our poor city dealers are yearly undone, with their families, by crediting persons who are privileged not to pay, or whose remoteness or power places them beyond the reach of the law. For by the return of *non-invent.* generally made upon writs, one would be apt to imagine that no single sub-sheriff knew of any such thing as a man of fortune, within his respective county, throughout the kingdom of Great Britain.

Before money became the medium of commerce, the simple business of the world was carried on by truck, or the commutation of one commodity for another. But when men consented to fix certain rateable values upon money, as a

ready and portable equivalent for all sorts of effects, credit was consequently introduced, by the engagements of some to pay so much money in lieu of such commodities, or to deliver such or such commodities on the advance of so much money; and states found it their interest to support such public credit by enforcing the performance of such engagements.

By the common law of England, no person except the king could take the body of another in execution for debt; neither was this prerogative of the crown extended to the subject till the statute of Marlbridge, chap. 23, in the reign of Henry III.

Many contract debts through vanity or intemperance; or borrow money, or take up goods, with the intention of thieves and robbers, never to make return. When such suffer, they suffer deservedly in expiation of their guilt. But there are unavoidable damages by water, by fire, the crush of power, oppressive landlords, and more oppressive lawsuits, death of cattle, failure of crop, failure of payment in others; with thousands of suchlike casualties, whereby men may become bankrupt, and yet continue blameless. And in all such cases one would think that the present ruin was sufficient calamity, without the exertion of law to make that ruin irreparable.

As all the members of a community are interested in the life, liberty, and labours of each other, he who puts the rigour of our laws in execution, by detaining an insolvent brother in jail, is guilty of a fourfold injury; first, he robs the community of the labours of their brother; secondly, he robs his brother of all means of retrieving his shattered fortune; thirdly, he deprives himself of the possibility of payment; and lastly, he lays an unnecessary burden on the public, who, in charity, must maintain the member whom he in his cruelty confines.

However, since the severity of law is such, that he whose

misfortunes have rendered him insolvent must "make satisfaction," (for so the savages esteem it,) by surrendering his body to durance for life, it is surely incumbent on our legislators and governors to make the condition of the unhappy sufferers as little grievous as may be.

But this most Christian duty, this most humane of all cares, is yet to come. When a debtor is delivered up into the fangs of his jailer, he is consigned to absolute and arbitrary slavery; and woe be to the wretch whose poverty may not have left him a sop for Cerberus. How more than miserable must be the state of those unhappy men, who are shut in from all possible redress or appeal against the despotic treatment of their savage keepers, whose hearts are habitually hardened to all sense of remorse, and whose ears are rendered callous by incessant groans!

We are credibly informed that it is usual with such keepers to amass considerable fortunes from the wrecks of the wretched: to squeeze them by exorbitant charges and illicit demands, as grapes are squeezed in a vine-press while one drop remains; and then to huddle them together into naked walls and windowless rooms; having got all they can, and nothing further to regard, save the return of their lifeless bodies to their creditors.

How many of these keepers exact from their distressed prisoners seven and eight shillings per week, for rooms that would not rent at a third of that sum in any other part of this city! At times, nine of those wretched prisoners are driven to kennel together in a hovel, fit only to stable a pair of horses, while many unoccupied apartments are locked up from use. Even a sufficiency of the common element of water is refused to their necessities, an advantage which the felons in Newgate enjoy. Public or private benefactions are dissipated or disposed of at the pleasure of the keepers, regardless of the intention or order

of the donors. And the apartments appointed to these miserable men are generally damp or shattered in the flooring, and exposed, by breach or want of windows, to the inclemency of night-air, and all the rigour of the season.

But what avail their complaints if the legislature have not authorized, or made it the duty, of some especial magistrates to examine into and redress these crying abuses?

But tell me, continued Mr. Fenton, were there any prisoners of consideration among the confined debtors?—A few, sir, of note, and many who had been well to pass in the world. Among these, indeed, it was that every scene and species of misery was displayed. There you might see, as you have said, numerous families of wretches, whose thin and tattered garments but ill defended their shivering bodies from the inclemency of the elements, that blew through shattered windows or came pouring from unstanched roofs.

These people fared incomparably worse than those of the vulgar herd; for, being ashamed to beg at the grates, they had nothing to subsist on save their scanty portions of such charities as happened to be sent in from time to time, and this scarcely supplied them with a sufficiency of water, black bread, and offal; while the recollection of their former affluence added sharp and bitter poignancy to the sense of their present wants. But here comes my pupil; he will be more particular on scenes with which his heart was so meltingly affected.

Harry then entered, with Mrs. Clement caressing him on the one side, and his old dependent Ned hanging about him on the other.

As soon as Clement and his Arabella had embraced, and all were settled and seated—Well, Harry, said Mr. Fenton, will you favour us with some account of your expedition? Have you ever a pretty story for me, my Harry?—Several stories, sir, said Harry, that were sweet pretty stories when

I heard them; but Mr. Clement had better tell them, they would be sadly bungled if they came through my hands, sir.—The company will make allowances, replied Mr. Fenton; let us have these stories in your own way, Harry, just as your memory may happen to serve you.

On the second day, sir, as my tutor and I were walking in the court-yard of the Fleet Prison, whom should I spy but my old master, Mr. Vindex, walking very sad to and again by the wall. He was so pāle and shabby, and so fallen away, that I did not rightly know him till I looked at him very earnestly. My heart then began to soften and warm toward the poor man; for it told me that something very sorrowful must have happened, before he could have been brought to that condition. So I went up to him with a face, I believe, as melancholy as his own.

How do you do, good Mr. Vindex? said I. I should be glad to see you, if I did not see you look so sad. He then stared at me for some time, and at length remembering me, he looked concerned, and turned away to shun me; but I took him lovingly by the hand, and said—You must not leave me, Mr. Vindex; won't you know your old scholar, Harry Fenton?—Yes, says he, casting down his mournful eyes, I know you now, master; I know I used you basely, and I know why you are come; but reproach me and insult me as much as you please, all is welcome now since I cannot lie lower till I am laid in the earth.

I do not mean to insult you; this tear will witness for me that I do not mean to insult you, my dear Mr. Vindex; and so I wiped my eye. Here are twenty guineas, to put warm clothes upon you in this cold weather. Little and low as I am myself, I will try to do something better for you; and so give me one kiss in token that we are friends.

The poor dear man then opened his broad eyes in a wild stare upon me, with a look that was made up half of joy and half of shame. He then kneeled down, as I supposed,

that I might reach to kiss him, and taking me into his arms—You are not born of woman; you are an angel, an angel! he cried; and so he fell a-crying, and cried so sadly, that I could not for my heart but keep him company.

I did all I could to pacify and make him cheerful, and getting him up at last—You must not part with me, Mr. Vindex, said I; we must dine and spend the day together. Here is Mr. Clement, my tutor; you and he too must be friends.

I then led him by the hand into a large ground room that Mr. Close, the chief keeper, had appointed for us; and I ordered dinner to be hastened and brought up. As soon as we were all seated, I began to laugh and joke, after my foolish way, in order to make poor Mr. Vindex merry. When I found that it would not do—Mr. Vindex, said I, be so kind to let me know what the money may come to for which you are confined?—A terrible sum, indeed, my darling, said he; no less than a hundred and fifty-two pounds. I then put my hand in my pocket, and taking out two bills and a little matter of money that made up the sum. I put it into his hand, saying, My friend shall never lie in jail for such a trifle as this.

Having looked for some time at the bills with amazement, he turned to my tutor with a doubtful and shamed face—Is this young gentleman, sir, said he, duly authorized to dispose of such vast matters as these?—He is, says Mr. Clement; he is the carver and disposer of his father's fortune at pleasure; and I am confident that his father will think himself doubly paid, in the use that his noble son has made of his privilege this day.

A gleam then, like that of sunshine, broke through his sad countenance, as through the clouds of a dark day. And are you the one, he cried—Are you the one, Master Harry, whom I treated so barbarously? You may forgive me, my little cherubim; you indeed may forgive me; but

I never—I never shall forgive myself!—O Mr. Vindex! said I, I would very nearly undergo the same whipping again to do you twice the kindness, and make you love me twice as much as you now love me.

Dinner was now served, and, calling for wine, I filled him a bumper in a large glass, which he drank to the health of my glorious dada, as he called you, sir. Upon this we grew very merry and friendly among one another; and, when dinner was over, I begged him to tell me how he came to be put into confinement.

O, Master Harry! he cried, I have suffered all that I have suffered very justly—very justly, for my harsh and cruel usage of you, Master Harry.

After the affair of the hobgoblins, as you know, the shame to which I was put by my fright and by my scourging began to be whispered, and then to be noised about the town. The boys at length catched the rumour, and began to hoot at me; and the more I chastised them the more they gathered about me, and shouted after me—A rod for the flogger; a rod for the flogger!

No disease is so deadly, no blasting so baneful, as contempt to a man in the way of his profession. My boys grew disorderly, and behaved themselves in school without respect to my person, or regard to my government. Even my intimates shunned me, and would cast at me a side glance of smiling scorn as they passed. My school then melted from me like snow in a fog. Even my boarders forsook me. I stood at a high rent; my effects were seized by the landlord. It was in vain that I solicited payment from the parents of my scholars. No one who was indebted to me would give me a penny; while all that I owed came like a tumbling house upon me, and so I was cast into this prison, from whence your bounty has set me free.

My poor broken-hearted wife would have accompanied me to jail; but, as I had not wherewithal to give her a

morsel of bread, I sent her to an old aunt, who had the humanity to take her in.

Alas, alas! poor Mr. Vindex, said I; had I guessed any part of the mischiefs that our unlucky pranks have brought upon you, I would have put both my hands into the furnace of Nebuchadnezzar rather than have had art or part in such a wickedness; for herein we acted the fable of the frogs and the boys—that which was play to us was death to you, Mr. Vindex.

In conscience, now we are indebted to you for every misfortune we caused you; and, as you are not yet paid for the half of your sufferings, I here give you my hand and word to make up a hundred and fifty pounds more for you; and for this I will not accept the smallest thanks, as I think it is no more than an act of common honesty.—And I, cried Mr. Fenton, I hold myself indebted to you a thousand pounds, my noble Harry, for that single sentiment.—That's well—that's well, sir! cried Harry, leaping up and clapping his hands; I shall now be clear in the world with all my poor creditors!

Thus, sir, continued he, it rejoiced my heart greatly to send poor Mr. Vindex away in such triumph; while my tutor and I went two or three doors off to see a mighty pretty young creature, who was said to be confined with her ancient father. And I will tell you their story, with two or three other stories more, on account of the incidents that happened while we were there, than of any thing else that was wonderful or uncommon in them.

On tapping at the door, we were desired to walk in, and saw a female with her back to us, weaving bone lace on a cushion, while an elderly man, with spectactles on, read to her in Thomas à Kempis. They both rose to salute us. Mr. Clement then stepped up, and seeing what they were about, cried—God cannot but prosper your work, good people, since you employ your time to his purposes, both on

earth and in heaven. As an earnest of his kindness to you, he sends you by us a considerable charity, which you shall receive as soon as you inform us who and what you are, and how you came here.—Blessed be the messengers of my God! cried out the father, whether they come with happy or with heavy tidings! I say, with old Eli—"It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."

O father! I was quite charmed when the daughter turned to me; there was such a sweetness, such a heavenly harmlessness, in her face, that I could have kissed her, and kissed her, again and again.

As I had brought a glass and the remainder of our bottle with me, we all got about a board that was half stool and half table, and, after a round or two, the good man began his story.

My father's name was Samuel Stern. He had a clear estate of nine hundred and fifty pounds a-year in Sussex; and had by my mother three daughters and four sons, of whom I was the second.

My father, unhappily, was a loyalist; and when the troubles broke out between King Charles and the parliament, he took up all the money he could at any interest, and raised a company at his own cost, which he headed on the part of his royal master.

After some successful skirmishes, his head was split in two by the broadsword of a trooper at the battle of Naseby. Immediately all our servants forsook us, each carrying away with him whatever came to hand; and quickly after the soldiers of the Commonwealth came, carried off all the cattle, and left nothing of our house except the bare walls.

In the mean time, we poor children huddled together into the garden, and there separating, ran and crept under bushes and hedges, as so many chickens endeavouring to gain shelter from the kite.

As soon as the noise of the tumult was over, we rose and looked about fearfully; and, getting together again, we helped one another through the garden hedge, and made as fast as we could to the cottage of a neighbouring farmer, who had been our father's tenant. Here we were received coldly, and fared but very hardly for that night. On the next day, however, in order to get quit of us, as I suppose, the man went among our relations, and prevailed on one to take a son, and on another to take a daughter, till we were all divided among them; and so we entered on a kind of service to our kindred—a service, as I believe, that is found on experience to be much harder and more insulting than any service to a stranger.

I forgot to tell you, gentlemen, that our mother deceased before our father engaged in arms, insomuch that we became orphans in all respects. I fell to the share of an uncle by my mother's side. He had a small estate of about a hundred and twenty pounds yearly income, with one son, and a daughter whom I thought very lovely.

My uncle appointed me overseer of his labourers, as also his occasional clerk, for casting accounts and inditing his letters, &c.; but when it was intimated to him that there was a secret liking between his daughter and me, he called me aside, and, taking up a book of profane poems, he kissed it, and swore by the contents thereof, that if ever I married his daughter he would not give us a groat.

If you ever knew what love was, said he to Mr. Clement, you must know that it breaks over stronger fences than these. In short, we were wedded, and turned out of the house without any thing to live upon except about the value of twenty pounds in small matters, which had been given to my wife from time to time, by Lady Goodly, her godmother.

We made the best of our way to London. My wife understood needlework; and as I knew that my father-in-law was quite irreconcilable, I joined myself to a house-painter,

to whom I gave my time for nothing, on condition of his giving me a sight into his business.

In the third year my dear wife brought this poor creature into the world; but happily, she did not encumber mankind with any more of our wretched and depending progeny.

All our care and delight was fixed on this our little daughter, and we thought nothing of any pains or labour that might serve to introduce her, like herself, into the world.

As soon as Charles II. had ascended the throne, our relations were fully assured that we should be restored to our ancient rights and possessions; and they contributed, as it were for their own credit, to set us forth in a suitable manner for appearing at court. There, accordingly, we attended, from time to time, for the space of twelve months, and got a number of woful memorials presented to his majesty; but his majesty was so deeply engaged in his pleasures, or so fearful of offending the enemies of his house, that he gave no attention to our wrongs. There may be also something in the breasts of the great that excites them to acts of bounty rather than acts of justice; for these, as they apprehend, might be accepted as matter of debt and not as matter of favour.

Being tired of a fruitless suit, I returned to my former employment, and, by industry and frugality, I lived with my little family quite happy and contented.

About ten months ago, two men came to our lodgings. The one was in a rich livery, and, having inquired for my daughter, presented her with a note to this effect:—"Lady Diana Templar sends Diana Stern the enclosed bill of twenty-five pounds, in order to put her into some little way of livelihood." As my poor dear child had no cause to suspect any fraud or evil intention in the case, she desired the men to return her most humble thanks and duty to her ladyship, and away they went.

As this lady was a distant relation of my wife's father, my daughter in a few days dressed herself in her best, and went to return thanks to her ladyship in person, but was told that she was gone to her seat in the country.

In the mean time she laid out her supposed bounty in furnishing a little front shop with some millinery wares, and was already beginning to get some custom, when one evening two bailiffs entered, laid an action upon her, and, taking her up in their arms, hurried her into a coach that drove up to the door.

My wife and I had rushed out on hearing our child shriek; and, seeing a coach set off with her at a great rate, we ran after as fast as we could, shouting, and screaming, and crying—Stop the coach—stop the coach! At length a bold fellow who was passing caught one of the horses by the bridle, and, while the coachman lashed at him, he took out his knife and cut the reins in two. A mob then began to gather; whereupon a well-dressed man, who was in the coach, leaped out and made his escape, but the coachman was not so lucky; the people pulled him from the box, and having beaten and kicked him, they dragged him through the kennel.

Meanwhile we got our child out, and then the mob overturned the coach, and, jumping upon it, broke and dashed it all to pieces. We then thought that we had nothing further to apprehend, and, taking our child between us, we turned back and walked homeward; but, alas! we were not permitted to enter. The two bailiffs met us, and, producing their writ, again arrested our daughter at the suit, as they said, of Jonathan Delvil, Esq., for the sum of twenty-five pounds, which he had lent her on such a day. So they conducted her here, while my wife and I accompanied her, weeping and sobbing all the way.

I then took these poor apartments to cover us from the weather, and, as my wife grew suddenly sick and faint, I

hastened back to our lodgings and had our bedding brought hither.

It was now evident that the pretended gift of Lady Templar was no other than a diabolical scheme of the villain Delvil to get my darling within his fangs; and I cursed my own stupidity for not perceiving it at first; but blessed be God, however, in all events, that my lamb was still innocent—was still unsullied.

What with grief and with fright together, my dear wife took to her bed, from whence she never rose, but expired on the fifth day, blessing and pressing her daughter to her bosom. My poor infant then fell as dead beside her mother, and could not be recovered from her fit in many hours; and indeed it was then the wish and the prayer of my soul, that we might all be laid and forgotten in one grave together.

As soon as my darling was recovered, however, I again wished to live for her sake, that I might not leave her without a comforter or protector in the midst of a merciless and wicked world.

In order to pay the nurse-keeper, the doctor, and apothecary, as also to defray the funeral expenses, I left my child with the nurse-keeper, and, going to our former lodgings, I sold all her millinery matters at something under a third of prime cost; and having discharged the lodgings, and paid my jail debts, I prepared to lay my precious deposit in the womb of that earth which is one day to render her back incorruptible to eternity.

When the corpse was carrying out at the door my child fell once more into fits, and I was divided and quite distracted about what I should do, whether to stay with the living, or pay my duty to the dead. But I will no longer detain you with melancholy matters, since all worldly griefs, with all worldly joys also, must shortly be done away.

As soon as I understood that Lady Templar was returned

to town, I waited upon her, and giving her an abridgment of our manifold misfortunes, I produced the note that had been written in her name; but she coldly replied that it was not her hand, and that she was not answerable for the frauds or villanies of others.

Meanwhile, my dear girl accused herself as the cause of all our calamities, and pined away on that account as pale as the sheet she lay in. She was also so enfeebled by her faintish and sick fits, that she was not able to make a third of her usual earnings; and as I, on my part, was also disqualified from labouring in my profession, since I did not dare to leave my child alone and unsheltered, we were reduced to a state of the greatest extremity.

One day word was brought me that a gentleman, a few doors off, desired to speak with me; and as they who are sinking catch at any thing for their support, my heart fluttered in the hope of some happy reverse. Accordingly I followed the messenger. His appearance in dress and person was altogether that of the gentleman.

He ordered all others out of the room, and requesting me to sit beside him, in a half whispering voice he began:—I am come, Mr. Stern, from one whom you have great reason to account your greatest enemy: I come from Mr. Delvil, at whose suit your daughter now lies in prison. I started. —Be patient, sir, he said. He knows your distresses—he knows all your wants—he knows also that he is the author of them; yet I tell you that he feels them as if they were his own, and that it was not his enmity, but his love, that occasioned them.

He depends on his old uncle Dimmock for a vast fortune in expectation. He saw your daughter, and loved her; he saw her again, and loved her to madness. He inquired her family, her character, and found that he had nothing to expect from any licentious proposal. He feared, however, that all must love her as he did, and, to prevent other pirates,

he made use of the stratagem which, contrary to his intentions, has brought you here. He never meant any thing dishonourable by your daughter. Had he carried her clear off, you might all have been happy together at this day; and, if you consent, he will marry her here in the presence of a few witnesses, who shall be sworn to secresy till his uncle's death; and he will instantly pay you down three hundred pounds in recompense for your sufferings, and will settle one hundred pounds annuity on your child for life.

I must own that, to one in my circumstances, this proposal had something very tempting in it. But who is this Mr. Delvil? said I. I know him not; I never saw him.—I am the man, sir, said he. I would have discharged my action as I came to this place; but I dare not permit your daughter to get out of my custody; for, at the loss of my fortune—at the loss of my life—I am determined that no other man living shall possess her.—I then promised him that I would make a faithful narration to my child of all that had passed, but told him, at the same time, that I would wholly subscribe to her pleasure; and so we parted.

As soon as I represented this matter to my Diana—O no! my papa, she cried; it is impossible—it never can be; I would do any thing—suffer any thing—but this, for your relief. Would you act the marriage of the lamb and the wolf in the fable? If such have been the consequences of this gentleman's affection for us, what have we not to expect from the effects of his aversion? I would prefer any kind of death to a life with such a man. And then, my mother, she cried, and burst into tears—my dear mother whom he has murdered! Though he were worth half the world, and would marry me publicly in the face of the other half; it will not be—it cannot be, indeed, my papa!

Hereupon I writ Mr. Delvil almost a literal account of my daughter's answer. It is nearly five weeks since this

happened, and we have not heard any thing further of him. In this time, however, we got acquainted with a family at the next door, whose converse has been a great consolation to us. There is a father and mother, and seven small children—boys and girls; they are very worthy people, and of noble descent; but how they contrive to live at all I cannot conceive, for they have no visible means of making a penny. Had we not known them, we should have thought ourselves the poorest of all creatures. We must own them more deserving of your charity than we are.

Here poor Mr. Stern ended; and you cannot think, dada, how my heart leapt with love toward him, on his recommending others as more deserving than himself. So I resolved at once what to do, and taking two fifty pound notes from my pocket-book—You shall not be under the necessity, Mr. Stern, says I, of marrying your pretty lamb here to the ugly wolf; so here is fifty pounds to pay your action and fees, and other small debts.

On taking the note he looked at it very earnestly; and when he saw it was a true note, he opened his eyes and his mouth so wide, and stood so stiff, without stirring hand or foot, that he put me in mind of Lot's wife who was turned into a pillar of salt. However, I did not seem to mind him, but turning to his daughter, and shewing her the other note, Miss Diana, says I, here is fifty pounds for you also, in order to set you up in your little shop again; but you shall not have it without a certain condition.—What condition, master? said she, smiling.—The condition, says I, of putting your arms about my neck, and giving me one or two sweet kisses. She then looked earnestly at me with eyes swimming with pleasure; and starting suddenly to me, and catching me to her bosom, she kissed my lips and my forehead, and my head, again and again; and then set up as lamentable and loud a cry as if her father had lain a corpse before her.

Mr. Stern then lifted up his eyes, and dropping on his knees—O my God! he cried, how bountiful art thou to a wretch who is not worthy the least of all thy mercies! Hereupon the daughter turned, and seeing the posture of her father, she fell on her knees before him, and throwing her arms about him, he folded her in his also, and they wept plentifully upon each other.

How comes it that crying should be so catching? However it be, Mr. Clement and I could not contain; and I shall love him the better during life for the tears that he shed on that occasion.

On hearing a smart rapping, Mr. Stern rose and opened the door, where a footman, almost breathless, delivered him a letter. The letter was to the purpose that Mr. Delvil was ill of a quinsey, that he had but a few hours to live, and requested Mr. Stern to bring his daughter to him, that, by marriage, he might give her a lawful title to his fortune. No, papa! cried Diana; living or dead, nothing shall ever bribe me to give my hand to a man who has had a hand in the death of my dearest mother.

Mr. Clement, however, thought it advisable that Mr. Stern should attend the messenger, to see if Mr. Delvil was really ill, or whether this might not be some new-contrived treachery.

This was a day of successes to poor Mr. Stern. We had promised to stay with his Diana until his return; and he had not been long gone till some one tapped at the door. I opened it, and saw an exceeding old and reverend man; he was dressed all in black, and his white head looked like snow on the feathers of the raven. Is Tom Stern here? said he.—No, sir, said I, he is gone into town.—I thought he was a prisoner. No, sir, it is not he, but his daughter who is under confinement.—Will you give a feeble old man leave to sit with you, gentlemen? and so down he sat. Come here to me, child, says he to Diana, are you a

daughter of Tom Stern?—I am, sir, so please you.—And what was your mother's name?—Ann Roche, sir; but, alas! she is not living,—I was the cause of her death; she broke her heart, good sir, on my being put to jail.—I hope, child, said the old gentleman, that you were not imprisoned for any thing that was naughty.—No, sir, no! cried Mr. Clement, it was her honesty alone that brought and kept her here; had she been less virtuous she might have been at liberty, and flaunting about in her coach.

The old man then put on his spectacles, and ordering her to draw nearer; he took a hand in each of his, and, looking intently in her face—What is your name, my dear? said he; Diana, honoured sir.—That is a pretty and chaste name, for an unchristian name. Indeed, Diana, you are a sweet babe, and the prettiest little prisoner that ever I saw. I will pay all your debts, and give you a thousand pounds, over, if you will come along with me, and be my prisoner, Diana.—Ah, sir! cried the girl, it is too much to have broken the heart of one parent already; I would not leave my dear father for any man with all the money in all the world.—You do not leave your father, he cried, by going with me, Diana. I am your true father, the father of Nanny Roche, the father of her who bore you—your own grandfather, my Diana.

Here she sunk on her knees, between his knees, begging and beseeching his blessing; while his hands and eyes were lifted in prayer over her. He then raised her, and placing her gently on his knee, clasped her in his aged arms; while she threw her's about his neck, and joining her cheek to his, sobbed aloud, and poured her tears into his bosom. The old gentleman, however, did not express his concern by word, or sob, or even any change of his countenance; and yet his tears fell fast down his reverend and delightful features, upon his grandchild.

This was a very pleasing, though a very affecting sight.

As soon as the height of their passion was something abated, Miss Diana turned her eye toward me, and said—You were pleased, my grandpapa, to promise that you would pay my debts, but that is done already. This angel here was sent to prevent all others; and he further presented me with this bill of £50, to set me up in a better shop than I kept before.

I rejoice, cried the old man, I rejoice to find that so much of heaven is still left upon earth. But you, my Diana, are now in a condition rather to give charity than receive it from any. Your dear uncle Jeremy, who traded to the West Indies, lately died of the smallpox on his passage homeward. You are the heir of his fortunes, and the heir of my fortune; you are the whole and sole lady of all our possessions. But, tell me, how much did this young gentleman advance in your favour?—A hundred pounds, sir.

He then took out a banker's note of a hundred pounds, and, having offered it to me, I did not dare to refuse it, for fear of offending the honour of the respectable old gentleman; so I held it in my hand after a doubting manner.—My dear Miss Diana, says I, I will not be put to the pain of taking this back again, but on the condition of your telling me to whom I shall give it?—O, she cried out instantly, to the babies, to the sweet babies at the next door! I wish to heaven I had as much more to add to it for their sakes.

I then inquired the name of her favourite family at the next door, and being told that it was Ruth, I looked over my list, and found that Mr. Ruth was in for above seven hundred pounds. This grieved me very much, as such a sum nearly amounted to the half of our whole stock. However, I comforted myself with the hope that God would send some one else to make up to this poor family what should be wanting on my part.

Mr. Stern just then returned. I beg pardon, said he,

gentlemen, for detaining you so long, but I could not avoid it. The unhappy man is actually dying a very terrible death, indeed, in his full strength, and almost in his full health, stifling and gasping for air, which the swelling of his glands will not suffer to pass.

As soon as I entered, he beckoned to me, and put this paper sealed into my hand. And again, observing that I was agitated and deeply concerned for the state in which he laboured, he reached out his hand to me, and grasping my right hand, put this ring upon my finger. This paper contains, under his hand and seal, a discharge of the action which he laid upon my daughter, as also a conveyance to us of the cash notes enclosed, amounting to three hundred pounds, in consideration, as he recites, of our losses and unjust sufferings. And so, my dear Mr. Fenton, I here return you your £100 with all possible acknowledgments, and a sense of the obligation that will never leave me during life.

Sir, said I, you must excuse me; I am already paid. That gentlemen yonder compelled me to accept of the very sum you offer.

Mr. Stern then started, and turning, he saw his uncle; and, eyeing him inquisitively, at length recollected who he was. He then stepped up, and falling on his knees before him—O, sir! he cried, your pardon, your pardon! 'Tis all I presume to ask; I dare not hope for your blessing.

Tom, said the old gentleman, I wanted to be even with you; I wanted to seduce your daughter, as you seduced mine. But your daughter, Tom, though come of very rebellious parents, would not be seduced. However, as I have taken a liking to her, she must come along with me, whether she will or no. And as Jacob said to Joseph concerning Ephraim and Manasseh, she shall be mine and not thine, Tom; and my name and the name of my fathers shall be named upon her, according to her inheritance.

But if you have any affection for this, my child, Tom, and are unwilling to part with her, you may follow her, and welcome.

Soon after we got up, and, having congratulated this happy family on the blessing of their meeting and reconciliation, I stepped to the old gentleman, and catching him about the neck, tenderly took my leave of him, as I did also of Mr. Stern. But when I went to take leave of the fair Diana, she drew some steps backward, and her eyes and sweet features beginning to swell, she again run forward, and catching me in her dear arms—O, my darling, my darling, my darling! she cried; am I then going to lose you, it may be never to see you more! were it but once in a week, in a month, in a year, to behold you, even that would keep me alive for all the remainder. O my best, my most generous, my first preserver! it is you who might be the seducer—who might make me and others run after you barefoot. But if we must part, my little angel, do but promise to know me in heaven, and there your poor Diana will meet you, never to part any more.

What could I say or do, sir, in answer to the dear girl? My heart swelled almost to bursting while she caressed and wept over me. At length, with words as well as my tears would give me leave to pronounce them, I demanded the name of the place to which she was going, and promised to pay her a visit as soon as possibly I could. We then parted very melancholy, notwithstanding all our success; and, going out, I wiped my eyes, and begged Mr. Clement to order tea and coffee, with a comfortable entertainment, for the family at the next door, while I should go in and introduce myself as well as I could.

Having tapped gently at the door, it was opened by a little ragged boy of about five years old. Mrs. Ruth sat full in my view, and her three little daughters stood before her, while she examined them in the Old Testament ques-

tions of who was the first man, and the wisest man, and the strongest man, and the oldest man, and, above all, the man after God's own heart?

Mrs. Ruth was a fine woman, and had a great deal of humble dignity about her. I bowed to her as I entered, and, going familiarly up, I took her by the hand and kissed it.—Allow me, madam, said I, to introduce a little neighbour to you. I lodge within a few doors, and shall think myself happy in being acquainted in your family.—Alas! my dear, says she, there are very few who seek acquaintance with calamity.—They who wish to relieve it seek acquaintance with it, madam.

Having eyed me all over with an earnest kind of surprise —You look, my love, said she, to be very good-natured, and, I daresay, will be very charitable when you come to have the ability.—The little ability I have, madam, shall be strained for your service. In the mean time, pray pardon the freedom I have taken in ordering tea and coffee into your room, with some cakes and sweetmeats for these pretty misses. I will only trouble you, madam, with one guest more; it is Mr. Clement, my tutor, who, good man, has been no stranger to poverty or distress.

Here she called Mr. Ruth from an inner room.—Give me leave, my dear, says she, to introduce a young stranger to you; from what world he comes I know not, but I am sure that he is not wholly of the world that we have lived in.

Mr. Ruth's countenance spoke at once the meekness of Moses and the patience of Job. Having saluted, we both sat down.—Mr. Ruth, said I, I have a message to you and your lady from your sweet, pretty neighbour, Miss Diana Stern. In token of her respect and affection for you, she presents you with this cash-note of a hundred pounds.—Diana Stern! cried out Mr. Ruth; why, master, she is nearly as poor as ourselves.—By no means, sir, I assure

you; her grandfather has come to town; she is worth several thousands, besides a considerable estate to which she is heiress.—O the dear creature! the dear angel! cried Mrs. Ruth; I will instantly go and pay her my acknowledgments. So up she got, and out she run, before I could prevent her.

As soon as she was gone—Mr. Ruth, says I, my father is much fonder of me than I deserve. He has given me a little money to dispose of at pleasure among the confined debtors; and, though I may not have enough to answer your occasions, yet my father is so very good and so very generous, that if you give me the sum of your debts, with the story of your distresses, his heart, I am sure, will melt, and he will set you clear in the world.

He made no answer, however, to this my offer, but, lifting up his eyes, he cried—Well mightest thou say, great Saviour of the simple, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." O thou babe of the manger! "thou first-born of many brethren;" here, indeed, is a dear and true little brother of thine; but he speaks in his simplicity, and not according to knowledge! Then, turning toward me—Can you guess, my darling, said he, what you undertake to do for me? I question if the charities of all this nation would be sufficient, when united, to effect my deliverance. Nothing—nothing, but the arm of the Almighty can do it. He will do it, indeed, in death; but what then shall become of my wife and seven infants? that truly is terrible—is worse than death to think of!

While we were speaking two sweet little fellows came in, the eldest very nearly of my size, but both clad in very thin and poor-looking apparel. Having kneeled for their father's blessing, they slipped behind us; and, turning my head to observe them, I was quite ashamed, and drew it back again on perceiving that the poor things were unlad-

ing their pockets of old crusts and broken meats, which I supposed they had begged for the family.

Mrs. Ruth just then returned, and her countenance looked something dejected. She took her seat by her husband, and, continuing a while silent, she put her handkerchief before her eyes, and began in broken words—Can you guess, my dear, said she, what sort of a creature this is whom we have got among us? This little heavenly impostor, to lighten our obligation, would have persuaded us that the hundred pounds was the gift of another; but it is all his own bounty—it is all his own graciousness. Come, my daughters—come, my children, kneel down and return your thanks to this your patron, your benefactor, your little father here!

O, sir, you would have pitied me sadly had you seen me at this time! The poor dear things came, all in a cluster, pressing, and catching, and clasping, and clinging about me, while my love and my very heart was torn, as it were, to fritters among them. So I took them one by one in my arms, and kissed and embraced them very cordially, calling them my brothers and sisters. I then took out another hundred-pound note, and giving it to the eldest of the daughters—Here, my dear, said I, I always loved the little misses better than the little masters; here is for yourself and your sisters, to clothe you in a way more becoming your family. And then taking a note, of equal value, I gave it to the eldest son, for himself and his brothers, as I said, to help to educate them in a manner more agreeable to the house from whence they came.

Mr. and Mrs. Ruth looked so astonished at me, and at each other, that for a while they were not able to utter a syllable; and, just as they began to make their acknowledgments, I cried—Hush, hush! here comes my tutor.

Mr. Clement just then entered, followed by several

servants, who carried a tea equipage, cold fowl, baked meats, with pastries and some wine.

Having introduced Mr. Clement, we all got round the table, and after a tea and a further regale, I besought Mr. Ruth to give us the story of his misfortunes.

My father, said he, was baron of Frankford. He left my brother with the title, four thousand five hundred pounds a-year entailed, however, upon me, in case of his dying without male issue; and he left me a small inheritance of four hundred pounds yearly, to support in some measure the appearance of a gentleman.

As my concern bordered on my brother's estate, we saw one another every day, and continued for several years in straight and tender amity.

Being both invited one day to dine with other company, at the house of a neighbour called Mr. Heartless, a question happened to be started over the bottle, whether the method of setting an egg on end was originally the invention of Columbus, or whether it was communicated to him by some other, and I unhappily espoused the opinion that was opposite to that of my brother.

Now, though the question was not worth the very shell of the egg about which we debated, yet we entered as warmly into it as though a province had lain at stake; for it is not truth or instruction that disputants seek after—it is victory alone that is the object of their contention.

After some warm words and personal retorts had passed between my brother and me, he started into sudden passion, and gave me the lie; whereupon, reaching across the table, I gave him a tap on the cheek with the flat of my fingers, then rising furiously from his seat, he swore a fearful oath, and cried—I will ruin you, Harry, though it cost me my estate; I will ruin you, Harry Ruth, with all who are yours.

The very next day he mustered his tenants and labourers,

and, coming upon me with a little army, he laid most of my fences level with the earth.

When I complained of this violence to my next neighbours, Mr. Heartless and Mr. Hollow, they protested they would stand by me against such outrageous proceedings to the last of their fortunes. They then advanced me, between them, five hundred pounds for the purpose. I immediately commenced suit against my lord's tenants. But, though I cast them all with costs, I unhappily found that nearly all my money was sunk in the contest.

Meantime, scarce a day passed wherein I was not served with a subpœna from chancery, to answer such or such a bill, to which my brother had procured me to be made a party. And he also entered a suit against me himself, in order to invalidate my father's will, whereby I claimed my little patrimony.

When I told this to my friend Mr. Hollow, he broke into a loud laugh. Your title! cried he; the world cannot invalidate your title, Mr. Ruth; I will let you have a thousand pounds upon it to-morrow; and this I was under the necessity of accepting soon after.

Contention serves, with mutual hands, to shut every door against reconciliation. The more I had loved my brother, the more I now detested him. Instead of any submission or overture to appease him, my lips uttered, in daily invectives, the overflowings of my heart; as I also was assured that, on his part, he wished me nothing less than eternal perdition. Thus we burned, on both sides, with unquenchable fire, and the kingdom of Satan was fully opened within us.

At length my body was imprisoned, at the suit of my neighbour Heartless, for £750, and my lands were taken under execution, at the suit of my neighbour Hollow, for the sum of £2000. But I soon was informed that all this money was my brother's, who had advanced it from time

to time, to those his clandestine correspondents, in order to hasten and deepen my destruction. When I understood this I raged—I was all on fire; and I took a horrid pleasure in the notion of having the fangs of a tiger, that I might tear my brother piecemeal, and my false friends limb from limb, and feast my spirit on their pangs, and mine eyes on their carnage.

But when I turned a look on my wife and seven infants, grief joined with rage to rend me by a double distraction. I cursed the lot to which I was appointed upon earth, and I should have sought some desperate means of putting an end to my torments and existence together, but that I dreaded, by my death, to give pleasure to my brother, ten times more than I dreaded the pain of death itself.

O my friends! had all that ever were sainted come and preached to me the peace of our Lord Christ at that season, it would have been no more than beating the air, or striving with so many sponges to make an impression on a block of marble. It is distress alone that, by oppression, makes impression—that preaches the internal doctrine of sensible mortification, and humbles a proud spirit by plucking away all its props.

At first, I was a worm under the foot of my God. I turned and struggled, and writhed, and fought with all my force against the crusher. But, alas! all was in vain; he was too mighty for me, and opposition served only to add to my anguish.

At length I was compelled to acquiesce, rather through the want of power than the want of will to resist. And I lay, as it were, without motion under his dispensations; at the same time that my heart reproached him in secret.

Having sold all our moveables, and even our wearing apparel for sustenance, we were reduced to the necessity of sending our eldest boys to beg fragments of victuals at kitchen-windows, to keep us from utterly famishing. This

I held to be such a further shame and disgrace as stung my soul to the quick; I therefore began to kick against these pricks also; but finding that the more I spurned, the stronger I was held and pressed into the dust, I gave up all resistance, and contented myself with grieving and weeping under the hand of the Almighty.

From hence I gradually sunk into a state of resigned serenity, which, although without sunshine, was yet without disturbance. My fury smoothed its crest, my passions subsided, and I felt nothing more of rancour against my brother, or resistance against my God.

The activity of the soul will find itself employment. As I had now no further prospect or concern upon earth, I began to turn my thoughts and attention toward heaven. I locked myself into yonder closet. I threw myself into the dust. I have sinned, I cried—I have greatly sinned, O God! I am nothing—I am crushed even lower than the nothing that I am; spare, spare me from a deeper perdition, I beseech thee!

I felt that my prayer was heard: peace descended upon me like dew upon the night; the day-star began gradually to dawn to my soul; the dark kingdom of Satan gave way before the kingdom of the Son of light and love; and I would no more have entertained any one of my former passions than I would have taken burning coals and have buttoned them up in my bosom.

I was greatly delighted, father, with this part, and some more of Mr. Ruth's story; and I got him to repeat it over and over, that I might remember it the better.

I now, continued he—I now pitied my brother as much as ever I had hated him. I grieved for having caused the loss of his peace. I wished to restore it to him. I wrote a penitential acknowledgment of my faults. I besought his pardon, in the humblest manner, for the unfortunate blow. I subscribed to the justice of my consequent suf-

ferings; and I sent my son here, to attend his lordship with my lowly address.

The triumph which this humiliation gave to my brother, supplied him with patience to go through my memorial. But then conceiving, as I suppose, that it was dictated by mercenary meanness and hypocrisy, he tore it to pieces and dashed it into the fire. Then returning to my child the box which had so inflamed the soul of his lordship, he kicked my poor little fellow out of his house.

My child came home to me weeping sadly; but I consoled him the best I could, and mingled my tears with his; not in any resentment for the treatment received, but through grief for the inveteracy of my unhappy brother. O my God! I cried, I no longer repine at my abasement, at the weight of my sufferings and mortifications! I bless thee for them, O God! they have proved my best friends, my most salutary physicians. Cruel and stern, indeed, is the porter who stands at the iron gate of pain; but O, it opens upon regions of inward delight; for He who clothed himself with the cross is all glorious within.

My happy experience of this truth opened for me a new prospect into the mystery of God's dispensation to mortals, and threw a number of shining lights on those very articles of gospel-redemption which had formerly appeared to me so exceptionable and gloomy. If God, said I to myself, hath suffered man to fall, he hath also provided for him every possible means of recovery and restoration.

Wherefore, when sin came into the world, God also sent suffering, its inseparable attendant, to be a cure and an antidote to the poison thereof. If sin, therefore, hath thrust the kingdom of heaven from within us, suffering comes, as God's forerunner; it relaxes and unfolds the brazen gates of our polluted temple, that Christ, our righteousness, may enter, the very hem of whose garment is salvation to every soul that lays hold upon it.

Here I took Mr. Ruth about the neck, and kissing him, said, that I was sure my father would be willing to pay his whole debt, in return for the sweet instructions which he had given to his Harry.—You speak of your father, my dear, said he, as though he were the representative of God in the gospel, who forgave to his servant ten thousand talents. What you have given me already, master, is beyond any human bounty that ever I heard of. I shall, therefore, lay by two of these notes, till I am better informed how far your good father may be satisfied with the donation.

Soon after we took leave, for the present, of this honourable family. We then went among the other principal debtors, whose distresses indeed were great, though their stories, except one, had little singular in them. In order to make our money go as far as we could, we hurried here and there through the town, compounding with the several creditors, from eight to ten and twelve and fifteen shillings in the pound; so that, for about six hundred pounds, we discharged a number who were indebted to the amount of a thousand.

On Tuesday about noon, in the last week, I stepped to Mr. Ruth's, to see if the family had been decently clad, agreeable to my request. There I found him and his four sons clothed in warm and clean, though very coarse, apparel; and he told me that his wife had gone abroad with her three daughters, in order to put them also into a suitable condition.

While I sat with him, a young woman came in, of a very genteel appearance, though in a plain dress. Don't you remember the girl, sir, said she, to Mr. Ruth, who used to come to you over night, in a green kerchief and a little red mantle?—I should be very ungrateful, indeed, said he, if any change of dress could conceal from my remembrance that sweet and charitable countenance.—O sir! she cried, the few shillings that I have brought you, from time to

time, came from a very affectionate hand, though from a hand you would little suspect of any affection toward you; they came from your loving niece, Belinda Ruth, who has shed many a shower of tears on your misfortunes.—May heaven be her portion, cried out the good man, since earth has nothing equal to so much goodness!—Indeed, sir, continued the girl, the little that your niece sent you was procured with much difficulty and danger to herself; for from the time that, on her knees and with a deluge of tears, she petitioned her father in your behalf, he kept a watchful eye over her, and took from her all family trusts, so that she had nothing wherewith to supply you except the price of some cast gowns, and of other little matters that she feigned to have lost. Moreover, my lord swore vehemently, that if ever she furnished you with the value of a farthing, or kept any kind of correspondence with you or with yours, he would disown and turn her into the public streets.

You alarm me greatly, cried out Mr. Ruth. Is any thing amiss—has any thing happened to my dear child? She was a lovely little lamb—a little angel from her cradle, though I should not know her now if she stood erect before me. I hope, I say—tell me——proceed, I beseech you!

There was a servant, sir, a man whom your niece thought very faithful, and therefore intrusted with the secret of my coming to you, that he might attend and see me safe back again. This fellow, presuming on the confidence that was placed in him, would this morning have taken liberties with his young mistress. This she resented in a becoming manner, and threatened to complain of his insolence to her father. The revengeful villain instantly ran and told the affair to his lord, with many aggravations, as though his daughter was robbing him of all his substance. Thereupon she was hastily called, and having in part confessed the charge, my lord drew his sword in his fury, whereupon, giving a shriek and a sudden spring, she got out of his

presence, and has sent me to know, sir, if you will be pleased to receive her?

Yes, cried Mr. Ruth, to my bosom, to my heart! with the same pleasure and welcome that a convict receives pardon on the hour of execution.

Just then Mrs. Ruth entered, with her three daughters, who, running up to their father, dropped together on their knees before him for a blessing.

While his hands and eyes were raised in prayer over them, the young stranger stepped earnestly up, and falling on her knees beside the daughters, she broke into tears, and cried aloud—Bless me, bless me also, O my father! I am your niece, your Belinda. My father is no more! Yours, my lord, is the title, yours all the possession! I now, in my turn, depend on your bounty for a morsel of bread. —My brother, my brother dead! exclaimed Mr. Ruth.—He is, my lord, she replied; he was suffocated by his rising choler, and expired on the spot.

While the young lady spoke, Mrs. Ruth looked as quite terrified by the tidings of such a sudden elevation; and clapping her hands together, and lifting her eyes, she cried—It cannot be, it is impossible! Ours the title, ours the fortune!—O my God!—O my husband!—O my children! —and down she dropped.

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON: SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., PRINTERS.

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Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 15 March, 2016